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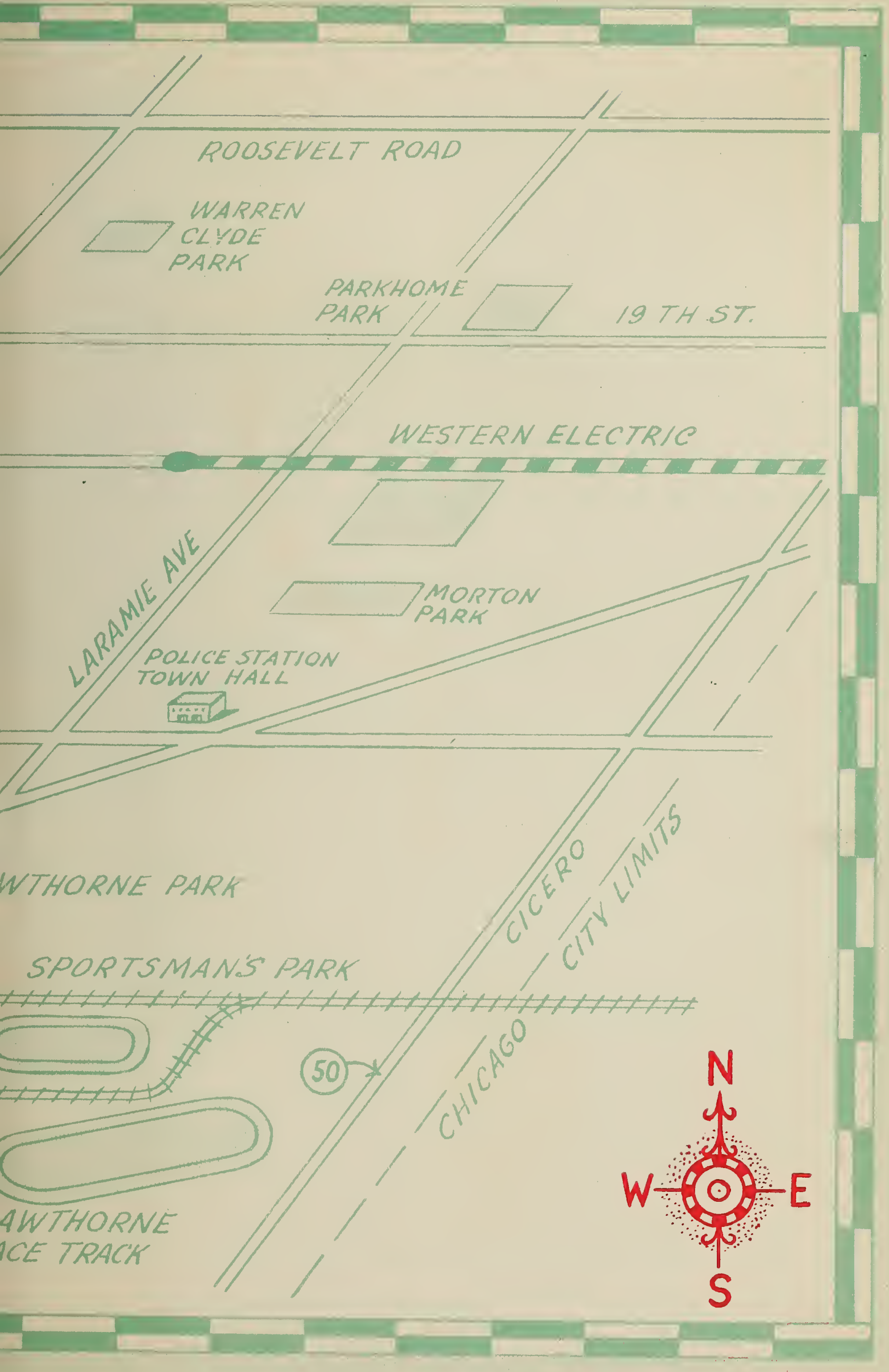
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The Camille DeRose Story

The
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by

Camille DeRose

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to my mother and dad whose love followed through my joys and my sorrows, through success and failure, and who found justification for my misdeeds when justification was veiled; to brother Jimmy to whom my faults become virtues; to my godfather Tony who has never failed me; to my present Attorney, Laurence M. Fine, who snatched me from the jaws of defeat and whose compassion restored me; and finally to a world in danger of being torn by a mad race conflict.

FOREWORD

In this book I aim to bring to public attention the yet untold core of the story of the Cicero race riots, their significance as a prelude to perhaps a world-wide race war, and the sinister plot which touched off those riots. The explosive elements were (a) the ever-present race repellants, real and imagined, (b) a town without colored citizens and colored citizens without living quarters, and (c) a group of colored incendiaries on the prowl for a chance to light the fuse.

The chance arose from the growling form of communism implicit in rent control, the communistic liquidation of American *kulaks* owning rental property, forcing me out of my 20-apartment building, leaving my own apartment vacant for the challenge of the conspiracy, with "civil rights" as the co-efficient.

The explosion also shattered the closet door to the skeleton of my ungracious past. Never have I felt so keenly the curse of publicity. Publicity! How the millions of citizens abhor it. Were it not for this nauseous publicity, the genius of our great nation would arise to public service and make a heaven of this country instead of a shamble. Instead, we are ruled by opportunists of thick skin and thicker heads, and what have we? Rent control!

Alas! I am not among the mentally *elite*, but how I cherish privacy, how I crave the sweet, charmed and restful obscurity, words cannot express. This blessing of privacy was also destroyed by the race riots.

For I must not, dare not, strike against injustice, without granting justice. I dare not disclose and attack the infamy of others without confessing to trespasses of my own. If I can give, I must also take. I therefore had to make a critical decision—to tell or not to tell. This decision I pondered long and intensely. I felt that we are facing an onrushing racial world war, which can be averted. I felt that the world should know the underlying facts governing the race riots. I felt that the fables and legends which flowed from those events should be corrected. I also felt that the true facts are of great public concern, and that I had no right to permit them to remain untold. In this book I cannot tell all, but I will try to cover the primary essentials.

THE AUTHOR.

* * *

THE CAMILLE DE ROSE STORY

THE Cicero Riots, brought world notoriety to a town which was not exactly a virgin in the news beforehand. The riots also brought to the forefront a specie of a "cold war" which had simmered between the colored and white population. It also turned the spotlight on subversive police methods, on the tug-and-pull of political cross-currents and on the amazing action and reaction of the courts.

The aftermath of the riots also brought into the limelight an hitherto obscure youngish woman, of an admittedly checkered past, but one much more sinned against than sinning. I have no yen for preaching or apologizing. I confess to great hesitation in writing the dark chapters of my life which follow, but feel certain that what I judiciously would omit others would rush to disclose. I am therefore making it easier for myself by meeting my readers head-on.

Much as I regret my thwarted career as a dancer, of which I make mention in the body of the book, I also regret my thwarted education. At times I really do not feel deprived of book learning. For I have known college-bred men and women who didn't know how to tie a shoe-lace properly, whereas, after all, I had accumulated what some might consider ample wealth.

But returning to the skeleton which has been taken from my closet, I am told that a philosopher by the name of Spinoza wrote that if a bullet were stopped in its flight and if it could speak it would say that it is rushing forward on its own volition. Which means that we are not our own masters, that we are tossed about by conditions. It is a mistake to think that those who fall from grace, those who violate conventions, even those who violate the law, have no appreciation for propriety and decency. Quite the contrary is true—at least it was and is so in my case. Those who are fortunate in being allowed to lead an orderly life often fail to appreciate their great privilege. One who is thrown into the tossing sea of insecurity and indecency is like one shipwrecked whose most urgent prayer is for the shore. Girls who, like I, have been thrown on the street, either struggle for eventual restoration, or give up the struggle by taking to drink or dope. I do not wish to impugn the character of those who live a good and conventional life. But what I have to tell about those thrown into what some call the "underworld" will prove that "one touch of nature" or the touch of disaster, "makes the whole world kin."

At this introductory point of the Camille De Rose-Cicero story I hasten to caution the reader not to confuse the "underworld" chapter of my personal history with the Cicero phase of the "underworld." They have no connection whatsoever. In Cicero I was the enviable owner of a large and imposing apartment building. The building was a symbol of my triumph over my unconventional past.

The building became the center of a racial war, of a planned insurrection, and the town of Cicero, its police and town officials as well as Camille De Rose, were swept into the vortex of the turmoil. The war brought the State militia to the rescue of the citizens, but it destroyed the "empire" I had built. It also destroyed the myth of equality before the law; it swept aside the already tattered curtain of respectability which draped official and political corruption. There were tons of newsprint paper devoted to the riots and what followed in their wake, but the true story of the cause of the riots and their important incidents before, during and after, never thus far came to light. These I relate in the ensuing pages, without "color added," and without reserve.

The newspapers knew and reported only the surface incidents of the Cicero race riots. They did not dig deep into the underlying causes of the insurrection and its frightening implications. Of course, I think of my own losses first, just as the gold star mother thinks of the world war in the terms of her loss. Yet, this is my story, as the riots affected me, and in the larger sense as it affected and threatens to affect the entire country, unless prompt and decisive action is taken. Because my 20-apartment building was used as the testing ground for what I will soon show is to be a widespread race conflict, I must take the reader through an unromantic series of events and conditions which made my building a suitable springboard.

* * *

UNDER rent control I was operating my building at a severe loss, although it was free of mortgage debt. Computed on the number of occupants, men, women and children, the rentals figured from 9 cents per person per room per day.

Yet I had no thought of finding any short cuts. Throughout the months and years I strictly conformed to the law, and to make sure that I do, I consulted not one but several attorneys. I was content to find means of supplementing my income to take care of the losses in operation of my building. Until things began to happen.

A Resolution was passed by the Cicero Town Board, under its Home Rule charter, decontrolling rental property. The resolution was announced in headlines not alone in the Cicero newspapers but in all Chicago newspapers. Being of a cautious nature, I set out to get specific advice from lawyers. The Cicero Town Attorney was vacationing in Florida. My own attorney was out of town. Over the Radio I had heard invitations to landlords to join a Landlord's Association. I went to a meeting and became a member. This step led to the world-shaking event.

I went to the lawyer for the association and asked a simple rent control question and—wow—my building was destroyed, my home wrecked, my freedom lost, my past uncovered, my sanity libeled . . . Will you kindly follow me through a winding path of startling experiences.

In seeking justice through the courts, in attempting to recover money and property of which I had been swindled, I found that justice is not only blind, but paralyzed. Again and again I was told by neighbors, by friends and by my own lawyers, that equal justice can be expected only when the power and influence of the litigants are equal. Again and again I was warned that to secure that which is mine, even from an obvious swindler, I must see an influential politician, or that I must employ an attorney with strong political connections, if I wish to have my rights protected in the courts. In spite of my previous experiences, with my brushes with the law, I found such warnings hard to believe. Yet, so as not to take undue chances, I did employ attorneys with political connections. In doing so, I ran into another gimmick in this political-influence set-up.

I found that the lawyer with political connections, who exercises influence where it pays him to do so, also yields to opposing influence when that course happens to be to his advantage. The client merely gives him the opportunity to jockey the best advantage to himself.

As a consequence, I who sought justice in the courts against those who swindled me, I who invoked the power and justice of the courts for the redress of the wrongs against me, found myself convicted, imprisoned, sent to jail and finally declared insane and sent to a mental institution in Kankakee.

* * *

THE fellow who came to fix my typewriter tested it by writing a few lines which he tells me comes from Shakespeare. I have it before me.

It reads:

> "Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venemous,

Wears yet a jewel in its crown."

There are more lines, but these hold the thought that bitter and humiliating experiences need not be written off as a complete loss. My experiences include poverty, privation, blushing humiliation, illness, blindness, four loveless marriages and as many divorces, a short but consuming romance with a Negro, years of unmarried cohabitation, and last but even lowest, a mortifying, soul-destroying stretch of brazen street-walking competing for pick-ups against other social outcasts. That doesn't make a sweet story for a girl reared in utmost tenderness and affection, in an atmosphere of piety and severe respectability. From that murky background I rose to comparative wealth, good standing and reputation. Throughout my life's jungle journey the love, confidence and devotion of my parents and my brother Jim ever followed me. They didn't always know of my plight, but rejoiced in my successes and prayed for me in my failures. I was never wrong in their eyes—I was merely injured. By a strange and painful coincidence I became the center of an historic riot, a racial insurrection, which tore away my hard-won level of economic sufficiency as well as the closed door to the closeted skeleton of my turbulent past.

The corruption, social, economic and political, which destroyed the empire I had built, also added to my sordid experiences. I was recently tried for offenses I did not commit, imprisoned, and finally declared insane, with the help of my attorney who knew otherwise. At Kankakee it seems that the entire staff "gave me the works" and unanimously declared me in good mental health. I did not waste my time altogether in either the County jail or at Kankakee, nor even before the courts. What I heard and saw and experienced I will relate here briefly. Forgotten are the victims thrown in jails, penitentiaries and mental institutions, who lack the experience and therefore the resourcefulness to extricate themselves. For every innocent victim in the jails, a scoundrel goes free. For every sane person in the "snake pit," a maniac roams the streets. It is no exaggeration to say that many in jail are more honest than those who sent them there; that many in mental institutions are more sane than their keepers and the frowsy, befuddled "psychiatrists" who respond to pressure to make a false report.

What I learned the "hard way," I will present before you sitting comfortably at your fireside.

Inasmuch as the so-called Cicero Riots involve a threatening world race conflict, before going into my personal history, I will mention an incident involving a not too eventful experience with a Negro. Later on I will show that the riots were purposely provoked, staged and performed in the manner of a Hollywood extravaganza. There was no intention of having Harvey E. Clark, or any other Negro, move into my building. The truth is that if Clark really wished to move into the building, he could have done so unostentatiously, quietly, without fanfare, without ceremony. His occupancy thereafter would perhaps have gone unnoticed. The trumpeting, proclaiming a Negro family moving into the Cicero building and that the entire building would be taken over by Negroes, and that the white tenants would be evicted, was thoroughly rehearsed and exploded on the town square. The effect of such a manifesto was premeditated. What was to happen was not only known, but planned.

It doesn't take an Einstein to foresee what would happen, any time, anywhere, in a similar situation. The whole cavalcade was engineered by a group of so-called leaders and South Side politicians, as an incident. Further detail of the scheme and its true objective will be discussed later. I will return to the minor incident, for a glimpse into the thoughts of a colored citizen.

AS I said earlier here, my education ended with the grammar grades. My capacity for reading was greatly reduced by my failing eyesight, which rates a chapter by itself, for it led to total blindness for a period, and then to partial restoration. People are sensitive about what they think are their shortcomings. I feel my lack of education keenly. I am hesitant to write letters for fear of improper punctuation. All the assurances that I write tolerably well fail to give me courage. Therefore in writing this book, I sought an editor, a writer attached to "The Chicago Defender," to "edit" my manuscript, to correct misspelling, punctuation and to suggest such changes as might be advisable.

You might wonder why there were so many, or any, colored people hovering around me. All I ask now is that you withhold judgment for further enlightenment.

This colored "editor" summoned his attorney, who drew a contract covering editorial work on my book, a contract which the said "editor" failed to live up to. But the curious portion of the contract is a phrase which I wish to note here. It reads as follows:

> 1. That the author shall in a free, friendly amiable and co-operative manner make herself available to the Editor, at such times and a such places as meets the needs and convenience of the Editor, for the purposes, *but only for the purposes,* of effectuating the purposes of this contract. . . . .

That phrase looks to me as if he desired to confine me to the restricted purpose of the contract, and to protect his austere chastity against me. In my manuscript he found my unconventional past, and he wished to give lip-worship to his aloofness and rectitude. He proclaims he will write with me, confer with me and deliberate with me, but won't visit with me, walk with me or associate with me, (with apologies to Shakespeare).

What I have sown I must learn to reap. It seems that even a colored man feels he must have protection against my past. I won't spend myself in resentment.

I wish to tell my story without reservations and without trimmings. I must subdue my pride. My pride as well as my fortune is a casualty of the riots, still fresh in popular memory. I left the "editor" with a promise to send him a steady stream of pages, so I must go forward. In this, as perhaps in other things, I seek the "easiest way" (which I found at times to really be the hardest.)

As this is my birthday it is, by coincidence, a logical day to commence my story. Like most people, I have my days of cheer and repression—and of remorse. Like most people I fight against the blues.

Perhaps that because it was so cold and dark on the day of my birth, as my mother would often reminisce—perhaps—that was a night that would never dawn. On that day astrologers say that the heavens are in flux, changing, blending or in strife for something or other beyond my understanding. I was born between 2:00 and 2:30 A M on January 20th, on a borderline between the changing heavens, when the stars change from Capricorn, which is the *earth*—materialistic sign— to Aquarius the *air*—humanitarian sign. I try to console myself by the blessings I do have. My impaired eyesight is, oh, so much better than to have no sight at all! I am reminded of a placque on the wall in a shoe-shop, which read, "I worried that I had no shoes until I saw a man who had no feet." Today I am full of spirit and optimism. When one sustains a great loss, he quickly makes a count of the things he has remaining. And I do feel that I have much left to be thankful for, even for the writing of this book. The riots and what went before have made me poor in worldly goods, yet rich in experience. True, much of it makes me cringe, even scream with nostalgic pain: but all of it does "have a jewel in its crown," and points to what I should avoid and what I should accept in the future. And I am still young and still look forward to a future of usefulness and happiness.

As I said, I mean to enjoy this day, being my birthday. I took a stroll through a North Side park. Miles of immense beauty of the Chicago parks give me no hint of its official corruption. How little we do know about the people we meet, and how kind is Providence to withhold such knowledge.

In starting out for the day I had a premonition that I will meet someone whose company will be pleasant, if not alluring. Strolling, one gets hungry. When I came to a cafeteria I entered. There stood my premonition in the flesh. His name is Laurel. Laurel always beamed when I came into his presence; and I always felt comfortable and expectant in his company. We enjoyed a steak dinner, then went to a bar, where we partook of rhine wine. Neither of us drink to excess. Time rushes by when one is in pleasant company, and the hour was getting late, and my mind wondered to my writing. Laurel is a bachelor and lives alone. I likewise live alone, although I am in constant touch with my parents, sister and brothers. My thoughts hovered between my sudden date and the urgency to continue this writing. I explained my thoughts to Laurel, and he co-operated in our early parting.

Back to my hotel room I plunged into my chosen objective, with pleasurable anticipation. I had already made up my mind to tell all. I wondered what my readers' reaction would be. Would they be sympathetic and understanding, or would they denounce me as a vixen? I pondered again if it would not be better to omit some of the forbidding incidents. Then I braced up and thought—why should I cringe before the judgment of my readers, be it harsh or benevolent? I have gone through hell and fury and was able to take it! Shall I now shrink from the scorn of my unseen readers? I must go head-on without reserve. So, let's get going!

* * *

ALICE in Wonderland has already been written; and those who wish fantasy can read it. But my name isn't Alice and I do not live in Alice's wonderland. I will first dispose of a comparatively recent romance which is tied in with the orgy of destruction which the world knows as the Cicero Riots. With all my rugged and almost incredible experiences, I not only knew nothing of race prejudice and discriminations, but I had no sense of what seems to be considered propriety in such relations. I now know that there exists an unwritten law against race mixing. Strangely, I now know that this unwritten law is insisted upon as much by some colored citizens as by some white. I am confident that were the colored people in the majority, were they in command of creating the customs and styles as are the white and predominant portion of our community, the colored people would openly prohibit the mixing of the races, as some now do tacitly.

My people had never instructed me regarding any division of races. I now know, and shall show later, that the colored child is nurtured in an awareness of the very division of which he later pretends to complain. But be that as it may, my unmindfulness of race distinctions, brought me closely to a marriage with a Negro attorney.

I again ask the reader to withhold judgment, even in relation to this budding romance, which I shall later recount in detail. Here, in this Introduction, I merely wish to say that this attorney became identified with the restoration of my building, as I hoped, and therefore with my very soul.

What did the building mean to me! My God! It was a symbol of all I held sacred. It was my redemption for a life, at once hard to describe and hard to justify. The building was my justification! It held the essence of my redemption. From it could flow the triad of love, hope and charity. For whatever misdeeds I had committed, for whatever transgressions I may be accused, this building held the substance wherewith to purchase forgiveness. My building was not merely a catacomb of rooms, of dwellings, of brick, stone, mortar and an assortment of people known as tenants. My building was a congregation of homes, ministering to the highest of human emotions, where children were born and raised, homes consecrated by love and by sacrifice. Whatever I had lacked or lost in my past, my building found. I tended it with loving care. I caused a miniature forest of some three hundred trees, poplars and evergreens, to surround it. It was gorgeously landscaped, with flowers growing in profusion, to the delight of the community.

In this story we must not overlook the role of Cicero, its citizens and its officials. I presume there are people of quality and sympathy in the town, but these were not in evidence. Those with whom I came in contact were unfriendly, un-neighborly, self-centered and aloof, not only to me but to each other.

It did not occur to them that I was a lone woman, caught in a frightful tempest of strife, with my building torn brick by brick, with my life endangered, requiring the calling of the State Militia. None of the Cicero neighbors came to comfort me. All left me to the whirlwind, then to the loneliness, isolation and heartache, which a sympathetic person could visualize. Is it therefore any wonder that I was drawn to one human being, though a Negro?

We often hear that points of time are merely imaginary;

that they do not really exist. Yet we cannot escape those mileposts in life's journey. Those are days which sweep our thoughts back to our past to the very day of our birth. On my birthday my day-dream takes me back that far. I agree with those who ask, "How can so much happen to one person?"

* * *

MY father was born in Italy in the 1880's. He had never gone to school. In this country that would be unusual. Not so elsewhere, I am told. He often described the hardships and poverty in the old country. In his early childhood he was taken to Turkey as a water boy for a railroad gang. The illiterate Turks resisted the encroachment of the railroad, as the Indians here resented the white man's civilization. Members of the railroad gang were often killed by the native Turks. Often my father had to flee in terror from pursuit by an infuriated Turk who came so close behind that he almost felt his breath. Dad used to make the chills creep up our back when he would relate his perils. He returned to Italy with the gang when their work was done. At the age of 19 he migrated to America, then as now, looked upon as the land of promise and opportunity. To my father that promise more than materialized.

My dad was here but two years when he met my mother. She was 17, he 21. The marriage was arranged between her parents and my dad's older relatives, after a thorough check-up. Within five years four children were born. The first was Rose, I came next, then came James and after him Andrew. My dad's two brothers-in-law, laborers for a railroad, took my dad along and he was employed at about $1.00 per day. That was at the turn of the century when a dollar had both power and dignity.

Within a short time, one of the brothers-in-law was killed at work. In those days such an accident was the signal for the entire Italian gang to quit that section. In such cases the gang would be moved to another section and a new gang moved into the one vacated. Such was the deep superstition of the immigrant Italians. The surviving brother-in-law poo-poohed the *destina* which frightened and governed the Italian mind. To show his bravado, he boasted that he would continue to work in the same section. He did. In a short time he was killed. My mother sighed it was the gremlin *destina.*

The *destina* greatly disturbed my mother. She feared for my father's life. She insisted that he quit the railroad. He learned a new trade—that of a buffer and polisher of nickel-plate. There were six mouths to feed, six bodies to clothe.

There was no minor illness which my mother couldn't manage with the help of the corner druggist. To their small savings they added by borrowing from relatives to make a down payment on an old frame two-story building. The building had many rooms suitable for repairs and remodeling. They did not sign notes. Italian people trusted each other. It would be an unforgivable insult if one asked for a security for a loan. Their word was their *parole.* It is still this way among them. My dad worked on Sundays and late into the week-day nights doing his own carpentry, plumbing and redecorating. His regular work was not on a 40-hour week, as is now the rule. He had to be at work at 7 in the morning, and returned at about 7 p.m.

My mother was attractive with an ingratiating personality. She was always cheerful, in spite of her almost endless toil. She was an excellent house-keeper—she had to be. She was a good cook, canned fruits in season, sewed expertly, made all our clothes and repaired them, cut and sewed the boys' clothes, also my dad's, cut my dad's hair also the boys' hair as expertly as a barber. In addition, a local tailoring and repair shop gave mother tailoring and repair work to do at home. How was it possible for one person to do so many things, in 24 hours, and yet keep cheerful and healthy? I often wonder. But it's true. Incredible? Then listen. She also did the family washing when a washing machine was unheard of; she hanged them out, even during the winter, and brought them in stiff and ironed them as they thawed. With the soapy water she scrubbed the floors and the stairs, making the same soap do for both operations. And it wasn't all work and no play. My mother still had time to cut paper dolls from newspapers, put strings on them and manipulate them like puppets, making us scream with laughter.

My dad didn't sit by and smoke his pipe either. He was equally active and as thrifty. He planted and kept up a vegetable garden continuously. He started the plants indoor in a window box, then transplanted them outdoors in a plot protected by glass held by frames. He grew radishes and other vegetables in the early season, and followed by later planting. We were therefore provided with most vegetables for our table, and mother would announce the amount saved as the vegetables were brought in from our garden. But mother also loved flowers. Our yard was ample for both, so it was equally divided for both. I insisted on going along with dad to buy the seeds. He walked so fast I couldn't keep up. He was vexed with me in slowing his progress and I was vexed with his impatience. I had to run to catch up and he had to slow down so I would. My tears ran down my cheeks and he looked at me with a mingling of anger and affection.

But I am getting ahead of my story. This planting and working and playing which I describe came long after the repairing and remodeling of the first frame building my parents bought. That building was in the right-of-way of a railroad extension, and was taken and paid for before the remodeling was done. But before we had to move, I was born there, and it was wrecked afterward. It was in our second house where my childhood was spent from the age of three to eleven. In this building, too, my dad did the repairing and painting, inside and out. He also soled our shoes and kept them shined. On Sunday morning he made his trek to the Maxwell street market for bargains. He walked miles to save the nickel carfare. With the extra savings he would buy fruits from the wagons stationed on the Randolph street market, late in the day, when the farmers were ready to call it a day, and had some surplus produce. He would bring the fruit in baskets tied with gaily colored ribbons.

The home of my childhood was a two-story building with a store in front and four living rooms in the rear. The eight-room flat above was divided into two fours. The store and the rooms in the rear were occupied by one tenant and one upstairs flat was rented to another. We occupied the remaining flat. We had a large kitchen, where we ate, cooked, played and worked. My dad placed a huge blackboard on one of the kitchen walls, on which we did our homework, learned drawing, reading and writing. He was determined that his children would have the educational advantages he missed. A large coal cook-stove was placed in a proper spot in the kitchen which also kept the rooms warm in winter, when the family would sit around it; and when we didn't eat or work we would sing and harmonize, in which my mother took part.

* * *

AT the age of six I was sent to kindergarten. I was thrilled yet dejected, almost frightened. There was a mingling of both eagerness and futility. The newness itself heightened my longing for something I couldn't define. I was dazzled by the new and strange world of the kindergarden, the two teachers for whom

I soon felt an attachment, the many children which multiplied the keen love I had for the few I had known. I was in the midst of a fairyland panorama. I was fascinated by the looks and activity of the teachers. The gray hair of one curled around her face. She wore a taffeta dress, of changeable green color in the changing lights, and which rustled as she walked. One teacher played the piano, while the other marched us around the room until we faced each other in a large circle. We skipped and stepped from side to side, turned, faced each other and bowed. We were thereby led to a dance routine as the teacher clapped her hands and counted. I felt bewildered and happy as I felt my face flush with the first experience.

I had a passion for dancing. I was eager to learn. There was a free dancing class at school, but my dad forbade me to attend it. My parents were fearful I might later make it a career and thereby run into scandal. Little did they guess how one can run into scandal even without dancing. I wonder if there are children without some longing gnawing within them. It seems to me all have some pet ambition in which they are thwarted and which they somehow hope to attain or to find a path to attainment. This suppressed ideal touched my childhood with a longing. Yet I was almost always cheerful. My sister was content with piano lessons, which held no allure for me. I did sing, and my childhood singing was much in demand. I was shy, did not speak to strangers, and was silent when in company. Yet when asked to sing, which was often, I never refused. I did not relent in my dancing. I learned many ballet routines. I depended upon my own choreography, although I did not then know of such a term. Secretly I would make up dances like one draws patterns. I would then dance the pattern I had thought out. I had a preference for the Gypsy style of dance. It was exotic and emotional. I learned to toe-dance without the box-toe ballet shoes. A light broke through my darkened hopes just before graduation. Our school had a play in which there was to be some dancing in which I was to take part. My mother bought me ballet slippers for the occasion. These I prized for many years after, even when I outgrew them and had to squeeze my feet to get into them.

Every child had to be useful. There was no room for idleness. Life had to go on. My mother taught me to make the rent receipts and to collect the rent. The tenants would discuss things with me as if I were their equal, and I was not conscious of the great difference in age, although I was always respectful. I would help them select the colors of the walls and trimmings, they would discuss with me improvements and repairs, and confide in me some of their smaller problems. Little as I was, they showed respect for me as *patrone di casa.* There was a comradship between tenant and landlord, no spitefulness, no jealousy. No tenant ever moved without advance notice, and those who moved would come back to visit. Tenants and neighbors exchanged courtesies, also an occasional plate of spaghetti, they would visit the sick, comfort each other when tragedy struck. All this did not prepare me for what I was to meet later in the outer world.

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AT school I had no difficulty with any of the subjects. I was either at the head of the class or close to it on practically all subjects. It was unnecessary for me to do any home work. The first ten students were on what the teachers called the "honor roll." I was No. 1 in the eighth grade. The "flu" then broke out and many teachers were stricken. There being a shortage of teachers the principal decided to permit the three highest eighth graders on the honor roll to teach the lower classes. It was both thrilling and bewildering to be taken into a classroom full of children and introduced as their teacher. I was fourteen but wore size eleven clothes. I was much smaller and even looked younger than some of the children in the class I taught. The principal and one of the teachers took turns in breaking me into the teaching schedule. In a few days it was as easy as if I had taken a teachers' training. I had the children do some simple additions and subtractions, used the blackboard for illustration, then went through reading about the three little bears, then took up spelling.

It was just about that time when the first world war broke out. Boys were being drafted, families were being broken up and the normal life of our community interrupted. Many husbands and breadwinners were gone and tenants were unable to maintain their apartments. Vacancies increased from month to month. Owners of buildings worried about their taxes and payments on their mortgages. Real estate values tumbled. In spite of the uncertainties, lower prices made the real estate market active. My parents also decided to sell. They feared the store might become vacant, as many stores did in our neighborhood. They also felt that whatever loss they might be forced to take, they could retrieve it by reinvesting in another building at the reduced value. Our building was sold. My parents bought another two-flat stone front brick building, which was much more impressive than what we had. A big truck came to move us.

I felt as if something had died within me when we moved. The two big trees we planted grew with us. The newly scrubbed flight of stairs was an object of neighborly admiration. My mother scrubbed the long hall and stairs several times each week, on her hands and knees and kept the bare wood dustless and spotless. We children had to use the rear stairs. Father had installed a toilet, which was then a major luxury in that neighborhood.

Through later years, beset as I was destined to be, with trials and heartache, I went back to look at the trees and the home of my carefree childhood. Many the time I stood before it as before a shrine, with tears and heart-throbs. My thoughts go back to the days when I would walk, not on the stairs, but on a strip which ran around the wall beside and above it, and sing and sing, until I reached the furthermost end when an echo responded to my singing. My mother warned me again and again that I would fall, but I never did. That experience of walking on a narrow ledge later stood me in good stead when I broke out of jail onto a ledge also running along the wall above the stair, and escaped. That was twenty years later.

Our home on West Erie street brought $3,200.00. A bachelor who was drafted had to dispose of the building on West Lexington, which was our new home. The price was $4,400.00, subject to a $2,800.00 mortgage. It consisted of two apartments of seven and eight rooms, with bathrooms, bath tubs, and marble basins. It had a large basement with a furnace for the first floor. The building was set back about ten feet from the sidewalk. The lawn between the sidewalk and building had been neglected.

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THE DeRose's, six of them, arrived with paint brushes, brooms, hammers, pails and other clean-up and repair implements. In the new predominantly Irish neighborhood we were an odd and unwelcome lot, at least to begin with. But we were careful of our neighbors' feelings, were well-behaved and polite. We met their stern looks with smiles. Soon we won them over. From across the street a Mrs. Duggan called me to go to the store for her. I ran excitedly, did her shopping and returned much sooner than she had expected. She was very pleased. Another neighbor, a Mrs. McLean, also warmed up to us. There was to be a service flag raising ceremony on the street, with a band and free-for-all. A Mrs. Ireland came to ask dad to help build a band-stand, which he did with some little help. The street was truly picturesque. The lawns were well kept, huge trees on both sides of the street rose to arch their branches over, making our neighborhood a fairy land. There were many service stars in the windows. Mrs. Ireland came to ask mother to permit my sister and me to join in the parade.

The ceremony was one of those childhood fantasies. Colored lights were strung into the trees, across the street and in a variety of patterns. The lights, the swarms of people and the picturesque trees bewitched the eyes as the band struck up and stirred our emotions. A doll-like little girl from across the street, an only child, with blonde curls, retrousse nose, blue eyes and lovable stature danced the Highland Fling which the band played. I was thrilled by the child's loveliness, and by her dancing. I was seized with an uncontrollable urge to perfect myself as a dancer. The block was roped off and street dancing continued to the early hours of the following morning.

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THE children of the neighborhood made a playground of the street. The boys played baseball, using the sewer cover as a plate. I joined the boys who accepted me when they were short of boys. They laughed at my batting, but I outran them all.

Every morning the Stars and Stripes was raised in the school yard and we had "the Salute To The Flag." My father worried about the war. I was too young to understand it.

Armistice Day—Peace! Bedlam broke loose. Shops and factories celebrated by shutting down for merry-making. Parades were started. Our block turned into a social gathering. A parade was in the making. Service flags were unfurled. Girls wore red crosses, like nurses. The DeRose's were all in the parade. My dad talked politics with neighbors, excited as never before. My mother called him aside and mentioned that he must get citizenship papers.

Neighbors began to receive letters and cablegrams, which they showed each other. All were excited and expectant. Some talked of boys who weren't heard of, some who will not return, some who were crippled. Our boys were yet too young and our family untouched by the grim aspect of the war. Everywhere there was a strong spirit of patriotism. We were proud being Americans, and my dad even more so. He was always comparing the old country with life in America, as if he found heaven here. Here he owned what he worked for, he owned what he paid for, here he was able to earn what to pay with. Here he was secure with his life and his property, and no one could interfere with him and his precious family. More than religion, more than our schooling, the blessings we were enjoying in the country of our birth were told and retold, by my dad who came here as an immigrant. We were not permitted to take our birthplace for granted, as other children do. Ever before us was the picture of strife, privation, fear and regimentation of the old country placed in contrast with what we here enjoy.

My dad owned a stake in this great country, his own home, a building with an income. Every brick had a meaning. The surrounding land provided part of the family food. It also gladdened the eye with flower beds, and the trees reached toward heaven, like celestial messengers.

The children were under a strict discipline, although my dad was never a tyrant as some I have heard and read about. We generally had our own-way, and none of us ever got into real mischief. Mostly we were happy to help with the chores.

We even competed with each other for a chance to do needed work. I helped with the housework. I also went to Mrs. Duggan's home occasionally to help with her work, cleaned all of her six rooms, and washed all windows inside and out on Saturdays. She didn't wish me to wash the front windows without a ladder. She was afraid I might fall. I paid no attention to her fears, washed those windows and did not fall.

Our house had a stone ledge around the bay windows about two inches wide. I would walk on the ledge to wash the windows. The neighbors would watch me as if I were on a trapeze or tight rope. My mother would reassure them. "She'll make it—she always does," mother would boast.

Mrs. Duggan paid me a whole dollar for helping her. She knew that the dollar went into the family budget, so she would give me an additional dime for myself. I passed up the enticing candies displayed in the neighborhood stores and bought "The Dance" magazine instead. These I read over and over, with keen interest, imagining myself to be among the celebrities. That smouldering ambition I had to keep secret.

But one of us children would get into the "dog house" from time to time, for minor misbehavior, for talking back to either of our parents, disobeying or neglecting to do something we should or doing something we shouldn't. The punishment was a few strokes with dad's razor strop. The strokes didn't make welts, nor were they too severe. The real punishment was that the offender had to bring the strap to Pa himself. That was a humiliation which brought remorse. The strap got its most efficient work-out when we stuck up our nose at food left over from the previous day.

We went to the Fiesta in Melrose Park every summer on Saint's Day. Mother sent us to "Lady of Sorrow's" church, after school, to learn the catechism and the prayers. We were all confirmed as we arrived confirmation age and received our first communion. Mrs. Duggan urged mother to send us to a parochial school. Mother made evasive excuses, without giving the true reason for refusing, which was that a tuition fee was charged. In our case there would have been four tuitions to pay. Dad also was thrilled by the very idea of having his four children educated in those magnificent buildings for free, something unheard of where he came from. What! Refuse such beneficence! He thought such refusal itself would be a form of impiety. He didn't resent the idea of a parochial school, by any manner or means. In Turkey they would have burned such schools. Nothing burns nobody here. All are equal, all are free.

Mrs. Duggan owned her small six-room brick cottage, which she had some difficulty in maintaining. She was more attached to us than any of the other neighbors. My dad put in an entire cement sidewalk for her, working Saturdays and Sundays, for which he charged her $4.00 in wages. "Milly," she would call me, "and won't you sing for me?" I knew her favorite songs, such as "Peggy O'Neil," "My Irish Rose,' and "Johnny Comes Marching Home," which I would sing for her and for which I was repaid by her keen appreciation. Mrs. Duggan was my second mother. She watched over me in everything I did or bought. She was 72 years old when I was eleven, yet she treated me like an equal. She was alone, all her seven children having died. She buried four husbands. She had living with her a much younger brother, also a nephew. They would get drunk and lose time from work, and were unable to pay for their keep. She often asked me to discipline them; and I would take them to task pointing my finger and lecturing to them. They would listen and tell me I was right. Mrs Duggan would talk over with me all her problems, and she would, in turn, inject herself in mine. She would take my side in any differences with my mother, which were never serious—just if I should or should not have a new dress, or attend a gathering or not.

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MRS. McLain's boy at the bat hit a pitched ball through a neighbor's large window. I was not in that game, but my brothers were. My dad said that the boys should each contribute to pay for the window. It was up to me to sell them on that idea, then to go from house to house to collect the contributions. I was the arbiter of all disputes. I didn't inject myself, the neighbors did. Whatever was to be done, "Millie" was the answer.

Mrs Duggan came to my rescue when a boy deliberately bumped me when I was standing in front of my house. "Hey, you," she shouted at him. She then said, "That's that fresh Crowley kid. He doesn't belong here, he lives in the next block." That boy in later years became Judge Crowley, who, equally without provocation, sent me to jail and to a mental institution.

I was fourteen when I graduated grammar school. Graduation was an unforgettable event, more so for me than for many other children because that was my final schooling. It was, as a novelist would say, a rare day in June. The rose bush in our garden was abloom with twelve roses. The entire neighborhood counted every morning, and none was more proud than our tenants. One of our tenants was childless, and on several occasions asked my parents to permit her to adopt me. That was not as unusual a request as one might think. Too many children were being born. One of our neighbors had eleven children which she could not support. The blessed event was often a source of worry for the mother and sympathetic neighbors. There was no gossip, no jealousy, no malice. There were tenants who were better off than their landlords. All knew the joys and troubles of each, and each contributed help and sympathy. Mothers of too many children were glad to give a child or two out for adoption, strange as it may seem. Children were born at home, with the help of a midwife. Neighbors came with clothes and supplies for the baby. Some gave what their own children outgrew, others sewed and knitted things.

I was the only graduate within two blocks. All our neighbors joined the festivities. Graduates made their own graduation dresses under the guidance of sewing teachers at school, from white material supplied by parents.

My dad was as proud of me as if I had graduated from Vassar, or if I had become a professor or something. We had a party. Relatives and our tenants (and Mrs. Duggan, of course) were invited to an elaborate supper. The larger crowd came later. Many brought bouquets and our house was decorated in a profusion of flowers of all colors. My thick brown hair I made up in curls, which I could feel bouncing up and down my neck when I walked. The tenant who asked to adopt me brought me a dress which she gave me as tears came down her cheeks.

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THE very next day, in my graduation dress, I applied for a job at Sears Roebuck & Co. A law just then came into effect prohibiting children under sixteen to be employed, but I commenced working in time to come under the exception which permitted those already employed to continue if they attended a continuation school. But soon thereafter the school closed. I had to quit. I entered John Marshall High. Something then happened to the law. Apparently it was suspended or nullified. Sears called me back to work, in what was then the Administration building, with some 200 women employed.

Advancement was by both seniority and capability. The division head was a woman who had been longest in service.

I was less than sixteen when the manager in charge of that and other divisions called me in and spoke to me for what seemed to me a very long time. He said that I had great merit and wished me to become assistant to the head of the division, and that in his 35 years with Sears it was the first time a youngster was given such an assignment. I was to be in charge of the entire crew of 200 women. My duties were various. I was to watch the women's records, give out passes for using the 'phone, to leave their desks, to go to the hospital, to issue supplies, to adjust quarrels, to promote efficiency and to supervise the work generally. I was to have recourse to the manager in any instance which reached beyond my control, or when an employee became too difficult to handle. I never had to come to him. All the 200 women weren't angelic. I caught some cheating. There were irregularities and quarrels. In each instance I called them to my desk, talked with them smilingly and restored order.

At Sears I met the more intimate of my many girl-friends. Her name was Marie, a very fine looking girl, one of seven sisters. We went dancing together. She was of very good character and behavior. Aside from her seven sisters, she had many cousins, and we were invited to many Italian weddings. Necking or kissing boy-friends were never even thought of. We looked after each other. Both stuck close to our own circle of relatives and friends. Dating chances became thick and fast for both of us, and we would analyze together before deciding. I could accept no date without bringing my date home to meet my mother first. The dates had to have the approval of either family, which was accepted by the other.

My first date was Pete, 27 years old, when I was but sixteen. We met at one of the Fiestas.

While dating Pete other boys came on one by one, perhaps as many as a dozen. Some found their way into our home through acquaintances with my brothers, others through relatives, also through neighbors. One, Frank, became a challenge to Pete. He lived on the next block, but the families could see each other from their back porches. Frank's mother commenced to worry about his interest in me, because they had a large family, all taking music lessons, and Frank's wages were important. His cousin told me that Frank's mother cried and made a fuss. That ended my dates with Frank.

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AT eighteen I left Sears. I answered an ad of an employment agency and filled in an application. I was sent to an insurance company. The manager said that he expected someone with a high school education at least. Many of his employees were college graduates. He kept reading my application and telling me my shortcomings, until I felt myself shrinking, as if I had no merit at all. Seeing that he didn't think me qualified, and I wouldn't be hired anyhow, and not having resigned from Sears definitely, I got up enough steam to fight back, "See here, Mister," I said. "Sears don't hire derelicts either. My lack of education didn't interfere being in charge of a whole division of people twice and three times my age. Sears thought me very efficient without a college education. Maybe, if I did have a college education, I would apply for your job."

"We don't usually hire Italians," he remarked. "I was born here—does that make me an Italian? I never saw Italy. Only my dad was born in Italy." "Where were your parents born, or were they Indians?" Inwardly I was scared at what I said, and felt tears coming into my eyes. Maybe I looked scared and wounded. The man turned sympathetic. To my surprise, he said, "I will make an exception. I like the way you talk. Can you be here at 8:30 in the morning?" I said I could. He became stern again and said, "I hope we will like you. If not, out you go!" I smiled from my toes to forehead, and he responded with a good-natured smile.

I arrived at 8, not 8:30, next morning. I was the first one down excepting the boss himself, who said, "Hmm, you're here bright and early." From then on I was respectful and unassuming. Soon the other girls sidled up to me, but inquired about my nationality, or, rather the nationality of my parents. My dark hair, and my name, provoked those questions.

There was a clannishness in those years. Each nationality lived in a particular neighborhood, and at work they followed the same grouping. This age seems to have outlived such exclusiveness. It still exists, of course, in race relations, more sharply between Negro and white than between orientals with white or black. What the future holds in that respect is hard to foretell. This I will discuss later in this book, as recent events brought me into contact with Negroes to an extent beyond what would be considered normal or even probable.

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I am told that every person has some hidden hopes over which he grieves. The suppression of my dancing ambition kept me sombre. It followed me through my work and my play. It sort of dampened the usual expectation a girl feels during her teen-age dates. The popularity with the boys which brought comment from neighbors and friends didn't register too sharply with me. Yet I accepted various dates. My parents laid down rules. From a movie I was to return before eleven. From a dance date it was to be not later than twelve. My dad commenced to look and act cross because I returned a few minutes after those hours. Mother also cautioned me regarding the few minutes, not that she lacked understanding, but to appease my dad. There was a pressure in my home atmosphere toward having me married. My dad particularly had misgivings about too many boys hovering around me, not that he didn't trust me, but because the free comradeship with many boys by a girl of marriageable age of eighteen might reduce the pristine halo which should surround a girl of delicate taste and breeding. Of my own accord I wished to be as proper as would meet full approval. I bought books on etiquette and read articles in the newspapers on what a girl should and shouldn't do, and I conformed strictly. That was after my earlier dates, the memory of which made me cringe for many years after. For instance, it was Pete who asked me for the first date. He asked if he might come over on a Sunday. I hold him he might, but long before Sunday I had forgotten. When he came I was in jeans playing baseball with the boys on the street. Mother yoo-hooed and got me in the house where I met Pete in my jeans, with my hair disheveled and my face streaked with dust. He looked at me bewildered. I wasn't the girl he saw in a party dress, looking as a young lady should.

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FRANCIS was my final boy-friend. He was of royal descent, in the sense that his grandfather was one of the provincial Italian kinglets ruling over the various provinces in the middle of the 19th Century. Francis was twenty, handsome, a careful dresser, was always neat and trim. Several boys, including Pete, asked me to marry. I did not wish to marry. I had other ambitions. But at every turn I sensed that was what was expected of me, as of every girl. It looked as if it were a social error for a girl to be unmarried. Love? That was for the movies and the books. Marriages were arranged by the parents and love was to be taken for granted as a consequence. The idea that marriage was a consequence of love was not in the cards. Not then, among Italians. Francis brought an engagement ring, and about eight months thereafter we were married.

I often wonder why Francis married me, or anyone else. He was cold and unaffectionate throughout the courtship. Perhaps I was to blame for his temperature. Perhaps I didn't know any better, or differently. As we lived with my parents after marriage, no affectionate behavior was possible. It just wasn't done. No coddling, caressing and such was ever done in Italian homes when others were present. That seemed satisfactory to me as I had no feeling for it or for Francis. As I look back I realize that Francis' courtship was in the nature of a conquest against my many boy friends. If I was not the best looking, I surely was the most popular. My mirror told me I was not the best looking, but my boy-friends insisted I was.

Francis would get lost for days and days during our courtship. He had given me a ring. When he returned from an unexplained absence I returned his ring. That happened three times. There was another boy for whom I had a deep affection. My mother advised me against the other boy because he was attending night school and not then marriageable. Obedience to my mother and conforming to propriety, was uppermost in my mind. I didn't know there was any other way permissible. Within me there was a discipline which made indulgence unthinkable unless it conformed to the proper standards and routine of life. What is the future of a girl? Marriage and children! Francis was the answer. That he was self-centered, vain, proud and the neighborhood show-off was beside the question. If one must have a roof over one's head, one cannot refuse a hovel to dream of a mansion. During our courtship separations Francis intercepted other dates, by offering to return the engagement ring I had given back to him. Each time mother nodded that I accept.

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WE married in a Catholic church. The church was crowded with Francis' and our families and relatives, and our neighbors. A wedding among Italians is like a coronation. I am told that in European countries parents commence to plan a girl's marriage from the day of her birth. It is their chief concern. A girl must be without blemish, must be attractive and must have a dowry to capture a husband. Marriage is the business of the parents who negotiate and weigh the advantages. There are classes, and grades within each class. The wars in Europe cut down the male population and the severities of life make marriage too great a risk for the man. Girls must compete for the few marriageable men available. The congratulations by relatives, friends and neighbors had the European flavor, as if a great fortune had been attained by my marriage. Inwardly I resented such an attitude, but the resentment faded into my general habit of suppression and conformity. I was not a happy bride. Throughout I felt dejected. I felt that my care-free life had been cut short. I felt no warmth toward my husband. I was going through the motions of an obedient child who did what was proper and expected.

We settled down to a drab routine life with my folks. Francis had no money at the time of our marriage. I began to find greater interest in housework. It answered my craving for physical activity and kept my thoughts from wandering into painful longings. Not long after our marriage I was hurried to a hospital as an emergency patient. I had overstrained myself during pregnancy and suffered a miscarriage. I suffered my first real heartbreak. I consoled myself that what was happening to me was the working of my *destina* over which I had no control. My husband was aloof as if it were none of his affair. In contrast was the tender care and love of my parents, sister and brothers.

Back from the hospital, I was determined to make a success of my life and of my marriage. My husband was a barber. He was the lowliest of the descendants of an ancestry high in Italian aristocracy. He had lost caste, but not his taste for elegance, nor did he develop a taste for work and responsibility. I felt it my duty to strengthen him. I made contact with a letter shop for which I did addressing at home. During spare time all my family helped me. Living with my folks our expenses were at a minimum. I encouraged my husband to establish a business for himself. Francis brought his small salary to me, retaining a sufficient amount for his personal needs. We saved the greater part, to which I added my earnings. Francis found a partner who also wished to go into business.

My younger brother Andy went scouting in the neighborhood for a store suitable for a barber shop. He saw a barber shop in operation, owned by an elderly barber. He asked the barber if he wished to sell. The man said he might, but was frank to say that the place doesn't pay him a living. Andy said that he is inquiring for his brother-in-law and that our family had many friends in the neighborhood who would patronize him. After further negotiation my husband and friend purchased the barber shop. My brothers loaned Francis the greater part of the down payment.

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WITH the men folks busy with their toils, mother and I became even more inseparable companions. We kept house to gether, entertained company together and did our thinking together. Our world consisted of relatives, including Francis' relatives and neighbors. Francis' business proved profitable, and mother and I commenced buying new furniture and furnishings for our mutual home. My dad took advantage of an opportunity to sell the house in which we lived. We moved to Berwyn, into a new two-flat building, in a new subdivision. Mother and I joined in making a doll-house of our new apartment.

Berwyn was another step in the progress of our way of living. It was in 1927. Homes were springing up all around, keeping pace with the lilacs, the cherry and apple blossoms. The streets were clean. Young trees were spreading out their branches. The air had the freshness of open fields. There was little smoke and less dust. Everywhere there was an air of youth, prosperity and contentment. Business in the barber shop was good. My husband no longer brought me a fixed amount weekly. He paid the general household expense which was little, and he paid the bills for purchases I made. In a short time after we moved to Berwyn we bought from dad a half interest in the two-flat and we moved upstairs. For the first time we had privacy. Not that we had suffered when we did not have it. Francis was never demonstrative. He treated me with semi-indifference. Not that there was any lack of affection on his part, nor on mine. The trouble seems to have been that he loved himself first.

My purpose in buying a half interest in my folks' building was to induce Francis to divert some of his income into building our future. I took it for granted that the business was accumulating a bank account. His silence regarding his business made me sick at heart. I knew I was headed for a quarrel if I should pin him down to a discussion. I knew that the shop was taking in substantial weekly income. I bought furniture for which he was compelled to pay. Within the first six months

Francis commenced to stay away from home and from business. I knew he was gambling, but did not know to what extent, nor did I know of whatever might have been his other vices. Every so often I threatened to leave him. By such threats he was frightened into coming home after work for a stretch, but would gradually lapse into his ruminating habits. Ownership of half interest in the property didn't inspire Francis. He took no interest in it. He did not offer to help dad in maintaining the building, in seeding the grass, in making improvements, nor in any of the chores incidental to maintenance of a building. He failed to pay our share of the mortgage payments. He bought very expensive suits for himself. Francis' role as husband resolved itself in coming home very late at night or in the early hours of the morning and leaving when he arose. He made a gesture to drink the breakfast coffee which I made, but would be found having his breakfast in a restaurant near his shop. This drab life went on for about seven years, until the year 1933.

My bleak married life was offset by the cheer, laughter and merriment which went on in the household which I had left formally but not really. The tender affection between mother, brothers and me never diminished. I do not include my dad and sister, because dad was always working and did not wish to relax discipline. My sister was married and was less demonstrative by nature. All knew of the injustice of my married life, they knew more than they would tell. What was denied in the world of reality they tried to compensate by hopes, dreams and philosophy. Andy treated my mother as if she were a girl acquaintance, telling her how pretty she was, and romped and danced with her. He had a thousand reasons for the joy of living. There was never a dull moment. We were either working in the house, or visiting, or entertaining, or working in the garden, planting, harvesting and attending. In all this activity I was being neglected and deserted by Francis, who went deeper and deeper in gambling, wasting his time and his ample profits.

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THE depression which struck in 1929 threw my brothers out of their jobs. My dad's employer couldn't make the pay-roll but kept promising payment to keep his employes working. My father stayed on for two years, without pay, until the plant closed. He was never paid. The barber shop did not feel the effects of the depression until 1932 when business commenced to fall off. Francis continued to neglect me and to spend his time gambling and loafing. We were unable to pay our share of the mortgage on the house. He failed to bring enough money home. He had no reserve, few gamblers have. He commenced to stay away from home days at a time, three days on one occasion.

Come summer of 1932, my sister and her husband invited mother and me to spend a week or two at their summer resort in Michigan. After a week, mother wished to go home. I took mother home and returned for another week. I had gone dancing at a near-by dance hall. There I met John Fuhr with whom I danced frequently. He was a good dancer, polite and very attentive. In his company I seemed to regain my lost spirit. I told him I was married and on vacation.

My behavior during my visit was nonetheless severely proper. It had to be, if not for my own sake, for the sake of my brother-in-law who watched my coming and going. Francis came in by a lake steamer unexpectedly and came to the dance hall when I was dancing with John. He made a scene. Alone, he demanded of me if I was in love with John, and made insulting insinuations. I returned home with Francis, who showed an uglier mood than I had ever seen him in. Back home, Francis continued as before, staying away nights, making excuses for his absences, and for his inability to bring money home. He kept grumbling about my dancing with a stranger I had picked up in a public dance hall.

Before leaving Michigan, John gave me a slip of paper with his address. He sensed my embarrassment and hinted that I call on him when in need. At the time I never thought I would ever see John again, and never would have if Francis had not continued his gambling and neglect. There was a painful silence in the family household regarding Francis. My folks did not wish to arouse me, although my dad showed his impatience by petty quarrels with mother. Francis continued to get home in the early hours of the morning. His jealousy and nagging became more severe from day to day. He was driving me to distraction. Yet in his peculiar way he showed unmistakable affection and a dread of my leaving him. His home with me was a convenient place to come to. He was welcome when his other haunts closed. Whatever friends he had outside, male or female, I was one who wouldn't, or couldn't, disown him, until death do us part. Wherever else he went he had to make a showing, but not at home. I pressed his trousers, washed his shirts and ironed them expertly, bought his sox, handkerchiefs and underwear, kept them mended, and kept his clothes ready for him in professional order. This routine went on even while Francis went galivanting into his gambling and other haunts.

My patience was wearing out. I lost sleep. An ailment developed in one of my eyes requiring regular treatment.

My thoughts turned to alternatives, not excluding an overdose of sleeping pills, which came later. I was in a dark wilderness without a path or light. I thought of John's offer to come to my aid. That seemed like a desperate step, but I was desperate. I wrote him a polite note without disclosing too much. He answered promptly. There were no secrets in the family. We opened and read each other's mail. I had to watch for the mailman to keep my correspondence with John from the eyes of mother and the rest. I became bolder with each exchange of letters. Finally I wrote him about my distractions. He promptly came into Chicago. He telephoned from a Loop hotel, and I arranged to meet him. He asked me to leave with him, and I decided to do so.

Tiptoeing I packed my things. I hadn't seen Francis for three days. Someone reported he was seen at the races. Inwardly I had hoped his jealousy would bring him to his senses, so that we would make a success of our marriage. All my girlfriends were married and all doing well. My sister was enjoying a happy marriage. I asked myself what sins had I committed to deserve my fate? I could not blame myself for a wrong choice, as even in that I obeyed others and took their advice. While I was packing I had fits of remorse. I hoped for some miracle to straighten out my life. I had been dropping in at the shop from time to time secretly hoping to find justification for Francis' absences, but what I learned was downright discouraging. No sooner than I completed my packing, Francis came home unexpectedly. That was the first time he had ever made his appearance in the afternoon. Had he come a few seconds sooner he would have found me packing. Later I learned that he had a premonition that all wasn't well. He saw that I was dressed for the street. He asked where I was going and what I was up to. I merely replied that I had a date with my eye doctor.

Francis and I walked out together, and I had to go to the street-car, which he saw me board. I went to the Loop and met John, then returned to take the things I had packed. We took a bus to Michigan. John took me to his home and I was well received by his mother. There I lived with the Fuhr's for almost a week. John was also a barber. I was very uncomfortable, I feared my sister and brother-in-law would learn of my escapade. I wanted to run away from trouble, not into it. John suggested Los Angeles, and there we went. Before going to L.A., I returned to say good-bye to mother, dad and brothers. For the first time mother told me of her worries about me. She said she could see no future with Francis. I told mother to sell our furniture, which she did while I was gone, and for which she received a fraction of what it had cost us.

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THE panic was on in California. John did get employment, but his earnings were scant, even with our frugality. He commenced to fret, although he was attentive to me. The few months together seemed as if they were that many years. We had moments of exhilaration, when we enjoyed the balmy weather, the beauty of the landscape and the profusion of flowers and blossoms. Yet we couldn't venture too far from living quarters, as we had no automobile. Before long I noticed in John a strange demeanor. I asked him what was on his mind, and I got the surprise of my life!

John made a proposal which left me gasping. He talked about young actresses who came to Hollywood from everywhere working as extras on the movie lots. That they were living in splendor and wearing mink coats. That wealthy men were willing to pay a high price for a girl's company, and suggested that I should take advantage of the opportunity.

All the ugly things which had ever come to my imagination came before me and through which I saw the outline of John's face. I almost smelled the sulphur and brimstone from his nostrils. I saw ugly horns rise from his forehead, like the devils I saw in movies and on drawings. For a moment I lost my power of thought. I kept repeating, "What?" "What?" "What did you say?"

I must have been insensible for a long time. He kept talking, but I did not hear a word. I was lost in my thoughts. Instinctively, I was looking for the door. I wanted to run away. I recalled my affection for him, which seemed to cling. I was seized with a feeling of terror, even for my life. I had about $350.00 when I left Chicago. I had some left, enough for transportation back to Chicago. Yet I wished to avoid the humiliation of another failure. John tried to apologize for what he said, but something happened to my ears. Whatever he said to me I heard in retrospect, not at the time he spoke. I either kept silent, or repeated, "What did you say?" He embraced me but I was numb. Before nightfall I left him and registered in a hotel about a mile away. I never saw him again. Three years later I learned that he had written many letters, but that mother destroyed them without reading.

I tarried in Los Angeles until my funds dwindled to where there was merely enough for bus fare and some sandwiches, which I took with me. Upon returning home in Berwyn there was a tearful reunion. My fears that I would be received with tolerant pity proved groundless. The tears were tears of joy. Their little girl was home again. My brothers, dad and mother rushed around as if I had become Miss America. If I had a feeling of guilt, or of failure you couldn't tell it from the reception. The family never let me down. I was determined not to let them down, if humanly possible.

On the morning following my return, I hit the street determined to somehow knit together the unraveling pattern of my life. I went to an employment agency. The corridor leading to the reception room was jammed with applicants. The conversations I overheard were most discouraging. Some of the women had left their young children unattended and were eager to get back. I thought of going to another agency, but decided to remain. Before long, a young lady stepped out and said they would take no more applications for the day. The women left, but I remained. I was trying to decide where I might be going. As I stood there I saw the applicants inside go out one by one. The young lady adjusted the latch to keep the door locked from the inside. I kept waiting and dreaming. The door again opened to permit applicants to leave. The telephone made the young lady turn away from the door, leaving it open. By then the office was clear of applicants. The call was from an office seeking a mail clerk, to address, stuff and seal envelopes. This I gathered from the telephone conversation.

I promptly suggested to the lady that I was expert in that particular work. They asked for someone at once. I made out an application, and received a slip to the Woods building. Arriving, I found the office to be a theatrical agency. I commenced work at once. I was told I would receive so much per thousand. The pay was scant, but no one complained those depression days about the amount of pay. While working I overheard the shop talk about filling vaudeville engagements, forming quartettes and dance numbers, songs and singers were being tried out. Some days thereafter the office seemed to have run into a crisis. They had entered into a contract for an acrobatic dance team consisting of three men and a girl, for a year run. They had received a wire to the effect that the girl in the team had married and left the troupe. They had to have a girl of the same type as shown on the posters and other advertising pieces. Someone in the office remarked that but for red hair (mine was brown) I was the dancer's twin sister. If only I could dance. I asked, "How do you know I don't?" 'Please, please,' said the boss. 'This is an acrobatic dance act.' "Why don't you give me a try-out?" I asked. After some sharp retorts back and forth they decided to do so. The try-out was not as successful as it might have been, but much better than they had suspected.

The dancer's wardrobe, in every detail, fitted me perfectly, as if specially made for me. I improved with every rehearsal. The part was glamorous. The men were in full dress, and the dance consisted in circling around me, while I pirouetted from one toe to the other, swinging into waltz from one man to the other and being lifted into the air in acrobatic patterns. I was thrilled! Is it possible that I had reached my life's *destina?* I was tingling with joy and expectation. I signed a typewritten paper without reading its contents. My office work was taken over by another girl. In my hotel room where I was then living I worked for hours on my dance routine, to master steps and poses which were new to me.

At the final rehearsal, as one of the men caught me, I slipped from his grip and landed on my toes. I felt a click in my left big toe, but thought nothing of it at the time. After that rehearsal, as usual, we went for coffee, after which I went to my hotel room.

* * *

THREE days later I woke up in the County hospital. I had been in a coma. The clean-up woman at the hotel opened my room and found me. She thought I was dead. The manager called the police who took me to the hospital. On waking, an intern asked me about my parents or relatives. I refused to tell. More attendants came to my bed and indulged in muttering suspiciously. One asked me how I felt. I said that I felt sharp pain in my left eye and left toe. The interne felt my toe and examined my eye. Later the nurse marked my chart. As I regained full consciousness the pain became more severe. I tried to attract every nurse which walked by in the ward. They promised to send a doctor. My pain was becoming unbearable. I commenced to cry. A doctor and a nurse came to my bed. The doctor examined my chart. He asked me if that was all that was the matter with me, my toe and eye. He acted indifferently. When they left, I commenced to scream. I was shaking with chills from the pain. A nurse came up and I asked for a blanket. She strapped me to the bed, slapped my face and walked away.

I suffered through the rest of the day, with chills and pain. I had not eaten that day nor the next, nor the day after. I had no craving for food, and the food served would have nauseated me if I were well. Each patient was given three small prunes, a slice of unbuttered bread and half a cup of black tea. The evening "meal" was black tea again, a discolored potato and some watery soup. My pain kept me awake the nights in the hospital. Once or twice a day a doctor or interne picked up my chart, looked at me suspiciously and muttered to the nurse. On the third day several doctors came to my bed to examine me. They were convinced that I had no pain either in the toe or in the eye. In desperation I asked them to notify my folks and gave them my folks' address and telephone number. My mother and brother Jim came to the hospital almost immediately and asked for me. A doctor asked my mother to sign some papers which he offered. Jim asked what the papers were, and the doctor said the papers were for the purpose of admitting me to a mental institution. My brother said he would have to see me first and also to consult our family attorney. Jim demanded to be taken to me. The doctor said, "You can't see her." Jim became angry and said, "See here, I took a day off to come here and I am going to see her even if I have to punch you in the nose." Jim brushed the doctor aside and rushed into the hospital ward. After some search he found me and came to my bed. My mother also came up. There was a tearful reunion. I sobbed with pain. I told them that my toe felt hot while I felt chills throughout my body.

The doctor came up and said to Jim, "You get out of here or I will call the police." Jim said, "Go right ahead. I am taking my sister home. My sister isn't a mental case, you are." He lifted me in his arms and rushed out of the hospital.

Arriving home, a doctor was called, neighbors came in with flowers, and I was soon surrounded by the dearest people. My pain persisted, but the excitement seemed to ease the pain somewhat. In spite of the throbbing toe and eye, the aroma of fresh coffee and the cooking made me hungry after days of starvation.

The doctor gave me some shots and I slept soundly throughout the night, and until late the following afternoon, when mother awakened me.

I had a feeling of not knowing where I was. I heard my mother's voice. She said, "Mil, are you awake?"

I said, "Yes."

"That's good. Now, I can give you your medicine."

I said, "What time is it?" It was dark.

She said, "It's three o'clock."

Then I said, "Is it night or is it day?"

She did not answer. I heard her go into the living room. I knew she was crying. I realized then I could not see.

I was in a strange world. I had no sense of time nor direction. An eye specialist was called, and he came every other day. I was taken to various specialists and hospitals for treatment. A bone injury in my toe brought an infection which failed to heal. Three operations brought no relief. The infection commenced to spread. I commenced to lose weight. I was totally blind.

The doctors alarmed my folks about my condition. In my weakness, darkness and pain I worried about the doctor bills.

Dad's resources had dwindled. Jim was out of work. Tenants were behind in rent. My sister demanded that I be taken to the Mayo clinic, and that she would bear the greater part of expense. Jim saw a dealer to sell his car to raise money for me.

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THE Mayo hospital was reached by telephone. My doctor explained my condition. I was taken to the train on stretchers. Arriving in Rochester, Minnesota, I was promptly taken through a series of tests and examinations. I was fed through all hours of the night. The nurse asked my sister what kinds of food I like and took a list of them. From then on full trays were brought and I was coaxed to eat. My treatment lasted two weeks. They then called my doctors at home, including the eye specialist, and communicated the results of their tests, then discharged me. Upon my return my treatment was continued by the eye specialist and family doctor. Before leaving Mayo's I was instructed upon the care of my eyes. They assured me that my sight would gradually return, but that I must do no reading, no close work, *and I must not cry.*

I began to improve from day to day. Spring was returning, with occasional warm days. I commenced to distinguish between light and darkness. Soon I began to distinguish objects. Before another month passed, my eyesight was restored, though my eyes continued to be weak for reading. In the struggle to regain my sight and health I seemed to have lost contact with the world and its cares. My toe was improved but not cured. Jim devoted himself to caring for me with his accustomed tenderness. He massaged my toe, watched my needs and carried me around to spare my energy. He feared that I might strain myself and aggravate my sick toe. My toe continued to throb, a pain which never seems to have left me, and which in the ensuing years affected my *destina.*

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THE depression was in its third or fourth year. Families with many children depended upon relief allowances and packages. Men of all occupations were on W.P.A. Unemployment was widespread in every field. Job hunting was discouraging if not futile. Men, and women, went from door to door inquiring if there were anything to be done, some telling pitiful stories. Scenes at the pawn shops were sickening. Withered and worried, elderly women brought their watches and silver to borrow from fifty cents to a few dollars, which they were more often refused, turning away in despair.

In my convalescense I became increasingly restless. My unpaid bills lay heavily on my conscience, particularly the bill owing the Mayo clinic. Etched in my mind was the remark by one of the doctors who toiled over me with such scrupulous interest. To the other doctors, he remarked, "Some day she may have money, then she can pay us." In the distress I felt over my unpaid bills I forgot my infirmities. It occurred to me it might have been more honorable not to have come out of my coma. I felt like one thrown overboard struggling against drowning. I was drowning in a sea of debt. Nothing could be more painful, mentally. I have no right to be a burden on others. They have their own burdens. If I cannot help others with their burdens, I surely must not add to them. I felt I was returning evil for good. I was letting down those who trusted me and who would not let me down when I needed them most. It was intolerable.

What was even worse because more immediate, I was a burden on my folks, whose resources were dwindling away. I saw the struggle in their faces, as well as I saw their struggle to put up a brave front in my presence. I asked mother to read the ads in a local newspaper for a job. Mother said I was too weak to even leave the house, but I insisted. One ad offered a job as a maid at $3.00 per week, with room and board, in a neighboring suburb. I telephoned. The next day a man drove up in an old car.

I did not look too promising for housework, but even during the depression he couldn't expect too much for a $3.00 weekly pay. There were four children to take care of. He had a well paying job on the railroad. He had married a much younger woman, who seemed to have an allergy for housework. They had their own cow, chickens and vegetable garden. He promised I would become stronger with fresh milk and fresh eggs. I took the job. He took me with him that very day.

I found the home in disarray, the children unwashed and unkempt, their clothes neglected as was the general appearance of the household. Shades were unevenly drawn, beds unmade, curtains partly tattered, dirty dishes stacked in a basin. There was no plumbing in the house. Water had to be carried from a well. For bathing, the water had to be carried in and heated on a coal stove. There was no gas piped in. The lady of the house sat comfortably in the midst of all this plunder, reading "True Stories," and other trashy literature. I took hold.

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MY days off were Thursday afternoon and every other Sunday afternoon. I traveled "home" by bus and street car, which did not run frequently. While standing on the road waiting for transportation I was frequently offered a lift by passing automobiles. For those I had a genuine fear. I accepted only when the driver was with his family, or if elderly, and of good appearance.

While waiting for a bus on one of my off-days a Cadillac stopped and the driver asked me if I wished a lift. He was an elderly gentleman, looked kindly and dignified, I accepted. We talked about the weather, the condition of the roads and newspaper stories. I asked him to drop me off at the corner, making an excuse that I wished to buy a cake to bring to my mother, to avoid disclosing my address; also to avoid being seen by mother and risk a severe lecture. The gentleman said he passed the place on the highway every Thursday and that he would give me a lift, to which I agreed. That went on for several weeks. We became more and more friendly. He asked me about my work, complimented me on my appearance and upon my alertness and intelligence. When he learned that I also was free on Sunday afternoons, he also met me on those days, which made our meetings twice a week.

We often stopped for coffee before he dropped me at the corner. He took me to dinner—and in those days, a dinner was a dinner was a dinner (with apologies to Gertrude Stein). At $3.00 a week, and what a week, a dinner was a dinner, and what a dinner! And a Cadillac is a Cadillac! My dad walked to save a nickel I thought, and who was I to refuse a Cadillac to save a dime! A dime and a dime and a dime meant that much added toward paying the Mayo bill. In paying for the dinner my elderly escort would take out a genuine leather wallet crowded with a stack of new 20's and even 50's. In his wallet lay the power for my redemption. I didn't envy him. I did'nt crave the glittering diamonds in a jewelry store window, nor the stacks of money in a bank. I had no impulse to take. My impulse was to give. For the kindness this man showed me I began to worry about repayment, about appreciation. I feared being always on the taking side. My soul cried to be on the giving end. I felt ever that I would rather die, I regretted my birth, if my *destina* was to be to take, and take and take. From my earliest childhood I had an eagerness to help, by running errands, by bringing things and by solving the problems of others. Whatever I was to have I had to earn. What I didn't earn scorched my hands, and my soul, if I took without returning.

My health was improving and my skin was becoming pinked. I had nine rooms to take care of. They had been neglected. I worked on each room, the curtains, shades, floors and furniture. Soon I had the entire house straightened. I made all the beds. I washed, dressed and fed the children. The youngest, 18 months, was a most beautiful child. I taught her dancing, and she was apt. All the children were blonde, as were both parents. The 18 month tot was puzzled by my dark hair, which she would examine with wrapt interest, then study my face, wondering what a strange creature I was, with strange hair, long, thick and curly so much unlike theirs. The children had never been taken to town. Visitors were few and infrequent. Neither the children nor the three dogs had received any discipline. The only discipline for the children was their table manners, which were insisted upon. I had to teach both the children and the dogs. The dogs would romp about the house, pull off the bed spreads and tussle with them.

I maintained a trim appearance, in spite of my many chores. My employers would spend much of their time together looking over racing charts, and placing bets. In spurts the lady would primp up as a sort of challenge to me, then lapsed into her accustomed slovenliness. She would take off her stockings and leave them in the middle of the house. The dogs would play with them. I went after her to pick up things she dropped.

The children came to me when peeved or hurt. At times the mother showed streaks of jealousy. The husband commenced driving me home. He complained of her during such trips and complimented me on my appearance and abilities. He made no advances and I was determined he would not. I discouraged such trips. I preferred the elderly gentleman with the Cadillac, who had thus far been impersonal.

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I continued to regain my health. With no carfare to pay, and no other expenses, I spent very little of the $3.00 pay. With the coming summer I spent more time outdoors. I built a rock garden, gathered eggs from the henhouse and carried milk. I didn't learn to milk the cow. We baked biscuits, using fresh milk and butter. I churned the butter.

The elderly gentleman kept calling for me, driving me home and taking me to dinners. On one occasion he told me of his home life. His wife had been an invalid for years. He provided her with every care and luxury. He had no children. He told me many things about the nature of his work and of his interests, but my mind either wandered, or I was concentrating my thoughts on my future, and only pretended to hear him. He seemed greatly interested in my welfare, but I sparred to keep from telling him too much about me.

The atmosphere of the household where I was employed became increasingly strained. The husband, unintentionally, spoke of the neatness of the house, of the children, and how I appeared as if I hadn't been working at all. All the while I scrubbed, washed, baked, cooked, washed windows inside and out, cared for the children and the dogs. My Mistress became even more slovenly and at intervals showed resentment of my pride and independence. She would rise for breakfast, wait until he was gone, then go back to bed, with a novel or other light reading, while I attended to the children. The husband asked me, not her, for his personal things, discussed his problems with me, without noticing her resentment and he encroached upon me more and more in her absence. Things were becoming frightening. At the end of the week, I made an excuse that I was needed by my parents, packed my few belongings and left. It was hard to break away from the children I learned to love, so I made frequent visits to them from time to time.

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I found another job in a duplex apartment of six rooms, at $4.00 per week. There was husband, wife and two children. He was in the early thirties and she somewhat younger. They had many friends whom they frequently entertained, and were entertained by them. Among the callers were a good half dozen bachelors, one of which was more intimate with them, whose name was Bob. Here also I washed windows, scrubbed, cooked and laundered.

The bachelors insisted on including me in their circle, brought me cocktails and punch while I usually did some ironing in the kitchen. I tried to be aloof and out of sight. On one occasion, one by one of the men left the main room and came into the kitchen. The hostess came in and demanded, "What's the attraction?"

Bob visited my mistress frequently after the husband was gone, or when he went out of town. He would go up to her room and into her bed. One of the children was five who was not too young to be puzzled. The child knew Bob as her uncle. On the other hand, the husband lathered up a fondness for me, which made me very uncomfortable. I kept out of his way.

I was in much better health, although still doctoring my toe. My work was continuous, which made me tired at the end of the day. I slept soundly. On one occasion I was shocked out of a deep sleep. I felt hands stroking my face. I woke up and saw a frightening shadow on the wall. My boss was in my bed. I screamed with terror. I must have been heard throughout the block. I rose and struck him. The mistress had gone out with a girl chum to a movie, so she said. Husband and wife quarreled frequently and violently. I slept downstairs. The quarrelling was above me. During such battles, the children joined the ruckus by screaming. I would run up and take the children downstairs. to quiet them. The littler one, about 15 months old, would become hysterical. On one occasion he threw his wife out into the hall of the building in her nightgown. She pounded the door but he refused to open. She ran down to have me open the door for her. Conditions were becoming critical in the household. I tried to leave again and again, but they raised my pay to $5.00 and I stayed on.

By now I had saved about $100.00. I bought a cashier's check for $85.00 which I sent to Mayo's. There was much more to pay, but with every payment I felt a great relief. I dreamed of the time when my debts would be paid. Meanwhile my aging dad took advantage of the depression by working around the house, and built an apartment in the basement, for additional revenue. His condition was greatly reduced compared to the previous years, but he did not relent in his comparison with the grim experience of his youth in Turkey. This was still heaven. Nor did mother and brothers diminish their affection and tenderness for me nor for each other. There was no brooding or defeatism. Brother Andy was never short of a humorous story, nor of words of cheer, nor of compliments. The skies were still blue, the grass green, the flowers in bloom and the future bright!

Every visit was as if I had been away a year. The welcome mat was a magic carpet. To Andy mother and I were queens and queens can do no wrong.

My boss and mistress continued quarreling and partying. She continued entertaining men when he left the house, and he continued to force his attentions upon me when she was gone. And sometimes even in her presence. I gave them notice I would leave. In her absence he apologized, but said he couldn't understand my resistence. None of the previous girls had resisted him. He also offered me additional money. At the end of the week I left while he pleaded with me to remain, to which I gave no answer.

I found other jobs as maid. The pattern changed in some particulars, but the overall routine was the same. In one place, the young son became attached to me, which made it impossible for me to remain. Truthfully, there was a rivalry for me between the son, openly, and the father, secretly.

The elderly gentleman continued to call for me in his Cadillac. He caught me in a worrisome mood. I felt I wasn't catching up with my debts. I mentioned to him that I was embarrassed by his hospitality. On several occasions, I tried to choose less expensive dishes, but he would not permit it. He said that the cost of a dinner was small for the value of my company. He said he was not comfortable eating alone. He offered to lend me money, which at first alarmed me. I sensed in such an offer a bid to put me under obligation. I refused, but it wasn't easy. He handled money as if it were that much waste paper. I reasoned, why shouldn't I take his money, when it meant so little to him and so much to me? He spent for one dinner three times as much as I received for a week's toil, with its trials and abuse. In such moments, if he were on hand I would have taken his money, because I gave way to reasoning, but when the offers were made I gave way to my feeling.

He pressed me to tell him what was on my mind. I finally said that I had to quit my job, without telling him the true reason. He said that his housekeeper, of his Chicago apartment, was about to leave, and that he would give me the same pay if I were to take over. I had not told him the amount of my pay. I asked him what the job pays. He said $20.00 per week, and that I wouldn't need to shop, as I could have things brought in by stores with which he had charge accounts. That seemed like manna from heaven. I struggled to suppress my emotions, but he saw how my eyes lit up. He took it for granted that I accepted.

I didn't stop to ask why he had two homes. I didn't even think of it for the moment. I assumed that his business duties required a city location. A week later I moved into the apartment. Of course, he had a key. Within a short time afterward, we were living together in that apartment. What went through my mind would fill another book, but what I first feared and abhorred I finally accepted. Instead of $20.00, he gave me a handful of $20's. I had no expense because whatever I required was taken on a charge account. That he insisted upon. I opened a bank account. The accumulation whetted my apetite. Young men in the neighborhood opened conversations with me and asked to call, or for dates. They seemed to know my situation. When I refused to have them visit me, they asked me to visit them. I did. I became brazen. I began to reason that I was doing no one any harm, but myself. Which was much better than owing unpaid honest debts, and taking further risk to become a burden on others. With the money I was making I felt a sense of security and rising to a condition where I could be of help to others.

CHECKS to the Mayo Clinic went on steadily. I also paid other bills. Such withdrawals left smaller and smaller balances in my account. Had I foreseen the future I would have held out more in my bank account, but I looked forward to a continuous flow of money, from my elderly companion and from my new neighborhood boy friends.

There was very little for me to do. I straightened up the small apartment in less than an hour. Time hung heavily on my hands. My companion would show up not more than twice a week, then wouldn't come at all for weeks at a time. His wife had died in the meanwhile, and he said something about the possibility of shifting his offices to New York. Fewer visits meant more infrequent money deposits. Within four months after I took up this "housekeeping," I received a note in the mail that he was forced to leave town, that my rent was paid for two months, and he wished me good luck. He enclosed a final $100.00 certified check from a Chicago bank. I never saw him again.

The rent was $85.00 per month. I thought of advertising for a girl to share the apartment with me. In my frequent visits to the restaurants, I made many acquaintances, of both men and girls. Half the time some young man picked up and paid my check. There was a spirit of helpfulness during the hard years. Boys talked to girls freely. No introduction necessary. They were not all flirts nor "wolves." I know of very many instances where girls received help from men who asked for nothing in return. But there was another side to the story.

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THERE are hotels owned by so-called religious and charitable institutions. At about 5 o'clock in the afternoon a robed and bewhiskered preacher or parson would come to the hotel corridor, prayer book in hand, stretch his hands and lift his eyes to the heavens and call upon the Lord for forgiveness and mercy, and to bless us with the spirit of righteousness, love and charity. These Hotels did not pay taxes I learned. It was cheaper to pay the bewhiskered preacher. From those very hotels there would be a daily tossing out, together with bag and baggage, of girls and men who had lost their jobs and were behind in their rent. These penniless outcasts would stand there on the sidewalk in fear and bewilderment.

What happened to the men tossed out of hotels, evicted from apartments and thrown out of jobs? Your guess is as good as mine. But I do know what happened to the girls, because I was among them. Not all of them. Some went back to their homes in small towns and farms. But many had nowhere to go, and didn't have trainfare. Many left aged mothers or widowed fathers, who were looking for help from their daughters. Who were those girls? They were models of expensive gowns, models for commercial artists, show girls, chorus girls, also waitresses, hostesses, clerks and stenographers. Bankruptcies and foreclosures put many on the street. Many were college girls, some from refined homes and decent backgrounds.

Many of the girls received help, as I said, from men out of the goodness of their heart. Some were less fortunate. They joined the great army of street walkers. They had been accustomed to invitations from strange men, with and without cars. They had never thought of accepting. Now they couldn't refuse. It meant filling their hungry stomachs, at least.

I found myself in an expensive apartment, with my savings dwindling. I could no longer return to $4.00 or $5.00 jobs. Further, what the "tricks" were willing to pay for, as a maid my bosses wanted for nothing. To the uninitiated I may explain that a "trick" is a man who patronizes a street walker or call girl. Was I seized with compunctions, with a sense of fear, of guilt? Yes, and no! To be sure, I had to guard my secret from my folks. This I did with the greatest caution. I established a "day off" on Tuesdays. And on Tuesdays I would be home, even if Rome, or Chicago, burned.

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THE evicted girls swarmed the streets. The rooming houses and small hotels were in jeopardy of foreclosure. The guests had no money for rent. Some of the landladies encouraged the girl roomers to find men to help with their rent. Practically all welcomed this "transient" business. Signs showed up, "Transients Welcome," and how! Intermittently I lost my sense of repression, because I was in "good company." On the other hand, competition became rugged. One gal was superstitious, with a bag of charms for good luck. Another said she prayed every night and on Sunday. A smartie retorted, "I pray, too. Now I lay me down so cheap!"

Street girls are the most superstitious lot in the world, and probably the most sensitive. There are fears and tears. An ugly word may throw them into the dumps. A "trick" in time saves a girl's morale.

With the increase of street girls came cops who patroled the section. The girls had a grape-vine to warn each other. There was a shift of cops monthly. The police automobiles weren't always identified as they are now. The girls would watch for the new car and tip-off the rest. Some cops would demand so much from each girl, or cause arrests. In turn, these cops would protect the section against too many girls. The non-paying girls would be arrested.

The honest cops were a real worry to the girls. They would make arrests, and if the girls offered them money, they would be charged for both street walking and attempted bribery.

The more experienced of us had the name of the lawyer who was a sure shot to get us off. At that early period of my life it had been drummed into me that there is no such thing as justice in the courts. You had to pay for what you got in the court just like the tricks paid for what they got from you. This part of the American Way of Life I had wholly forgotten when I needed it most, in Cicero, where I fell into a trap, as I will later show.

The police preyed on the girls. The girls were always broke. The police had no check on the girls they arrested. The girls would put up a bond, then failed to show up in court. The pitiful amount they took in hardly paid for the squalid room they lived in, their food at cheap restaurants, cops and cosmetics. Yet they were haunted by fear of arrests, disease and even murder. They say that necessity knows no law. Into the cold, storm, rain and sleet the street girl hunted and was hunted. In the neighborhood which was more favorable for the traffic, roamed some strange characters. Each trick may be her last. Girls were choked, knifed and brutalized. Many died of syphilis, others from beatings. Some went to jail for a long stretch, they didn't know the "ropes." Some girls married, others were helped to good jobs.

One evening I leaned against a lamp post, like the publicity picture of "Anna Lucasta," but for a different reason. My toe was bothering me. Two policemen came forward, but I couldn't run. Soon I was between them. They searched me for dope, as they thought I was unsteady. They looked into my purse and asked, "What's this?" I said that's a receipt from the Mayo clinic for money I sent. One of the policeman said to the other, "Well, here is a new reason for hustling," and said I may go home.

* * *

The courts were lenient with the girls, they had to be. Newspapers reported that four magistrates in New York were removed from office by the Bar Association for being too harsh with the street girls there. A stiff fine would break a girl's heart and spirit. It might put the girl on relief, and the relief rolls were overflowing. I was present when a judge cautioned a girl that she must leave the neighborhood and stop hustling. She was timid, refined and tearful. She boldly sobbed that if she fails to pick up a trick she will go without dinner that day.

Who were the street walkers?

There were wives who had overspent and couldn't account to their husbands. There were women who were under the gun of a loan shark who threatened to take away furniture or fur coat. There were divorcees who had to provide schooling and keep for one or two children. There were wives who lost money at poker and couldn't get the money from their husbands. There were women whose darling sons or daughters would lose their graduation from some school or college, if they had not the money for a variety of expenses and tuition.

One woman on the street was 58, no less. She had been a school teacher. Her husband was a druggist from whom she was divorced. She came to Chicago to find work, to add income to alimony she had been receiving. The depression threw her out of work. The ex-husband failed in business. At 58 she was forced to a life she had dreaded. None of us girls ever had a notion that we would be in the racket. We read about such things, just as we read about the "Snake Pit." It is something that only happens to others. It can't happen to us. And this elderly woman sat with me with her tears mingling with her coffee.

On the police force there are what are known as Captain's men. There are but few of them. They are regarded as of a higher police position. One such Captain's man made frequent arrests of a woman who maintained her own flat, in the neighborhood. Before long she made a truce with the officer and put him on her pay-roll. Later he divorced his wife and made his home with the woman he had prosecuted. I know that he had been living with her for some eight years. He may yet be living with her. They may be married.

I wish to get on with my main story. I don't wish to undertake a comprehensive description of vice in Chicago. Such is not the mission of this book. Yet I feel my description thus far is unbalanced without adding a paragraph or two.

There were and are street girls of a yet different type. They got down to a more profitable system. Instead of dealing directly with the police, paying them off, hiring their own lawyers, as they must occasionally, they operate through pimps. These pimps are a rough and ugly lot who attend to the "extra-curricular" working of the street walker. These pimps are of two classes, those who are employed by the street girl and those who employ the girls with whom they divide the take, the profits and losses.

A gang of pimps broke into one of the girls rooms on the fourth floor. This girl had been cutting in on their business. They tossed her through the window. Her lifeless body was found on the alley pavement. Here and there one of the girls committed suicide. Here and there a girl was found unconscious, having been beaten by pimps for holding out money she received as tips, or after a warning to keep out of their neighborhood. The pimps were immune to arrest, as they paid off the cops.

* * *

LIKE other girls, I would read about this or that girl taking the "easy way." I now wonder if those writers were in their right mind. It may be easy to get into, as it is easy to fall overboard. But in the turmoil of the racket there's nothing easy. It is harsh, brutal and dangerous! Even worse than its dangers are the scorn of the community, to which the girls are sensitive. They hide behind assumed names in cities distant from their homes, relatives and acquaintances. They dread exposure. Pride becomes keener when in danger of being wounded. My escape was living in my dreams, in my hopes and in my prayers. I was reliving my happy, carefree and innocent past. I consoled myself in my hopes of escape, redemption and future security after my bills were paid. I feared for my eyesight and my still aching toe, and had but two alternatives to choose from. I must either put myself to sleep eternally or put myself in a position where I would not be a burden to others.

Among the girls in the racket there is a spirit of honesty and truthfulness. The tricks, likewise, are rarely vicious or dishonest. The "rolling" and thievery occasionally reported to police are usually by girl bar-flies and dope addicts. These are wholly irresponsible. Craving for dope makes murderers out of the addicts.

I struggled to keep up my spirit and my health. I retired as early as 7 P.M. I didn't dare to fall into despondency. I was warned not to cry. What punishment! Even that was denied me. Yet I had what the other girls didn't. A smiling, happy, loving home to go to weekly, to give me courage and to refresh my spirits. Sometimes I cried a little; the difficulty was the fault of my *destina,* I thought, *because I could not cry it out—I was afraid to.* I could feel the scar tissue when tears came to my eyes. I blamed God for taking away *even the cry from my life.*

But I didn't indulge in self-pity. The entire country seemed gripped by despair. People out of work everywhere. The radios kept blaring that "prosperity" was "around the corner." But to me it was the hustler's corner. The hustler's life is a bleak and lonely one. I felt I did not "belong." I was unable to read, not even the newspapers. The "life" in the tavern had no appeal for me. The "tricks" told me a variety of intimate stories of their sorrows, failures and disappointments. I did not tell them mine. Yet I continued to smile, and my smile was not strained. I still looked many years younger than my age. Throughout I was sustained by my early discipline, to be truthful, to meet my obligations, not to run away from them, and to accept bravely whatever was my *destina.* I continued to send checks to the Mayo clinic.

Some time later, I had to return to the Mayo clinic for another toe operation. The doctor admonished that one should always have his toes in good shape, because one never knows when he might be forced to run for his life. Little did he know how prophetic he was in my case.

My struggle with the outside world silenced the struggle within. I kept telling myself that I am too full of myself and felt that whatever I had undergone and am undergoing should make me grateful because of the greater trials of others. After all, I was not afflicted with a dread disease, nor hopelessly crippled, not old and helpless, nor convicted of a serious crime. Yet I was benumbed when I passed a church, or a school or a peaceful home. Hardly a day but some young man showed a keen interest in me. I could have married hundreds of times. I could hardly understand why girls had difficulty in finding a mate. Yet I could not wholly escape my troublesome thoughts. I tried to cling to the thought my dad implanted in me, that whatever fate follows me, it was my *destina.* Yes, that's it. I am not to blame. I have no sense of guilt. Yet hardly a day passed without finding myself in the grip of self-accusation and mental chastisement. I was determined to find an escape. There really was no excuse for my finding myself in the pit — not even for toiling as a maid.

* * *

I was determined to learn the restaurant business, hoping to go into that business. I applied for a job as waitress in one of the largest restaurant chains. I had an interview with the manager, whose name was Frank. The interview lasted an hour with Frank doing all of the talking, for which I was grateful.

I was avoiding talking about myself. Soon Frank called a waitress and ordered lunch for two. He asked what I wished. I was too impatient to eat. I ordered a salad. Lunch over, Frank showed me through the kitchen, the commisary and the various rooms, showing the new improvements, as if I came to buy the place instead of for a job. Back to his office, he spoke of himself, his future and his virtues, as if he were looking for a job from me, not I from him. Soon he told me that he was personally interested in me. Closing time, he asked to take me home. I was puzzled by his attentions. Some of the waitresses in the restaurant were fit for a beauty contest. He had been the manager of the restaurant concession at the World's Fair, where he had employed about two-hundred girls. I thought to myself that I wasn't that good. I took the job with Frank.

Frank took me home from work. He had been divorced and had no ties. He was about 18 years older than I. I told him about my past. He made no objection. He asked me to marry him. There was much discussion about companionate marriages then. I suggested we try that. We found a small apartment and moved in. He turned over his savings to me.

Frank showed me every consideration and repeatedly expressed his love for me. I did not share his love, but was happy in the thought that we could work and save and make a success of our lives and our union. He was receiving what was then high wages, he had his meals free, and we saved our earnings.

My companionate arrangement with Frank had its advantages. We were free from the "ownership" of each other which sometimes oppress those who are married. Neither needs to give an account to the other. There is less chance of separation in most cases, because they live in separation, a sort of continuous courtship upon mutual consent, and only when the consent is mutual. I am not trying to preach that sort of co-operative living. I am merely explaining our relationship, and its advantages. I will agree, and preach, that the disadvantages of such a relationship is much greater than the advantages I mentioned. I went out alone a great deal trying to find compensation for this loveless arrangement. I went to the movies to escape the blues. My eyes had improved. I was gripped by a continuous feeling of loneliness. I had my freedom, as I said, but it was a chained sort of freedom nonetheless. In my restlessness I picked up dates, but could not give my address or telephone number, of course.

I agree that my arrangement with Frank was a mistake, although he was devoted, loyal and affectionate, as I said. The trouble with mistakes is that they lead to more mistakes. In looking for the happiness which was denied me, in forever searching for relief from my loneliness, I often invited attention from young men who became insistent. Frank was working nights, when restaurants are busiest. I met Albert when I went dancing. Albert was handsome, young and ambitious. We had many meetings and went dancing together. Of course, I could not give my address or telephone number, for which he kept asking me.

Albert asked me to marry him, again and again. I kept putting him off. In my hesitation, I tried to reduce our trysts. He would show up to meet me in the most unexpected places. I commenced to feel a deep affection for Albert, which I couldn't suppress, and which he commenced to suspect. He also suspected that I was attached to someone, and insisted on having me tell him. I did. I also told him of my past. In spite of what I confessed, he took me to his home and introduced me to his parents, sister and brother. His mother was frantic in her objections, not that Albert had disclosed my past, but Albert had been turning over most of his salary home, which they dreaded to lose. Albert had a sister of 32 who was unemployed by choice. His contribution also relieved his father from obligation, to a great extent.

Albert insisted that we be married. My earlier marriage with Francis flashed through my mind. Deep into my conscience was the sanctity of *parole;* that a mere promise imposed a solemn obligation to honor it, even if one's life depended on it. In my marriage to Francis, I saw our pledge sealed in sacred ceremony, with the command "until death do us part-" I saw that great seal, that great bond, all the unforgettable ceremony, witnessed by all who came to bear witness, and to wish us everlasting happiness, all attested to by the Priest, in the great cathedral. I saw all that cancelled by a slip of paper from the clerk of the divorce court.

I also had a tear for Frank. I could not comfortably erase seven years of comradship, though without love. I was torn between an obligation to Frank and my ripening love for Albert. I went home to Frank and told him that I wished to marry Albert. With measured sentences Frank spoke of the various possibilities which confront such a step, but finally said he would not stand in my way, ending with, "If you ever need me, I will be waiting. For me there can never be another." I could not suppress a sigh as I looked into his large, blue, honest eyes.

I married Albert after a year of courtship. Nothing concerning each of our lives was hidden to the other. Albert's mother and sister were forced to accept the inevitable. They treated me with a show of tolerance. But soon I was due for another shock. Frank called Albert's mother over the telephone and told her of my past, adding synthetic colors, for good measure. That was a signal for carrying on by mother-in-law, real and pretended. It gave her a new lever to break up our marriage. Confronted by his mother and sister with what they had heard, and from a man with whom I had been living with, Albert sought refuge in pretending ignorance, as if to infer that he would not have married me if he had known, and infering also, that I failed to disclose the unwelcome truth to him.

Albert's marriage caused some changes in his mother's and sister's mode of life. His sister had to seek employment. His dad, who had been living apart from the family, was forced to return to save the additional expense. But he was made to feel unwanted, and soon he again left them. Frank's interference renewed the hope in Albert's mother and sister that he would dispose of me and resume the surrender to them of his pay check. I was vexed with him that he failed to defy them in a manly fashion, by declaring that I am his wife, and that's that. Albert did not relent in his show of affection to me, but he was torn between his mother's pleadings, pretended "heart attacks," and nagging, and his wish to hold on to me. Yet he was disturbed and he became hard to live with. With a heavy heart, I determined to separate.

I found myself pounding the pavements again; my *destina* again threw me overboard. The bitter cup of loneliness was again pressed upon my lips and it gagged me as never before. Before I met Frank, then Albert, the struggle to survive my illness and to recover my eyesight and the effects of my operations, to pay my debts and to make myself financially solvent if not secure, all these dulled my sense of values. Now that the pressure of these problems had been lifted, now that I had a taste of real love and marriage, my heartache became more severe from day to day. If only Frank had not poisoned the well of my life! I was too wounded to think of revenge. In fact, I never thought of revenge. Badly as I was hurt, I found justification for Frank. This is a selfish world, after all, and Frank's action was his idea of self-defense.

I saw Albert from time to time on his bakery truck. It was a new truck with his name in clear lettering. I was eager to see him, but equally eager to avoid having him see me. Seeing him would shock me; it would awaken memories of the only love I had ever felt; I struggled to control my emotions; tears were a strictly forbidden luxury, as I said; but tears came, even as I struggled to control them.

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LIFE in the United States was never dull, even when my life was. Newspapers carried screaming headlines, "Germany Marches into Austria." The second world war was imminent, and talk of war was heard everywhere, on the radio, on the streets and wherever people gathered. A draft of boys for military training was also the leading topic. A method of drafting by means of drawing from a hamper of names was decided upon. The first draft was to be the names drawn from a fish-bowl.

Then came the headline, "Roosevelt Pulls Fishbowl Numbers." Seeing a crowd around a news stand, I also stopped. My eyes were improving, but I was still forbidden to read, even if I wished to do so. I bought a newspaper to read the headlines.

The sub-headlines gave the names of the first draftees. There was but one draftee from the Chicago area. That one was Albert! No. 6. This happened when Albert was engaged in a hunt for my whereabouts, as I later learned, and as I was eluding him. I knew that Albert had been trying to find me. What I didn't know was that he had news for me and wished to have me back. I saw him in his uniform. He made a gorgeous appearance.

Time and again I saw Albert. I succeeded in making my escape. On the very day when the newspapers announced the induction of the draftees, I saw Albert through the window where I was having lunch. I saw him headed for the restaurant. I quickly left my tray and escaped through a rear door. I was less successful in the evening, at another lunch room. There he stood in his uniform as I arose from the table.

There were tears. Albert explained that in the face of the loss of his income because of the draft, his sister found a job and his dad was invited to return, and that they got along well on their own resources. He said that he had come to his senses when his mother urged him to file divorce proceedings, so that if anything happened to him his insurance would be paid to her and not to me. He gave me all the vows of love and loyalty of which he was capable, and pleaded with me to wait for him. I believed him, I couldn't have done otherwise, yet I felt that the uncertainty of the war, his probable long absence, and his mother's animosity, all would work against our future happiness, his and mine. I never saw him again.

I went back to Frank. He promised me again and again that he would do everything in his power to make up to me for his interference with my marriage with Albert. He said he knew that he had done me wrong and that he was sorry. He said he would spend the rest of his life being humble. I assured him that I would not quarrel or bring the subject up again, but that in my heart I would never forgive him. I also said that although Albert loved me, and he knew I loved him, yet he permitted outside things and people to come between us.

Frank and I co-operated in the enjoyment of making our home beautiful. Frank continued to work nights, and I went out. I had many acquaintances, but no real friends. This part of my life was indeed an unusual existence, living in two worlds, each apart from the other, each isolated. Many loves, many acquaintances I did have, yet in my heart I knew loneliness, intense loneliness.

* * *

WE never know when or how we might meet someone who might play a role in our life, for good or ill. I have in mind a young man by the name of Ricks. As precinct captain, he rang door bells, which was the way I met him. He lingered awhile and told me of his political connections, and would welcome any chance to be of service. I didn't know when I might need assistance in my real estate activities, in matters pertaining to housing, building and the various ordinances involved in maintaining a building. He saw me often and was always obliging. He soon became my secondary companion, secondary to Frank. I introduced each to the other, and while doubtful at first, they became quite content. Ricks had a wife and child. I frequently turned our conversation to them, asked him how they were, thereby establishing a friendship. I often reproved him for spending so much time with me, when he should give his attention to his family. “Why don‘t you go home? You're a nuisance," I would say. Such treatment did not seem to discourage him.

As time went on Ricks commenced to hint about his quarrels with his wife, with implications that their marriage may not last. Such incidents gave me a welcome opportunity to make my position clear to him. I cautioned him to strive to make a success of his marriage, especially where a child was involved and that whatever the situation was at his home, that he must leave me out of any consideration, as I am not in love with him, and that I had no thought of marriage to anyone.

Evenings alone were long, and I tried to escape from myself and from my heartache, by dancing in one of Chicago's dance palaces, amidst the throng of happy young faces, bright clothes and dim lights, music sometimes thundering sometimes hauntingly soft to waltz rhythm. It was distracting, satisfying. I was lost in a wilderness of strange people, people who neither knew me, nor cared, or so I thought—and wished. I never missed a dance. The boys who asked to dance with me asked for my name, my 'phone number, told stories, spoke about my professional style of dancing, asked if I were in a local show, or in the movies. I smiled in reply. Like the famous movie actress, I felt better when I was alone. In a crowd where I was known I was lonely.

On a Friday evening late in June, I met Bruce. He also was in the company of many friends. He was celebrating his thirtieth birthday, with boy friends, some half dozen young men of about the same age. Some of the boys met their girls by prearrangement; others found acquaintance at the hall, as Bruce found me. From dancing we all went to a night club. Bruce took me home and we parted at the door. I parried all his questions by pointing to our short acquaintance. We met again Friday evenings at the dance hall, giving the impression that I went there to meet him. We continued the routine, all of us going somewhere after dancing, then dispersing, with Bruce taking me home, leaving me at the door, asking for my telephone number and receiving whatever excuses came to my mind.

The boys in the group seemed very desirable companions, and I noticed the longing looks of affection for them by the girls. Several of the girls were noticably smitten. I was determined not to fall for Bruce, although he was the more affable, the gayest and the glibbest talker. He tried again and again to break my sphynx-like evasiveness, but I was determined—I had to be. He suggested he would thenceforth call for me on Friday evenings. I replied that he was trying to find indirectly what I refused to give him openly—my telephone number. We compromised by my offer to take his telephone number. I called him to pick me up at a given spot.

As we continued going dancing on Friday evenings, I noticed the couples were breaking up. The one most smitten learned that her boy friend was married, just as I suspected Bruce might have been, but found that he was not. It seems that many of the boys who go to the great dance halls are married, and go there for extra-marital romancing.

Bruce was very good looking, about six feet in height, with dark curly hair, a beautiful skin, with deep dimples. I saw how enviously girls looked at him. Why these boys took such a persistent interest in me is more than I can tell. Frank knew of my meetings with both Bruce and Ricks, Bruce did not know of the others.

* * *

AT about this time I purchased a building in Berwyn, Illinois, into which Frank and I moved. From then on, Ricks called for me on Friday evenings and Bruce on Saturday evenings, who by then knew my address and telephone number.

I picked up a set of keys Bruce had dropped. It had a tag with his address. To my surprise I found the address to be the same as Ricks! I had become acquainted with Ricks a year before I met Bruce. Living at the same address, I became concerned lest Bruce would learn about my acquaintance with Ricks, as Ricks already knew about my acquaintance with Bruce. I decided to end my dates with both. I started with Bruce, telling him I did not intend to meet him again. He replied, smiling with his dimpling face, "O. K. I won't let you down. I will see you next Saturday."

In spite of my determination not to become involved with another man, I felt a hankering for Bruce's company, and felt a thrill when I heard his voice, and when he came into my presence. This alarmed me, and I became even more insistent that he discontinues calling for me. Perhaps something I said or did, or my eyes, betrayed my real emotions, because Bruce merely smiled, and said, "All right, all right, Baby, I won't fail you—see you next Saturday." I was angry because of his self-assurance, but becoming more and more fearful that he might take me at my word. Again I got myself into an emotional conflict, which I had not forseen.

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THROUGHOUT my meandering with these boys, Frank kept in the background, but his restlessness broke through his studied composure. He commenced losing weight and showing age. I was not wholly unmindful of his feelings, which made me the more eager to separate myself from my unsought boy friends. To Frank I was an open book. Apparently he sensed my longings, my emotions and my attachments, whatever they were.

As I became more attached to Bruce, Frank felt as if the light of his life was fading out. He calld me by 'phone one morning after I had left with Ricks. He asked me if I would come home early; suggested that he might not go back to work, and talked in an unusual manner. I became suspicious, after I thought it over. I asked Ricks to drive me home. Upon returning, I found Frank on the floor, unconscious, with a bottle of poison on the floor beside him. Ricks called the police. Frank was rushed to a hospital, I was too confused to do anything. Ricks followed the ambulance to the hospital. He came back later for me. When I arrived at the hospital Frank was in the operating room. I waited until they brought him out and after awhile I had a few words with him while he was resting in the hospital bed.

As I said, I had decided to break away from all my boyfriends, including Frank, before the suicide attempt episode—also with Bruce, love or no love. What's another heart-break more or less! I suspected that Frank's suicide attempt, although too close to the real thing to be feigned, was to keep me upset, and to discourage any changes I planned, and which he read in my eyes long before I disclosed them. I was steeled to many difficult situations, yet could not leave Frank in his weakened condition. I decided to break away gradually.

Just then Bruce's mother told Ricks' wife that Bruce was about to marry a girl in Berwyn. Ricks traced the rumor down, and soon the entire picture became clear to him. Ricks got busy.

Ricks and Bruce, as neighbors, knew each other intimately. As I explained, Ricks knew all about me, all things Bruce didn't know. Ricks told Bruce—everything. Ricks told about my living with Frank, also about my past, to which he added all the damaging things he could think of, true or false.

Bruce broke on me with all the passion of a movie scene. He was now playing Armand to his Camille. He didn't ask me to explain. He was the only one hurt. He was pure and righteous. I was not supposed to have any feelings. He did not stop to think that I did not pursue him, that I tried to dissuade him, to keep him away, that I withheld the information he insistently asked for. Yet I was to blame! What Bruce didn't know was that I had intended dropping him all along, but in view of the impending draft, and that he was to enlist before being drafted, I spared him the aggravation and myself the discomfort of telling him off. I looked forward to a natural separation by his enlistment, perhaps exchanging letters with him while in service, and permitting our relationship to fade out by lapse of time.

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ON the following Saturday morning Bruce telephoned that he was coming over and that I should have Frank there. He arrived along towards noon. Ricks also showed up. Bruce took command. He started by saying, "You all knew about this but me." He turned to Ricks, and continued, "You weren't much of a man to tell me about it, just the same." He then asked me, "What have you to say about this situation?" I said that it didn't matter to me what Ricks had told, but that I disliked him for not letting me take care of my own affairs. Bruce then turned to Ricks, "That lets you out. You have no business here anyhow. You have a wife and baby. Don't let me catch you here again." Ricks took it "lying down," as the expression goes. What Bruce didn't know was that Ricks had been a professional pugilist, and one of the toughest in the ring. But to Ricks' credit I might say that he had the virtues of patience, understanding and control of himself. Ricks looked at me with kindliness, and said, "O.K. I thought I had a chance. I was fighting for myself. After all, I have known her four years. But I heard the verdict, and I will abide by it." He walked out, with a smiling "good-bye." I did not see Ricks again.

When Ricks had gone, Bruce turned to Frank, and said, "I don't understand this kind of a set-up. Do you love her?" Frank said he did. Bruce continued to say, that he did not understand that kind of love, which permits a supposed sweetheart to go out with another man. "After all, she went out with me for three years. I didn't know about you, but you knew that she dressed and went out with someone every Saturday night." "I can't understand that kind of love. I love her, too, but with me it's all or nothing." He then turned to me and demanded, "What have you to say?" I said that I would have to have time to think. He said he would give me a week, until the next Saturday night. He turned to Frank and said, "Is that alright with you?" Frank replied that he had no choice. On that evening Bruce called for me as usual, but both he and I were solemn. I did not realize that Bruce loved me. I was afraid of such thoughts. I was shut in within myself. What ran through my mind were my earlier marriages and divorces, my panorama of experiences, of the heaven and hell through which I had passed. I held a conference with myself. In fact it was a debate. One part of me said, "You have already lived your life. This is not for you." The other part urged me to keep dreaming, that my life at that age was not over, and that there were joys ahead.

I reasoned that Frank was content to carry on under my terms, whereas Bruce laid down the law. I would have to enter into a marriage I feared. I remained with Frank while my heart was with Bruce. It took years to cure this new heartache. Thus another painful milepost in my life came to pass.

FRANK and I settled down to take up the thread of life which had been interrupted by my boy-friend episodes. My 7-apartment building in Berwyn was fully paid for. It was in superb economic condition. The building, my very own, with its lawns, flowers, shrubbery and garden, held many raptures, although I missed Bruce. Frank devoted his spare time improving the building, inside and out, and the garage which jutted from the building at the end of the driveway. Our apartment was regarded as the height of elegance. It had drop ceilings and Craftex walls. Our furnishings were such as shown in the latest home magazines. Furniture was of blonde wood of the latest pattern. It was Spring. Frank and I settled down to make further improvements on my "estate." We commenced to re-seed the garden and lawns, plant shrubbery, attending to the trees, planting flowers, painting and making minor changes and repairs. Real estate agents frequently called with offers to sell my building and left their cards.

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WHILE Frank was graining outside doors a car drove up and a man stepped out and asked Frank where a grainer, such as he was using, might be purchased. The stores had none because of restriction of war materials. This chance conversation led to surprising things to come. The man introduced himself as Dan. He was the owner of an apartment building farther down the street, which was the beginning of the town of Cicero. Fronting the Cicero border line was a Parkway running between and parallel to the divided street. Cicero begins where the Berwyn side of the park ends. Dan's building, on the Cicero parkway side, faced the end of the Berwyn side of the parkway, with the two divided sides of the street hugging Dan's building.

From then on it was Frank and Dan. Later it was also Martha and Camille.

Frank promised to bring the grainer to Dan's home when Frank completed working with it. A few days later he did as promised. About a week later Dan 'phoned and asked for the grainer again, which he had returned. Someone had scratched the paint off a door. This second contact somehow brought us together. Frank and I took a walk together and met Dan again and his wife Martha. They showed us around their building. which consisted of twenty apartments. Dan was of draft age and received notice from the Draft Board. He was worried about his building. The income was not sufficient to maintain it, especially if a janitor were required. Dan was his own janitor, made repairs, did his own painting and the many things which a large apartment building requires. Now that he was to be drafted he faced a probable loss of his building and his life's savings. They had two children. He spoke about trying to sell the building. Rentals were "frozen" by the Rent Control Board, without any set standard, so that tenants with identical apartments paid different rentals. He said, "I don't know where I'm at. With rent control on the one hand, and the draft on the other, I don't know what will happen to the building and what will happen to my family."

Dan excused himself and went to get his boys who had been playing ball outside. Martha asked us to remain in the living room while she went to the kitchen to prepare some refreshments. Alone with Frank I got the idea that I might take over the building, and mentioned the idea to Frank, and asked him if the real estate agents would still be interested in ours. Frank said he had forgotten to mention that one of the realty men had returned the very day stating that he had a client interested. Frank insisted that I should not sell mine, nor think of buying Dan's. He said he could see trouble ahead; that Dan's building was in very bad repair, that Dan himself is not getting enough revenue out of it to maintain it and that it was therefore neglected.

My dad's pattern of buying, repairing, paying off the small building as a stepping stone to a larger one flashed through my mind. My Berwyn building was truly in good shape, as Frank said, and I had a sizable balance in the bank. In spite of rent control, the war and restrictions, this was the land of my birth, the land of opportunity. True, life has many pitfalls and trials, but there were also great opportunities to rise, even as I had risen. The challenge offered by this large building, requiring repairs and paying off a mortgage, fitted into the De Rose pattern. That's why we are landlords! Being ambitious and thrifty, I was also optimistic. I ignored Frank's warning of "I feel trouble ahead there." I became the landlady.

With the passing of the deed, we attacked with paint brushes, hammers, saws, spades, seeds, trees, plants and shrubs. There were four entrances, with large entrance halls. I employed an artist who arrived dressed in a white smock, with palette, easel and brushes, and painted murals on the walls of the halls of Hawaiian scenes. Neighbors stood around and watched. Even the police became interested. My dad and brother also came to help, with some money and more ideas. Urns and other outside ornaments were placed on the lawns. I made inside repairs and inmprovements. My new apartment, larger than the one I vacated, required additional furniture and furnishings. The artist also painted murals on the walls of my new apartment.

The income from the building was insufficient, but I didn't mind. I felt that the war would not last forever, and rent control would be lifted with the end of the war.

It may be of interest to my readers to get a glimpse into my new apartment. The artist worked on all the walls of the four-room apartment, including kitchen, entrance hall and bathroom. The living-room walls were of white craftex, the ceilings rounded, bay windows looking out to a ranch view of the garden. The murals on the dining room walls were Hawaiian, with a profusion of palm trees and dancing girls, wearing leis and one playing a guitar. Leis and grass bands tied back the yards of sheered curtains, the door-bell chimes hung against the palm trees on the murals of the entrance hall. The bathroom mural showed lilies above glistening white tile walls and floor. The kitchen was something to behold, having a pink tile built-in-sink, matching the coral pink tile walls and floor. Above the tile were murals of Mexican art. I furnished the kitchen with knotty pine Mexican table and chairs, with trimmings, hangings, utensils and kitchenware to match.

Sitting in my breakfast nook I could watch the birds bathing in the bird baths we had provided. Frank fed the birds and put fresh water in the baths. An autocratic robin daily watched the water being changed, after which he took command and compelled the other birds to wait until his lordship was through.

* * *

THE war ended, yet the cost of materials, wages and services were constantly rising. My building was exposed on four sides, giving my tenants light and air, but on the other hand, the exposure required more coal for heating. Because of rising costs owners of buildings were compelled to curtail their maintenance and upkeep. I was too proud of my building on the one hand, and optimistic on the other. After all, government officials are rational human beings. War emergencies are bound to throw unequal burdens. I also thought that the tenants themselves would come to realize that they couldn't, and shouldn't, live off the owner of the building. However, rent control was being extended from time to time, as costs of maintenance and cost of coal rose higher and higher.

Unblushingly, politicians kicked the unconscionable rent control around. As a surface measure, the rent control spoils group offered relief in "hardship cases." I later learned that the hardship cases were largely the landlords which received no relief from the rent office..

My early observation regarding corrupt justice in the courts was lost in my optimism and trust that our whole political system cannot consist of human vultures. It did not occur to me to do other than follow the law. If ever there were a "hardship" case, mine was it. I went to my attorney, who was truly honest and ethical. I asked him to prepare my petition and to follow through.

I presented to my attorney a sheaf of bills, receipts, books of account and memoranda showing my enormous expenditures for maintenance, upkeep and improvements, not charging for the constant work put in by Frank and me. The attorney's fee for preparing the petition was reasonable in view of its length and detail, but it was still an added expense. The petition went in April, 1946. For months and months thereafter there was no reply. I commenced to call the rent control office, personally and by telephone. I was shunted from one official to another, I cooled my heels waiting, I was given evasive answers. Finally, November 13th, 1946, I received a reply on a printed form headed, *United States of America, Office of Price Administration*, with the following typewritten paragraph:

> "The burden of establishing that the landlord incurred a substantial hardship as a result of a substantial

and unavoidable increase in operating cost including property tax is on the landlord . . ."

Tighe E. Woods
(Rent Director)

The denial of my petition was a severe shock. As I walked towards my building, troubled thoughts came to my mind, and forbidden tears to my eyes. The building, and each brick, held all the suffering and travail of my lifetime. I had torn myself away from opportunities to which all girls look forward, marriage and love. This I had sacrificed for eventual respectability and security. I felt a compassion for Frank, my devoted companion, whom I might have sent away to find happiness with someone who might have given him what I could not. I felt, too, that his patient and continuous toil in the care and improvement of the building was being wasted, devoted not to me, but to tenants who had no feeling of appreciation, some who used the money which they saved on rent, for drink and wild parties.

Yet I snapped out of the doldrums when I heard that hotels were being decontrolled. I felt that rent decontrol was on the way.

* * *

I could not escape my restlessness. I felt there was more to life than just this monotony. And there was. Now as I write this, however, I wish I could turn back the clock. That I cannot. Somewhere I read that "we only pass this way but once." But much happens before the journey's end.

* * *

FRANK and I continued our accustomed routine, working, repairing, painting and planting. Frank learned that one of our tenants was about to move. That gave me an idea. I moved all my furniture in the apartment which became vacant. I went out on a buying rampage, buying furniture, furnishings, antiques and a variety of household and decorative items. I sold the furniture of the vacated apartment to a new tenant.

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MY folks lived within a walking distance. Tuesday was family day when they would congregate in my apartment for dinner. On holidays and other occasions we went to mother's. If brother Jimmy would be late getting home, my mother would leave a note, in her crude handwriting,

"Jimmy
Come by Mil for dinner.
Mother."

Jimmy would find the note on his plate where he expected his dinner.

Frank continued working evenings, which found me alone at home with time on my hands. Time which is as fleeting as it is precious can be annoying, even painful. This went on for three years in Berwyn and three years more in adjoining Cicero. I had made it a habit to have my dinners outside when alone, not wishing to do any cooking for myself. I also formed a habit to drop in for coffee, when strolling, and during my shopping for furniture and curios. Frequently I would get into conversations with other coffee drinkers, male and female. One of my chance acquaintances was a lad by the name of Berny. I was suffering with a rather severe cold on one occasion, when Berny suggested, "What you need is a stiff drink of liquor," and he offered to buy me a drink at a nearby tavern. I never formed a taste for liquor, but did take a drink on occasions. I accepted his offer, and together we went to the tavern where both had several drinks with our conversations.

Thereafter I ran into Bernie casually, or perhaps it was not so casual on his part. I dropped in at one of several lunch rooms for coffee in the same neighborhood, of course.

Our acquaintance progressed, and we commenced strolling together. He spoke of having been in business with his father in Kansas until he was drafted. His father was unable to carry on alone, so they sold their business and divided the proceeds. "I didn't know if I would ever come back, so I decided to have a good time with the money. I went out with the boys, sometimes with girls, eating, drinking, night-clubbing and dancing." "The war over, I tried to buy back my business, but the buyer asked many times more than he paid, and I had gotten rid of most of my money. I decided to go to Chicago, get a job, save some money, and go into business again."

We became more and more accustomed to each other, and you can guess the rest, or some of the rest. Love, which I thought had gone out of my life, seemed to have returned with a bang. I thought again, "This is it." I told Bernie of my situation with Frank, which didn't seem to matter to Bernie. I got up enough courage to bring Bernie to Frank and tell him that we plan to be married.

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THE fourteen years Frank and I spent together thus came to an end. I told Frank that it would be best for both, that he could find someone who would give him the affection he was missing. In parting, Frank held out his hand to Bernie, and with tears in his eyes he said, "Take good care of her. I have never stopped loving her, and never will." As Frank left, part of my soul left with him. I married Bernie. Once again I settled down to what I thought would be a happy married life. Bernie had a position of great promise. He had charge of a large establishment, and an income of more than $10,000.00 a year average. But what Bernie did not tell me about himself before we married was that during his sprees in Kansas he frequently drank to excess and that he had become an "alcoholic." I didn't then know there was such a thing as an alcoholic. He had joined the "A. A." (Alcoholics Anonymous) of whom I had likewise never heard before. During a cold, which he tried to cure by a few drinks, brought him smack into alcoholism, which lasted a week. When he came out of that siege he commenced to attend A. A. meetings, to which I went with him.

From then on I felt I was living over a powder keg. I was now worse off than before. Before long he again fell victim to drink. I could take it no longer. My worst fears have now come to pass. A building stands firm and immovable, anchored in solid earth. Yet it was moving away from me through rent control. A marriage with what seemed a responsible human being, solidly anchored in legal sanction and ceremony, rooted in what seemed to be mutual love, that, too, was moving away from me. Is nothing real, nothing steadfast? Is that the *destina* to which I am bound? Is there no escape? Long I pondered weighing what I *had* against what I was *denied.* They didn't balance. My life was in the red. My life was bankrupt. Many had no wealth, no buildings, but they did have happy marriages. Was a happy marriage too much to ask for, to hope for? Deprived of love and marriage, finding an escape in strife and toil, was it asking too much to be possessed of the products of a lifetime of toil, dangers, and heartache? I am not envious of the happiness of others, but I was in a position where I was forced, by a predatory law, conspired in by predatory politicians, to contribute to the support and happiness of 19 families. Where was my escape? I decided to find one.

On New Year's eve I decided to close my account in the bank of life. I decided to cash in my chips. I decided I must be a good loser—nothing thus far that I had undertaken ended in final success. I decided to have one thing to my credit that was final. I bought two dozen, three dozen, sleeping tablets. I was alone in my apartment. Bernie was out on one of his periodical alcoholisms. To make sure against interference I locked all doors and windows. I latched the chain to keep out anyone who might have a key to my door. I went to bed, with a pitcher of water at my side on the table, the tablets ready. At my side also I placed a large doll which Bernie had bought for me on Halloween night. The doll's name was Eloise. I commenced swallowing the tablets one by one until all were gone. I then hugged the doll. For once in my life, since the charmed days of my childhood, I felt all cares gone. For once I was beholden to no one, and feared none. Not even the rule against tears restrained me, and for the first time my tears flowed freely. What luxury, I thought.

Through my mind surged the many events of my life, all pleasant. I saw before me my sweethearts, my husbands, in their best moods, I saw their smiling faces. My loneliness which had ever followed me was gone. My dear parents, my brothers and sister passed before me, like a moving picture film. I was on a moving platform, a ship, a train, waving good-bye, asking forgiveness. Gone were all worries, all cares, all ambitions, all passions. What a grand feeling! A dull fear passed through my otherwise peaceful mind, a fear that someone may disturb my oncoming slumber. The ringing in my ears which was faint became louder and louder, but not annoying, then fainter, fainter.

* * *

NO sooner than I lapsed into a deep sleep than I commenced to hear voices, faintly at first, then louder, gradually it became light and I began seeing objects which turned out to be faces. I was in a hospital. As I regained consciousness, I was told that I had been in a coma for several days. The only one I saw upon awakening was Frank. I later learned what had happened in the interim. Needless to say, I was deeply disappointed in coming out of my sleep. I had a taste of real peace, whch was oh, so soothing. I lost again, even in my rendezvous with death! *Even death tossed me back.*

On the morning following my suicide attempt, my mother told my dad that through the night she heard my voice calling to her. Dad scoffed at her superstition and said that she overate, or had too much wine and it was disturbing her sleep. But mother persisted. She called my number on the telephone, but after considerable ringing she received no response. She became alarmed. She said, "Millie never leaves home that early, even on ordinary days." They hurried to my apartment. Dad had a key. Upon opening he found the chain latch fastened which could only be fastened from inside. They broke a window. They found me unconscious. They summoned the police. Chief Konovsky hurried to the scene and personally took me to the hospital.*

By a strange premonition, also, Frank called by long distance. He came by train to the hospital, where I remained about two weeks. When I recovered sufficiently to be taken home, Frank lifted me in his arms and into a taxi and took me home. Meanwhile my mother took charge of my apartment and locked it against Bernie. They told him of their disappointment with him.

I now felt that I was again tossed into a world of strife and unrest. I had failed to break loose from the chains which shackled me, and was thrown back to carry on the struggle. Bernie was one of the chains. I told him our relationship must end. Frank offered to come back. I refused. I again told him that such a relationship, as we had before, would be unfair to him as well as to me. They left. Later I sued for divorce from Bernie.

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* Chief Konovsky mentions this incident in his defense to a suit against him in the Federal court.

Again I went into action. Without Frank or Bernie, I was now free—alone, but free. Free to resume my battles—my battle with life, and my battle to save my building which rent control was destroying. I went to work in and around the building, scrubbing floors, cleaning walls, and working daily far into the night.

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THROUGH Bernie I had met Ray, with whom we spent many a pleasant hour. Ray was deucedly handsome in his rugged sort of way. He had plenty of schooling, but his powerful physique showed his inclination to the rough-and-tumble kind of pastime. He liked foot-ball, wrestling and boxing. His hands were large and tough. Yet he was gentle and sympathetic. He never failed when we needed some work which required muscle. With Bernie gone, I commenced to learn to drive my car. I got myself into an accident and had to get the car to a garage for repairs. Ray was a machinist, with a rare talent in the use of tools. He could repair almost anything mechanical. I telephoned to him and asked him to help me with the car. He came promptly and took care of things. Later he taught me to drive. As time went on, we were drawn together more and more. I continued to put in many hours of scrubbing and working in and around my building, which made it the more desirable to find a few hours of relaxation.

At such times Ray was welcome. I was as welcome to him, as he didn't appear to have any girl friends. He was not a ladies' man. As I said, his interests leaned toward athletics. Our conversations were the usual type, politics, sports, newspaper headlines and such. As time went on we met more and more often. He commenced to call while I was working and he would oblige by offering to help and to make minor repairs.

He asked me to marry him. At first I did not take him, or myself, seriously in that particular. He persisted. On an occasion when I consulted my attorney regarding eviction of a tenant, I mentioned that I might marry again. The attorney cautioned me about permitting my real estate to become involved under the laws pertaining to dower. He suggested that before marriage I should have my fiance sign a pre-nuptial agreement.

When the subject of marriage came up again, I told Ray that I would prefer a trial marriage, for at least a year, so we might have a chance to see if our marriage would work. He agreed. For a time Ray was an ideal companion. He did all the janitor work, made repairs, brought his pay home, and all seemed well. As time went on Ray commenced to fret about his position with me, and wished to get married. I mentioned a pre-nuptial agreement, and he didn't look upon it with favor.

When he brought the subject of marriage again, we spoke of the legal effect on the building against which my attorney warned me. Ray resented entering into any contracts and became quarrelsome. He had previously shown a readiness with his fists, not against me, of course. On more than one occasion he was quick to slap and strike someone who made remarks to or about me, and once struck a man when he thought the man touched me. Alone with him, it seemed that something I said displeased him, and he responded by administering a resounding slap. I was flabbergasted. I became frightened. I dared not provoke him further. I kept silent, but my silence itself was threatening. He made profuse apologies, and fervent promises, but I made no reply. I was too scared.

The next morning I called a locksmith and had the lock changed. I packed his clothes and belongings, took a taxi and brought them to his sister. From his sister's home I telephoned to him at the shop. I said, "Hello, honey. I am at your sister's. You will find your clothes there. You and I have parted." "I'll meet you at home right away," he replied. "No, you won't, dear. You don't live there any more." "Wait where you are," he said, "I'll be right over." "I'm leaving now, so you won't find me. Just mail me your key." "No, I won't," he said. "You needn't, then," I said "I've changed the lock on the door. Good by." "But why won't you meet me, so we can talk it over?" "I'm too scared to do that, after what happened last night. Good bye, dearie."

After that episode, he drove by quite frequently. He was as cordial as if nothing had happened. So was I.

* * *

As I look back I suspect the trouble was that my sense of justice was too keen, as was my sense of responsibility. There was an almost inviolate sense of rhythm in the household of my childhood. With all my violation of set conventions, I was still struggling for the firm earth of convention. My violations were the price I paid to gain or regain a decent standard of life. I was not seeking things which were beyond attainment. There are frustrated women who demand things which are not to be had. Like trying to find the 5th Ace in a bridge deck. I was content to forego what all women dream of, love. I did not break with Frank because there was no love, but because there was not a proper balance in our companionship.

With Frank as with others, love or no love, they failed to grasp the other oar, the other paddle. I had to take over both. True, Frank, and Bernie, and Carroll, and Albert, were willing to carry pails, mop floors, and follow the routine provided for them, but none went forth on their own initiative, nor did they take their end of any activity I organized. Frank was a willing slave, but he had no independent interest whatsoever. I was his only interest. We had nothing to talk about. When Percy showed up, I thought, at last, I have someone to talk to me, even if I could not talk to him. He was a Chicago lawyer!

Percy lost no time in proposing marriage. I was flattered. I overlooked everything in the rosy prospect of being the wife of a lawyer! At last I will have standing and respectability. More. I will no longer have to worry about the many legal problems. I will have a lawyer in every room in my house. What a prospect! I accepted. The warning regarding dower rights in my property didn't hold. I didn't mention a pre-nuptial agreement. Percy was high up in the 50's, probably more than twenty years older than I. We had a three-day honeymoon.

Back home Percy began to show his teeth. For settling a slight family quarrel he charged my mother $150.00, which I later learned was more than he earned in six months. In a matter involving my building which he did not wish to handle, we engaged a local attorney, who charged $200.00, and had to give Percy a secret rebate of $50.00. He nagged me to sell my building and to take a trip to Hawaii. He didn't wish to live in Cicero. It was beneath his dignity. He was English and spoke with a Cockney drawl, of which he was proud and I was annoyed. He was allergic to clients. His office was as quiet as a country cemetary. One of my great joys in my misspent life was to get rid of my husbands. I soon got rid of Percy. We had a New Year's party, and when the party was over, I said, "That's all there is, my love, that's all there is."

I was enjoying being relieved of Percy when I received a letter from the Internal Revenue Department. I was pinching pennies and doing the work of three washwomen around the house. I don't know how to keep books and couldn't employ a bookkeeper. I kept my bills, paid and unpaid, in an orderly manner in a box. The letter, all such letters of a legal nature, gave me the willies. They require the services of a lawyer, for which the income of my building was not sufficient. But I had no choice. I employed an Attorney who accompanied me to the Department. The government attorney asked for my books. I said I didn't have any; that all I had was the box of bills. He didn't like the idea. I turned the box over to him. Then followed a conversation between the two lawyers, with some mumbo-jumbo. After weeks of investigation and figuring it was found that I had overpaid, and I received a refund.

But for three days we argued about $600.00 I paid for a new sidewalk, which I had deducted from my income tax. The government attorney insisted it was not an expense but an investment. "Look, mister," I said, "The town officials threatened me with penalties and forced me to remove the old sidewalk and put in a new one. I had to pay for it. I didn't make an investment in the sidewalk. I don't own it. If you want it, you can have it. Come and get it. All the people in Cicero walk on it. I can't sell it. The money I paid for it I can't get back. You're giving me a hard time." He finally relented.

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I don't wish to become monotonous by again referring to my eyesight, which had improved considerably. Also, it may have had something to do with a man whom I am about to name —a Negro attorney. His name is George C. Adams, with an office in the Chicago Loop. I met him by accident, as I will soon relate. I did not have the slightest notion that he was a Negro. If his complexion is of a dark texture, it was as light if not lighter than that of many white men. His features were that of a white man.

I had been repeatedly advised by friends and even my attorney to file a petition to the Rent office for an increase in my rents, and I had often thought of so doing. But the subject of rent control was for years a political football, and it was being kicked around. Hardly a day but that newspapers announced the end of controls. I had one experience in filing such a petition, which took two months to prepare and to file by my attorney, then seven more months before the Rent Office acted upon it, then denied it.

The Town of Cicero will go down (not up) in history for more than one reason. It is unique as a tiny commonwealth. It enjoys what is known as "home rule." It is governed under an exclusive town charter, by eight trustees, a Town President, Vice President, Secretary, Attorney, et al. The chief issue in Cicero's political campaign was Freedom vs. Rent Control, when candidates denounced the loss of freedom and loss of property by owners, under the rent control system. Everywhere the promise of turning back rental property to owners was heard. Speakers spoke of the great progress this country has made under our system of free enterprise, and denounced the socialistic concept of taking away the property from one class of American citizens and giving it to another and more numerous class, as bribery for their votes.

Meetings were called by the town officials in the Cicero Town Hall where the subject of control and decontrol was discussed. Facts and figures favored decontrol. It was pointed out that owners of property were in a hopeless situation if the question of their ownership and control of *their* property were in the hands, not of owners, but in the hands of politicians and their constituents who do not own the property. Is there anything wrong with such logic? I am supposed to own the building. I must pay taxes and expenses. The politicians are not paying for my building, but I am paying for the politicians. I am not complaining. Running a government takes money. I am happy to pay my share. I do complain when my building is taken over by the politicians and turned over to those who have no right to it. Under what is called "rent control," if my ownership and conduct of my property is to be voted upon by strangers to it, I have but one vote against forty or fifty adults who live in my building. They can vote that I should contribute to the cost of their drinking parties, to their expensive clothes, to their high-priced automobiles and to their fur coats and extravagances while I scrub the halls and do their janitor work because they won't pay for such services under "rent control," and while I spend sleepless nights to find means of paying for coal to keep them warm, and stand in constant danger of losing my building.

The meetings at the Town Hall went on and on, and promises by the Cicero Town officials were repeated again and again, for almost the entire year of 1950. Meanwhile towns and cities throughout the United States were being decontrolled. Yet Cicero procrastinated.

Years before I had any thought of myself as owner of a big building, those carefree days before we faced the facts of life, before the spirit of European dictators had reached this great free country, I debated world politics with my dad. I knew very little about politics. I only knew what I had learned at school, and from my then daily experience. In a general way I knew something of the life in other countries. Neighbors, even my dad, would tell stories of the countries they left. Pride of our country, of its flag, of its freedom, of the opportunities, was the core of our thinking. Yet because of discrimination against Italians those days, with the rise of Mussolini in Italy, and the build-up in the press, my dad would show enthusiasm for the New Deal in Italy.

I could not understand my dad's viewpoint. To me, Mussolini meant arrogance, injustice, disorder and strife. Now that we were caught in the concentration camp of rent control, I blamed Mussolini for the pattern he had set for the New Deal here.

This is a country of many peoples, all in one nationality. Our language has borrowed from all others. Before rent control a landlord was respected. He was *patrone di casa*. That was the term applied to little me, as mistress of my splendid "estate," commanding majestically the frontier, where Berwyn ended and Cicero started. The New Deal hurled me from my perch.

* *

IN my building there were, in all, fifty-one people, not counting myself. For their benefit, not for mine, I lived with Frank. Frank was a slave to my building. He worked without pay. His devotion made him dull, or was it because he was dull that he had that devotion? I was torn between my obligations to Frank, my rebellion against dullness, and the needs of my building with its restricted rent control income. I weakened to the insistence of Bernie, and sent Frank away, not without an aching conscience. I married Bernie, who, in his insistence, did not realize that in taking me he also took on, without pay, fifty-one tenants. It was a case of "Love me, love my tenants." And some of my tenants looked down upon me. I was the washwoman. I married Bernie who was a member of the AA, but had quit drinking for two years. But the incessant toil on the building without pay drove him to drink again, and I was again left to struggle alone with the work.

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I began to get weary of the double-talk of Cicero officials. I heard the Property Owners League over the radio. They promised assistance to landlords. I went to a meeting. I was given a membership card, which I signed, and paid ten dollars for membership. Attorney Adams was called upon to address the meeting. He spoke deliberately and fluently. He spoke of the sorry plight of the landlords.

"Rent control was ushered in along with other wartime regulations," Attorney Adams said. "They called it a war measure. The war has ended years ago. In some towns the control is ended. But not in Chicago and Metropolitan Chicago, oh, no, And why? Because of politics and corruption. It is up to us to put a stop to rent control. Wisconsin is free. Why aren't we?"

At the close of the meeting the President introduced me to Attorney Adams, who gave me his card, which I put into my purse without examing it. Adams said, "My office is just a few feet away, at 64 West Randolph. The property Owners League hold their meetings here, at 32 West Randolph Street." I asked him if he were a lawyer. He said, "Yes, for over thirty-two years." "Do you specialize in real estate?" I asked. To which he replied, "You bet I do. The need was never greater than it is now. If you have any friends who are landlords, send them in to see me."

Thereafter I continued to attend the meetings at the Cicero Town Hall and the Property Owners League alternately. I became more acquainted with Adams with the attendance at those meetings. The meetings bolstered my confidence. I began to make plans for further improvements on my building.

Some came to the meetings to "blow off steam," some to learn the latest news about decontrol, others to get sympathy. It was pointed out that some politicians claimed to hold on to controls as a measure against inflation. Inflation happens when there is more money in circulation than products to buy with it, so that buyers compete for the products and force prices upward. It seemed clear, then, that tenants who are permitted to withhold part of the rent due landlords have that much more money to spend and thereby bring about inflation.

I don't wish to weary my readers with seeming repetitions about my building, controls and decontrols, and meetings. I was myself weary of such meetings. I longed to go dancing and to an occasional movie. I will therefore ask the reader to bear with me a little further if I seem to repeat, for these seeming repetitions will lead to the heretofore untold facts regarding the Cicero "race" riots, the destruction of my building, the strange behavior of the courts, my involvement with Negroes, my imprisonment, confinement in a mental institution, and the chain of events which followed.

Nor do I wish to wave the flag, as they do in vaudeville, to get applause. Yet I do wish my readers to follow my trend of thought. We all admire landscapes, beautiful trees, flowers, architecture and the colors of the skies. The endless miles of this vast country gladden our eyes and hearts. But you do have a greater attachment for the one tree you planted, for the rose bush you nourished, for the one spot where you were born, for the home you built. My building which bid welcome to all who entered Cicero had its imprint on many birth certificates, perhaps of some who would rise to fame and power.

I learned a lot about politics, things which affect your daily life, dear reader. I have neither the patience to explain, nor would you probably have the patience to read my explanation. But in the case of Cicero, its very existence depended upon the tolerance of its politicians.

* * *

August 28, 1950, I went to the Cicero Town Hall, the final meeting when the fate of Decontrol was to be announced. The hall was crowded, with every inch of space taken. Both landlords and renters assembled. The atmosphere was tense as the chairman came forward to the rostrum and announced:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I have been commissioned to read and publish the Resolution passed by the Town Board governing the much-debated question of Rent Control. I have before me a copy of the resolution which I am reading."

The chairman then read the following resolution:

RESOLUTION
AUG. 28, 1950

We the duly elected Officials of the Town of Cicero, chosen by our people to administer local affiairs and charged with the duties and responsibilities of meeting and solving all local problems are now confronted with the duties and responsibility of passing judgment on the problem of rent controls which were created by the Congress and President of the United States as a war measure originally and continued for more than five years after the war in violation of human rights contrary to the spirit and letter of the American Constitution.

First, this Board wants to go on record that it was unfair of Congress to create a problem that unbalanced American economy, then turning over that uncontrolled situation to local Officials for an ultimate solution.

Second, we feel that the greatest natural wealth, the most precious possession of man, is the earth. For thousands of years before Christ, man's security and safety from hunger, from fear, from the ravages of weather, was land and so it is today. The thousands of people in Cicero have dedicated their life's work and their life's savings so that they might possess a small plot of land so that they might build a roof over their head, so that they might overcome adversity in their old age, by renting a part of that roof and enjoy the fruits of their labor and their savings.

For almost two hundred years the Constitution and the Government of the United States has given our people that privilege, that inducement, that reason to work and save, plus the privilege of doing what they wanted with that home and charging whatever rent they felt they had coming to share their home and children with others.

During the last war, this privilege was taken from the people, but nobody could explain because salaries were frozen, food commodities, except rents and even in this respect, controls were taken away from the store, office rents, furnished apartments and new home units. Thus, everything reverted to free enterprise the system that has made America great and prosperous, except that piece of ground that our Americans saved and bought and chose to share with their neighbors.

Since that time and even before that, the cost of living has increased, the cost of operating a home or rental unit has doubled and tripled. It is no secret today that our dollar is worth only 30c of its 1938 value. The cost of government has increased, too. Our police and firemen cannot live on $150 a month that they were paid then. We cannot buy gasoline for 11c a gallon, trucks for $1200, or pick up our garbage at the costs of 1938. Although the salaries of your Town Officials remain the same, all other costs have increased and, in most instances, have doubled.

How are these costs paid? By taxes. Who pays the taxes? The Landlord and landowners. Can he arrange to share these increases with the tenants? As long as we have Federal controls, the answer is "NO".

We recognize too well that there are more tenants than landlords; we appreciate the fact that it would be positively expedient to get more votes by stringing along with the tenant, yet, we cannot help but recognize that we were elected and sworn in to perform our duties and always distinguish between right and wrong and protect the American way of life. We recognize also that rent controls have lasted too long, that there can be instances where unscrupulous landlords might attempt to gouge their tenants by charging excessive rentals. Such conditions should not be tolerated nor left unpunished. We feel that if the Congress of the United States was sincere in turning the responsibility of rent controls to local government so that we might administer them, that such instances of unscrupulous landlords would most certainly be heavily punished, but Congress chooses to administrate rent controls through a Housing Expeditor whose poor judgment has caused thousands of unfair cases to exist in this metropolitan area. We urge, with all sincerity that the Congress which created rent controls shall pass legislation to eliminate the possibility of unscrupulous landlords from taking advantages of their tenants and go on record together with the thousands of other municipalities in the United States who are voting to decontrol that Congress pass such legislation as quickly as possible.

Therefore, Be It Resolved by the President and Board of Trustees of the Town of Cicero that Federal rent controls end within the Town of Cicero on December 31, 1950, unless otherwise provided for by legislation of the Congress of the United States.

Be It Further Resolved that a copy of this Resolution be forwarded by the Town Clerk to the President of the United States, the United States Senators from Illinois, to the members of Congress from the 6th Congressional District and to the Office of the Housing Expeditor.

1.

(Public Law 880 - 81st Congress)
(Chapter 1139 - 2nd Session)
(S.J. Res. 207)

JOINT RESOLUTION

To continue for a temporary period of certain provisions of the Housing and Rent Act of 1947, as amended:

Resolved By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That Section 204 (f) of the Housing and Rent Act of 1947, as amended is hereby amended by striking out "December 31, 1950" in each place it occurs therein and inserting in lieu thereof "March 31, 1951."

Sec. 2. Section 204 (j) (3) of the Housing and Rent Act of 1947, as amended, is hereby amended by inserting before the period at the end thereof a colon and the following: "Provided Further, That as used in this Act the term Resolution shall not be construed to be limited to ordinances or other legislative acts, and any Resolution heretofore adopted by any local governing body is hereby declared to be effective for the purpose of this Section 204 (j) (3) or Section 204 (f) (1), whether or not such Resolution was legislative in character; and no suit or action shall be brought under Section 205 of this Act, or any other provision of law, on the basis of any administrative decision of any court that the Resolution described in this Act must be a legislative Act."

Approved December 20, 1950.

* *

Pandemonium broke out. I screamed with excitement! The applause, stamping, whistling and shouting lasted several minutes. I continued to shout, but no one heard me. I waved my hands and cried I am again *patrone di casa.* Soldiers in uniform shouted "That's what we fought for!" I forgot to mention that decontrol was not opposed by Cicero renters. They knew that rentals were far below maintenance standard. Were it not for the prohibitive law of rent control they would have paid a higher rent willingly. Renters looked forward to a reasonable attitude on the part of the landlords.

At last landlords were emancipated. The bitterness which I often felt against the politicians who enslaved me, and which at times spilled over to my tenants, left me with the blessing of freedom granted by the decontrol resolution. The freedom which was so precious I was determined not to abuse. That precious freedom was a sacred trust. My ownership of a parcel of the United States, symbolic of freedom, was also a trust to be exercised according to American tradition. I did not rush back to impose hardships on the tenants in retaliation for the hardships I had suffered. I did not intend to follow the path of vote-hungry politicoes. I took my tenants into my confidence, not because I feared they might move. Heavens, no! There was no shortage of rental property in Cicero other than was caused by rent control. On the other hand, my constant improvements of the building, in and out, resulted in a long waiting list of renters. I asked each tenant how he or she felt about increases. I did not increase those who were paying $65.00 per month, although decontrolled apartments of comparable efficiency and value brought twice that amount. One tenant was worried about the increase. He thought his rent would be doubled. His increase was but $4.37 per month. An increase to another large family was $5.00 per month. The apartments were equalized to $65.00 per month.

At last! The building which I struggled to take care of has been set free to take care of me!

Ownership of multiple rental units involves employment of an attorney. My attorney in Berwyn was honest, reasonable and efficient. Had I no further experience beyond this stage, in writing this, I would not have used the word "honest." In specifying that my attorney was honest, I am implying that there are some who are not. I looked upon an attorney as trustworthy, learned and dignified. In the hands of lawyers the very lives of their clients are often placed, as much so as we place our lives in the hands of doctors. My Berwyn lawyer guided me in placing my tenant-landlord relationship on a legal basis. 30-day notices were required, which my attorney prepared and sent to my tenants to indicate the effective date of the new schedule of rents, as of January 1st, 1951.

The Cicero resolution decontrolling rental property was discussed in Chicago and surrounding towns. *The Free Enterprise,* a newspaper published by *The Property Owners League*, printed the full text of the resolution. I continued to attend meetings of the League. I asked Attorney Adams what he thought about the Resolution, and he replied, "That's fine."

Headlines in Chicago and suburban newspapers announced Cicero's decontrol resolution; radio announcers reported that rent control ended in Cicero.

* * *

BEFORE the effective date of my notices, there was a rumor that the rents were *not* decontrolled in Cicero. I telephoned the Cicero town attorney, but he had left for Florida on vacation. I called my Berwyn Attorney and he was out of town.

All tenants but one paid the increase.

The rumor about Cicero not being decontrolled persisted. I became worried again. I telephoned to Mr. Sandusky, the town's president, at his home. I asked to see him at his office.

He consented to see me. I arrived at his office before *he* did, and waited. He soon arrived and talked to me sitting on the corner of his desk. The following was the conversation:

I: Mr. Sandusky, I hear rumors that Cicero is not decontrolled.

Sandusky: Is that so?

I: Don't you know?

Sandusky: I didn't read the resolution. (He was in the hall when it was read.—The resolution was under his signature as president).

I: This is serious, Mr. Sandusky, I own a 20-apartment building in this town, which is not paying for itself. I must know whether or not the rent is decontrolled.

Sandusky: Why don't you ask a lawyer?

I: Is the Town Attorney in his office?

Sandusky: No, he is on vacation.

I: When will he be back?

Sandusky: In about six or seven months—may be a year, who knows? (enter a rough-looking character).

I: What was that hullabaloo about the resolution announcing that Cicero was decontrolled?

Character: You heard what the man said, ask your lawyer.

I: Mister, I'm not talking to you.

Character: You're asking too many questions. I will get the FBI after you.

I: Are you a trustee or official of Cicero?

Character: Who's asking who?

I: Then mister, I have an appointment with Mr. Sandusky. Get going.

Sandusky: That's a $64.00 question—The Federal government is bigger than we are.

I: But Los Angeles is decontrolled.

Character: Then why don't you go to Los Angeles?

I: I am not talking to you, you had better get out of here. (to Sandusky) You stalled us a year, and we're worse off than before.

* *

I then left the office. I rushed to Chicago to consult a lawyer, one who had been recommended. Arriving, I was informed that he had not come down bcause of illness. I felt defeated, as so many times before. The Property Owners League didn't then come to my mind. Out of the building, I walked along benumbed mentally. Someone said, "Hello, Miss DeRose." I looked up at Attorney Adams. I told him I came down to find out about decontrol in Cicero, that I wished to obtain an official decision. He asked me to follow him to his office, which I did.

At the office, Attorney Adams assured me that Cicero was decontrolled; that he had been following such matters closely; and that I had nothing to worry about. I then explained that all but one tenant in my building paid the increase. Adams said that he would serve her notice and bring the tenant to terms. I cautioned Adams that I am eager to follow all rules, all laws, all regulations, however severe, because I didn't wish to invite more trouble than I am having; that he should take no steps which would bring me into a clash with the Rent Office or the Cicero authorities. He assured me again and again of his knowledge, experience and his awareness involving rent control laws and regulations. He said:

"That's my specialty. I am Vice President of the Property Owners League. I am a lawyer for 32 years. Leave everything to me, I will keep you out of trouble, not get you into any." He told me, also, that to get action from the rent office I must have the right lawyer. This statement registered with me. I knew of apartments in Chicago which brought over $100.00 per month against similar apartments held down to no more than $45.00. I knew of owners in Chicago who somehow got raises again and again from the rent office, while others got nothing, nowhere. An investigation into the rent office in Chicago would bring out interesting facts. However, I did not wish to jockey with the rent control law. I wanted *justice*, not for myself only, but for my tenants as well. I knew from my pavement-pounding days that one lawyer could open doors that another lawyer could not. But I now had reached a level of respectability, even of dignity. I had come a long way in my climb to the summit. I didn't wish to slip back to violations, any violations. If the law itself was wrong, I wished to be right—even with a wrong law. I felt that the lawyer who had the *in* to get *more* than the law allows, could surely get *less* than the law allows. If Cicero were really decontrolled, I felt Adams would know. from his connection with the League; and if not decontrolled. he could properly file a "hardship" petition and have my petition approved.

At his request I gave him the name of the uncoooperative tenant, stating that I had served her notice of the increase to $65.00 per month, as to the rest of the tenants. He prepared a letter to the tenant which read, in part, as follows:

"You are hereby notified that your tenancy of the apartment which you occupy at 6141 West 19th street, Cicero, Illinois, will terminate on the 28th day of February, 1951.

"Should you continue to occupy said premises, the rent for said use and occupancy will be $90.00 per month."

I called to Mr. Adams attention the error in the amount of rent. Mr. Adams said that by raising the rent higher it would make it easier to get her out of the building. Also, while the letter was being typed I reasoned with Mr. Adams that it might be better to take the matter up with the Rent Office to avoid any possible proceeding. He said that landlords have no standing in the rent office, and any request by a landlord is ignored and may take months before it is acted upon, if at all.

* * *

I became even more skeptical when I sensed a studied silence on the part of my tenants. Determined to avoid trouble, I made my way to the rent office unbeknown to Attorney Adams, while at the same time I called at his office almost every other day to inquire about a response to the letter he had sent. At the Rent Office, I went from floor to floor inquiring about Cicero rent control. The first three rent office attorneys said that Cicero was decontrolled. A fourth one said it was not decontrolled. On the next floor as many said yes as no.

I had a premonition that all was not well. When I returned to Attorney Adams' office, he sensed my indecision. I suggested to him that he should ask some of the other lawyers about my situation with my tenants. I also asked about his nationality, his experience and if he would give me some references. That provoked a flood of words with which he pinned me down.

He said he was 62 years old, 32 years a lawyer, and that he was "creole," or French and Indian, and that he was a grandson of President John Quincy Adams, and he played in the White House when a child; that he served during the second world war on the peace time draft, located in Washington, D. C., where he personally knew the late President Roosevelt. He showed me two citations hanging on his wall.

Attorney Adams said that he owns an insurance company, his own newspaper, and large real estate holdings. Also that he employs three attorneys to assist him in his work. In my presence he telephoned to high public officials, and as I called from time to time, he introduced me to an Alderman and other important people. Surrounding Atttorney Adams, in and out of his office, were both colored and white.

My next shock was a letter from the Housing Expediter accusing me of violations. During my frequent visits, Attorney

Adams made various suggestions for what he advised would protect my property, and increase my income, which I will enumerate, namely:

That I should incorporate the building and sell the individual apartments to the tenants. I would thereby get my money out and yet have control of the building.

That I should place a mortgage on it, and that I could make more by investing the money than I could in any real estate.

That I should put the title of my building in trust, so that if the Housing Authority were to obtain a judgment against me for violations they would be unable to collect; and that I could somehow be in better shape with reference to income tax.

He showed me files and envelopes on his desk with stocks, bonds, mortgages and deeds. He said that my building was a small holding in comparison with his holdings and that he would show me how I could make money on investing my mortgage money.

These suggestions were confusing. I felt I didn't know where such steps would lead me to. On the other hand, true or false, Mr. Adams' promises were pleasant to listen to in contrast with the discouraging things which were happening to me.

I rushed to Mr. Adams' office with the Housing Expediter's letter. Mr. Adams examined it and said it didn't mean anything. That he would take care of it, but that as I get so upset by such trifles that I might just as well sell the apartments on the co-operative plan he suggested. After some hesitation and further visits, I consented to do so. Mr. Adams wrote letters to the tenants offering to sell the apartments to them. The tenants held a meeting and decided against buying. That was understandable, as they were enjoying very low rental, without responsibility.

I cannot put in writing the tread mill I was on. To my distress over insufficient income of my building, and the physical distress over insufficient income of my building, and the physical toil which shackled me, I now was embroiled with my tenants and with the government housing authority. Attorney Adams represented me in those matters. I now had to add to my labors going to Attorney Adams' office, going to courts, to meetings and to Cicero officials. The Chicago weather was cold and forbidding. It inflicted harsh punishment on all who ventured out of doors. Attorney Adams gave me assurances on the one hand, but kept injecting suggestions of desperate steps to be taken to avoid the consequnces of those matters—to turn my building over to a bank in trust; to place a large mortgage on my building; to make investments. A large mortgage would help my petition for increases because I could show I was paying interest. Meanwhile I could increase my income by investing the mortgage money. By placing my building in trust it would be out of reach of judgments or penalties. Thus, on the one hand he held out the unimportance of the government's proceedings against me, while on the other he made significant suggestions how I could avoid the consequences of such proceedings.

In the midst of this confusion, with the need of urgent dental work which I dreaded, I received a long distance call that Frank was in critical condition and was asking for me. I recalled that he was the first to rush to my side in the hospital, and I told Attorney Adams that I must leave everything and take a train to a town in Wisconsin. But it was not to be. Attorney Adams kept me coming to his office, from day to day. Soon I received another phone call that Frank had died.

Dying is a daily event. Death never takes a holiday, except in a play. Death notices in the newspapers cause no excitement. But Frank meant fourteen years of my life. In my struggle for happiness I didn't find anyhow, I was tolerant with Frank. I steeled myself against a rush of mingled emotions. Then I thought that his troubles were at an end whereas mine had no end.

For one thing or another, I had to interrupt my work to keep going to Mr. Adams' office. I was wracked by doubt. A change had come over the tenants. They were hostile and insolent. The Rent Office violation suit hung over me. Mr. Adams was collecting the rent. In response to his letters, some of the tenants, for curiosity, went to Mr. Adams' office to pay. They learned sooner than I had that Mr. Adams was a Negro, probably because of his association rather than from his appearance.

Mr. Adams spoke sympathetically. He said, "This persecution will give you an idea what the Negroes have always had. It is new to you, but we are accustomed to it." He said that I should follow his advice to protect myself. To place a mortgage on my property, to show the added expense for interest. That if I later so decide I can pay off the mortgage, so what have I got to lose? Then, by placing my building in trust, the suit against me for violations will be automatically dropped. Then I can have a better income from the mortgage money than from the real estate.

The mortgage idea did not appeal to me, but I felt that I had no alternative; and the assurance that the violation case will be dropped automatically and my increases granted, would relieve my mind, as I had a dread for such things. I wanted to be at peace with the world.

Mr. Adams also explained the advantages of forming a corporation. When I finally consented to the mortgage, Mr. Adams gave me the name of a mortgage company, whom I telephoned, and whom I asked to consult Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams later went with me to the LaSalle Trust & Savings bank, where I received a check for $65,000.00 minus commission and expenses. At the same bank and at the same time the trust arrangement was made.

Returning, Mr. Adams said, "Well, now that's settled and we can go ahead. We have $65,000.00 to invest." I replied that I didn't wish to tie up that money, that I wished to think it over, that I thought we should wait until the rent increases are allowed. I called to his attention that I had already sustained a loss in the cost of making this mortgage, and that I had wanted to keep the building unencumbered.

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THERE was not a day but something happened to disturb my peace of mind. The very next morning I answered the door bell. Two plain-clothes policemen appeared and showed their police stars. Suppressing my dismay, I asked, "What's the trouble?"

"Are you Camille DeRose?"

"Come in," I said.

"We have a complaint against you that you are employing a Negro lawyer. There are plenty of white lawyers, and right here in this town, and you had better employ them."

I replied that my Berwyn attorney was out of town, and that the town attorney had left for Florida, so I had been told. That the town attorney went where he cannot be reached by the Cicero landlords, but I can't run away from my problem as he did. I am stuck—I didn't create the problem.

"Well, we don't like rent control either, lady, but the Federal government is bigger than we are," replied one of the policemen.

"The Federal government doesn't seem to be bigger than the city of Los Angeles or the state of Wisconsin," I remarked, "besides, rent control is not a police problem, but a legal question for my attorney. I will tell him you called." One of the men went down stairs to a tenant. The other, in the familiar gangster fashion, said: "I have a message from the chief, either you change your lawyers, or get out of town." I got up some nerve and told him that he should be doing his police work to protect the public, not go around threatening. He said, "Lady, our job is to run you out of town, with your Negro lawyer. The chief wants me to tell you that you had better look for a better climate. It ain't healthy for you here."

I said that if the chief had anything to say to me that he should come and say it himself. He left with the remark, "O. K. lady, don't complain that we didn't warn you."

The officer left and went down to meet the one in the lower apartment. As I was about to leave the building the door to the apartment opened and the visiting mother-in-law of the tenant came out and asked to talk with me. I asked her to come up to my apartment. Apparently they made the complaint to the police, although this woman denied doing so. She said that her daughter-in-law was very sick because Negroes may come into her apartment to collect the rent, and that the daughter-in-law was pregnant. I replied that I was not responsible for the pregnancy, and that if she is afraid of people she should be afraid of becoming pregnant so often. I also told her that the Negroes she refers to are well-behaved, well-dressed and responsible people. The lady replied that if her daughter-in-law should lose her baby that she would hold me legally responsibel; that she fears the baby will be marked. "Besides, my daughter-in-law would collapse even if a Negro looked at her, not to mention walking into her home, God forbid! She continued, "You can't expect to pay rent and to get a receipt from a Negro. They might touch a person's hand—their hands are black. Why, I shudder to think of touching the hand of a Negro," and nervously touched my hand with her finger-tips and withdrew them as if shocked.

I said, "Mrs., you're an older woman and should know better. At any rate, you are not a tenant here. If you will go home and think over what you said to me, you will realize that you are stupid and disgusting."

* *

AROUND the latter part of February, newspaper headlines read: *Cicero Landlady Violates Rent Control.* I was named as the violator. I was flabbergasted. I telephoned to Attorney Adams. He laughed and said it was nothing to get excited about and that he would take care of it. On that day I was served with a summons and a lengthy court document charging me with violations and calling for payment of thousands of dollars in penalties. I again telephoned Adams. As far as I can recall, the following were his words:

"I have a very close friend at the rent office, and I have been practicing law for 32 years. When they hear that Attorney George C. Adams is at the rent office, they know I mean business. This is still a free country and the people in Washington are my friends . . ."

He continued mentioning his personal acquaintance with F. D. R. and what action he will take in the morning.

That night brought another one of those fitful nightmares. That which was to bring independence, security and contentment now turned me into a criminal, pursued by the government for which I sang and raised and waved flags! I dreamed that my house was turned into a prison; and in that dream I went through a panorama of the things which did happen. For instance, it was no dream that I went through the experience of mixing my own cement, coming into the house with my hands scratched and bleeding, my nails broken. All the worries of the past were re-enacted in this nightmare. Even in my dream I said to myself, "It can't be true, I must be dreaming." I was dreaming, but my fears seemed too true. I awoke during the night. I again 'phoned Attorney Adams past midnight. I woke him out of his sleep. He said cheerfully, "I know all about it. Stop worrying. Bring the papers to me in the morning. I will take care of everything."

I felt reassured. I prayed, "Thank the Lord, my redeemer liveth." I slept more contentedly.

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ON the day of the trial I went to the court house with Mr. Adams. I was too unnerved to go into the court room. I asked Mr. Adams if I could not remain in the hall outside. He said I was not required, as it is a legal question, with the facts admitted. I waited as if I were waiting for a jury to come out with the death penalty. The door of the court room swung open and shut as lawyers entered and left. The tenants were huddled together, some inside and others in the hall. They looked at me as if I were to be shunned, some with a sneer. As the doors opened and shut I heard some of the argument. The fact that the Cicero Board announced decontrol, that the newspapers so announced, that the rent office so informed me, all have no bearing on the issues. The only issue was that Cicero was not decontrolled, and that a violation is a violation. I heard Mr. Adams argue otherwise, in fragments. Finally the arguments ended, and the rent control attorneys, the tenants and Mr. Adams emerged. From the vengeful faces of the tenants I sensed that I had lost. Soon I was so informed by Mr. Adams. "It's an outrage," he said. "I will appeal, even if I have to pay for it myself." He then suggested that he would take over the management of the building, and would teach the tenants and the town a lesson they need.

"What would have happened if I had won? Would Cicero have been held to be decontrolled for all landlords?" "of course," Adams said. "Then," I said, "I am fighting not alone for myself, but for all others, without their help. And now that I lost, they can sit by and profit by what happened to me, at my expense!" To which Adams replied, that nothing can be done when property owners take it on the chin without fighting back. Someone must show some spirit.

* *
*

I would like to take the reader through just a few of the incidents which lead to the riots which may well be a pivotal point in the history of human relations. The event was made an international issue. Stalin seized upon it to show the world that such racial strifes are part of the "American way of Life." It stirred the dark races throughout the world. It should be worth while to my readers to become familiar with the simple facts which brought about such unwelcome results. From what follows here it will be clearly seen that this tragic event involved a conspiracy in the rent control office to single out a lone woman for destruction on the one hand, and a counter-conspiracy to create an incident in race relations, on the other. I will therefore try to set down these preliminary facts which brought about the destruction of my building and at the same time the suspicion of a billion human beings against this country, our country, whom the rent control office pretended to serve.

By now, both tenants and landlords have some knowledge of the meaning of rent control, which was brought on as a war measure. You have very likely also heard or read of *decontrol.* New rental units, built since the controls went into effect, were not subject to controls. Under some circumstances units under control become *decontrolled.* In some parts of the country all apartments have been decontrolled.

Under date of July 17, 1948, I received a letter from the rent control office which, in part, read as follows:

> "Please be . . . further advised that the subject unit, under this type of lease, became *deecontrolled* as of January 1, 1948.
>
> (Signed) Norman B. Shogren
> Area Rent Director."

The Area Rent Director was and is the highest authority on rent control, at least until his authority is reversed. Doubtless my readers had heard or experienced violations wherein landlords took secret bonuses, or, openly or secretly, charged higher rentals than allowed by the rent office. This I was determined not to do. A law is a law. It was hard going under that law, but much as I would strive to have the law changed, I would resist with all my strength any violation. Inasmuch as the rent control office itself was undecided on many of its rules and decrees, had first decontrolled certain units then repented, changed, "rolled back," and gave conflicting reports, and lawyers differed on interpretations, I made no move without first consulting an attorney, even after calling upon and telephoning to the rent office. Therefore, upon receiving the above letter, I called upon the rent office to discuss it with them, requesting a special certificate or something to make certain the ruling contained in the letter. "What more do you want?" my attorney would say, "Can it be made more certain and more plain?" You can take this letter to the Federal Reserve Bank and borrow money on it," one rent office attorney remarked.

The "subject unit" referred to was apartment C-2 in my building. It was being occupied by Mr. & Mrs. Pratt, at $48.87. In 1947, the Pratt's came to me with an urgent request. Mrs. P's mother was made homeless by a fire, in Kansas. She was 80 years old. She had nowhere to go. Would I permit them to take her to live with them. They were willing to pay a higher rental. I asked for $57.50, and they agreed. Taking in a subtenant, under the rent control laws, had the effect of decontrolling the apartment. I told the Pratt's that before issuing a new lease that I would consult my attorney. My attorney prepared the new lease, which was signed. The P's received a copy of the Area Rent Director's letter stating that their apartment was decontrolled.

During June of that year an apartment on the lower floor (B-4) became vacant. That apartment was so arranged that the dining room could be used as a bedroom. I thought of the hardships of the Pratt's. In C-2 there was but one bedroom. Grandma had to retire early, Mr. P. worked and read late into the night. They had to sleep on a daybed. A more important feature was that B-4 was on a lower floor. Grandma was becoming more and more feeble, mentally and physically. Both Mr. and Mrs P left the apartment early for their respective employment, leaving grandma alone. She flooded the kitchen, on one occasion; she almost burned down the house at another time. In addition to all other chores, I had to watch grandma steadily. Grandma had her own money, and contributed to the Pratt's. My share was the few dollars above the original $48.87—a few dollars per month. Under decontrol Pratt's apartment could command a high rental. Yet I did not wish to bring about any inequality between the tenants.

Mr. Pratt was an editor of a local newspaper, was of high standing in the community, in the town hall, and had ample income. Mrs. P. was a registrar of nurses of a large hospital. They had no children.

I mentioned to the Pratt's that I would permit them to move into the vacated apartment. They were joyful over the idea. They thanked me profusely, and paid me many compliments for my thoughtfulness and generosity. I realized that the move required expense for decorating the apartment they were to leave, not to mention the additional work in cleaning and reparing for a new tenant. The Pratt's couldn't help much, as both were employed. I helped them move. I bore all the additional expense. I did not apply for a "hardship" increase of rent of the apartment, with rumors of the end of rent control. The old lady passed away during the time meetings were held at the Town Hall and the confusion regarding rent control. She had been in my building over four years.

Apartment C-2 now being vacant, I decided to furnish it. I consulted my attorney if I could do so. In my presence he telephoned the rent office. They replied that I could do anything I wished with it. I bought inlaid linoleum, venetian blinds and did a thorough job in decorating. I also bought a custom-made 4-sectional living room set, upholstered in hand blocked linen print, a dark-green fabric with huge reversible cushions, blond desk, blond dining table and kitchen suite, also a blond hollywood bedroom suite, also lamps, draperies, all furnishings and accessories to match. I worked late into the night cleaning closets, washing windows and directing the decorators. I also bought new sheets, blankets, bedspreads and decorations. I received little help from my husband as he was drinking. The joy I had from the beauty of the apartment was mixed with the pain of being married to an alcoholic.

The work finished, I realized that the furniture was too expensive to rent as a furnished apartment. The janitor then told me that a mere single furnished apartment would convert the entire building to the category of a furnished apartment building and a higher wage standard for the janitor. I placed an ad in the "Cicero Life" to rent the apartment and furniture for sale. A Mr. Turk came in response to the ad. We agreed upon the price and rental, and Mr. Turk gave me a check for $300.00 deposit and asked for a receipt which I gave him.

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IN a day or two Mr. Turk returned stating that he had stopped payment on the check and how much would I pay him for the receipt. At first I was confused by what he said, but he didn't keep me so, for long. He bluntly said that he had trapped me into a violation and threatened to use the receipt to prosecute me. That I could buy back my peace by paying for the receipt. I replied that he had trapped himself as the apartment was decontrolled, and that I would sue him for the amount of the check. I was alone with him in the apartment and didn't know what he had in mind beside blackmail. I acted bravely, but was afraid. I managed to get him out of my apartment.

My attorney filed suit against Mr. Turk. The issue hinged upon the question of decontrol of the apartment. It was decided in my favor and I obtained a judgment against Mr. Turk. To make doubly sure, before selling the furniture and renting the apartment. I *again* spoke to my attorney, and he *again* telephoned the rent office, and I was *again* assured that the apartment was decontrolled.

Several days later a Mr. Willy applied for the apartment

C-2. I sold the furniture to him at a price based upon the sales slips I showed him, not charging for a variety of small stuff. I fixed the rent at $65.00, again wishing to keep the rents equalized.

The constant toil, running to attorneys, the attempt at blackmail by Mr. Turk, my domestic trouble, all made it the more necessary for periods of recreation. I made visits to my folks from time to time. Steaming coffee and cake went on the table upon my arrival. There I met smiling faces. I was a child again! Brother Jim took me to his pigeon house, with more than a hundred birds. He called each by name. I marveled at his memory when most pigeons looked so much alike. Soon the interval was over and I went back to my building. I often wondered if I owned the building or if the building owned me.

The Willy's gave the apartment a hard time. A baby was born to them. I visited them and brought the baby presents. They drove spikes in the walls, did their washing and drying in the apartment and carried on some sort of traffic, using chemicals in the bathtub and damaging the plumbing. The apartment in which I had done so much cleaning was becoming deteriorated.

We now return to the Pratt's in the B-4 apartment. When the old lady passed away she left some money. With that they were refurnishing their apartment. I don't wish to burden the reader with details, but to understand the storm which followed it is important. I could then have applied for a ruling holding the apartment decontrolled, or at least for an increase because of the joint occupancy. I did not do so for two reasons, one because the end of controls seemed to be imminent, the other because of my confidence in human nature and the seeming gratefulness of the Pratt's for permitting them to exchange apartments and for looking after the old lady in their absence.

Another seemingly unimportant feature was that I made a mistake and charged them a rental of $52.50 whereas the rent office had registered that apartment (for two and not for an additional sub-tenancy) for $51.75, a difference of 75 cents. This was later held to be a major violation. It was the only error in the building. In fact, I had applied to the rent office to permit me to level off the uneven amounts, so that where the amount was $60.37, I charged $60.00 even, and in another case where the rental was, for instance, $48.87, I made it $49.00. The rent office said, "Why bother to ask questions about a few pennies one way or the other? Those are not violations."

When the rent office commenced the vicious prosecution against me, the Pratt's joined the Indian dance around the fire. The rent office set aside their decontrol order of apartment C-2 which was granted under the signature of their director. They claimed three violations (1) the sale of the furniture, (2) raising rent under the decontrol letter, and (3) raising the rent under the Cicero decontrol resolution. The prosecution against me brought into question the cost of furniture and all other expenditures, of which I had to supply proof. In my frantic search for them I found that bills and records had been left in my apartment which I had left in a hurry. I promptly called at the office of the firm where I bought the greater part of the furniture. I then learned there had been an explosion which destroyed their warehouse and the owner and two other persons were killed. They knew that I had made large purchases there and gave me a letter so stating. Mr. Adams presented that letter to the attorney of the rent office. He brushed it aside. To the rent office it proved that I was in distress regarding my proofs, which was to its adavntage. I didn't ever realize that a government agency would find means of deliberately harrassing a citizen.

* *

FROM time to time the rent office had been allowing me $2.00 and $3.00 increases, indicating as a reason "improved garden" and "improved heating," whereas they disallowed such raises on other apartments although all enjoyed the same improvements. For example, for identical apartments, the rentals were respectively, $49.45, $50.60, $60.37, $48.87, $51.25 and $57.50.

In the war-whoop of my tenants each vied with the other for portions of my scalp. One claimed she had given $250.00 to Frank, who had since died. That claim was allowed in the $12,000.00 finding against me. When I noticed it, I "hit the ceiling." I ran back to Adams' office. He telephoned the rent office stating the claimant had no proof of such payment. Again I was on an extension telephone. The reply was, "What's the difference? In $12,000.00 an item of $250.00 doesn't make much difference. Give the woman the $250.00."

I took what I thought was special care in selecting tenants for my original apartment with the murals an artist had painted, and of which I was so proud. It had cost me hundreds of dollars and I was informed that the work could not have been done for many times what I had paid. I talked seriously to the tenants before I rented them the apartment. I asked them for a deposit of $300.00 to secure the care of the art work, as an additional measure, which they paid. During the confusion, I had occasion to go into the apartment to turn on the thermostat. To my horror, I found they had covered the art work with a cheap wall paint. The rent office held that taking the $300.00 deposit was a violation, which I had to repay, with penalty. I asked that the tenants be compelled to restore the art work, but the rent office said they had no control over tenants.

I continued going over the list of violations charged against me. Each item felt like a knife thrust into my flesh. But the greater surprise was to find the Pratt's on the list. I ran back to attorney Adams. "What's this? The Pratt's had all the advantages, in addition to a subtenant without charge." Again Mr. Adams "phoned to the rent office, and again I was on an extension."

Mr. Adams called to the rent office attorney's attention that the item showed the rent of apartment B-4 rolled back to 1947, disallowing the 15 per-cent increase on this apartment only, when the increase was for the entire building. The attorney replied, "That may be so, but she will have to go through the courts to gain her point. We will throw the book at her. We want to get her out of Cicero. She is hobnobbing with Negroes and I understand she has employed a Negro lawyer."

It should be observed that the rent office attorney had spoken to Mr. Adams many times in their office, and that the attorney did not know that Mr. Adams was the Negro lawyer he was objecting to.

At that point I watched Mr. Adams' face. He turned pale. He replied, "There is nothing wrong with Negroes." The rent office attorney answered, "But not in Cicero." I felt sorry for Mr. Adams but more sorry for myself. I felt that we were fighting a common cause. It should have been understood, even by the rent office, that if I had intended to commit violations that I would not have constantly applied to the rent office and to attorneys to help me in following the rent laws and to avoid violations. I realized, that if anything I did were held to be violations that it was the fault of the attorneys who made them. I did not.

I called to the attention of the rent office that one of my tenants sold his furniture for $1,400.00 to buyers who took over the apartment, and that what the buyer bought was not the furniture but a low rental apartment, for which the furniture was a prohibited "tie-in." The rent office attorney said such a sale was not a violation, and that only landlords could commit a violation. The law did not apply to tenants.

* * *

THE aftermath of the court's decision were almost constant conferences in Adams' office, most times upon his insistence. In his office he kept me writing and repeating lists of furniture in the apartments, lists of improvements, and a variety of things which he impressed upon me were important. He also spent hours explaining legal matters and the application of law to the many sides involved in my matters. I repeated again and again that I could not understand these refinements of the law. He said he could appeal and reverse the whole thing. He also kept assuring me that nothing could be done against me, now that the title to my property was in trust, and that there was also a mortgage on the building. He could ask the court to set the rental.

He also said that my situation, as far as he was concerned, was a minor matter, because he owned miles of land and many buildings, also oil wells, and he showed maps of his holdings. I was impressed, but not too confident. I called to his attention that he had assured me of a favorable outcome of the rent violation case, which had gone wrong. He was peeved by that observation and made no reply.

During one conversation he received a telephone call. From what I overheard I knew that I was the subject of the conversation. There was some mention of causing my arrest or of placing me in a mental institution. I heard Mr. Adams say, "They can't do that—mental tests—nonsense." He hung up saying the Cicero police might arrest me. After all, a white woman with a Negro attorney must be crazy.

I asked, "Can they do that?" He said that they could not. Then he said, "Why don't you let them arrest you? I could sue for $100,000 for you for false arrest." I replied that I didn't wish to sue anybody; that all I wished was to save my own. He replied that many people would wish they had a chance to get $100,000.00. I asked, "What if you fail?" He said he was sure, and I again mentioned that he was sure about the decontrol.

Mr. Adams was now in charge of my building. Tenants kept coming to his office to pay rent, and *he sent colored men to look through the apartments,* for appraisal of the furniture and for a number of other things. The tenants became increasingly uneasy and rebellious. Among the men who called was a Negro by the name of Scott, who later came to notice in the riot incident, and what followed.

* * *

ON one occasion while I was waiting in Mr. Adams' reception room a Cicero real estate dealer, accompanied by a woman, entered. Seeing me, he asked, "Are you Miss DeRose?"

"Are you here regarding my building?" I asked.

"I'll discuss *that* with Mr. Adams," he replied. "Is the building for sale?" he continued.

"We will discuss *that* with Mr. Adams, also," I replied.

When Adams arrived a few minutes later, he said, "Hello," to the real estate dealer, "won't you come in?" The real estate dealer and the woman went in first, while I quietly asked if I should also come in. Adams said that I should not, as I become agitated, and that he would dispose of them quickly. I did not go in.

* *

ADAMS again and again suggested that I would be better off to sell my building. Such an idea was furthermost from my mind. It had been my life's ruling ambition to become the owner of such a building, and now that I had attained my greatest dream, with so much grief and travail, a sale was unthinkable. Yet Adams kept repeating, from day to day, the advantages I would have in selling, holding out possibilities of greater income. Owning and operating real estate is not for a woman. They're putting landlords in jail nowadays. That law is a slow process. I was puzzled because all along he had kept assuring me that all would be adjusted in thirty days. In those thirty days, in sixty days, the complications increased. Now the law is slow. I felt like Eliza in Uncle Tom's Cabin, running on dangerous ice-floes, pursued by snarling hounds. In desperation, I asked Adams, "What if I do sell the building?" He replied, "Oh, the rent case is automatically dropped."

He then said that he had two buildings, clear of mortgages, each of the value of $50,000.00 or $55,000.00; that he had thought of selling both and buying a larger building; that I already had $65,000.00 out of my building, and that he would give the balance, $38,000.00 in cash. I replied that even before I had improved the building, and as far back as 1947, I was offered $110,000.00, which I had refused. He then said that the building *is in difficulty*, but that he would buy it for $103,000. I indicated that I might sell, to get relief from a mountain of troubles which are piling up. In my presence he called over the 'phone what he said was a real estate man who was to sell his building, and finished the conversation by "Well, do you think the deal will go through in two weeks?" Leaving the 'phone he said he would be ready to take over my building by paying cash $38,000.00 in two weeks. Later on, he suggested that in the meanwhile, if I were anxious to *throw off the trouble*

I am in, that he would give me a second mortgage on my building for the $38,000.00, which he would liquidate when his building would be sold. I consented, and he drew up a second mortgage and note, with interest at the rate of four per-cent. I called to his attention the low interest rate, and he said that inasmuch as he will soon take the note up, the four per-cent was immaterial.

He prepared documents which I signed. I was desperate to find relief from what I had undergone and what was still facing me, and I felt that Mr. Adams was my only refuge. The rest of the world turned against me, and I was determined not to burden my parents. I did not wish to bring darkness into the atmosphere of what I still considered my home.

* *

ON March 20th, 1951, I signed an assignment to Mr. Adams of my beneficial interest to the title to my building. He told me not to mention anything about the transaction to anyone. "It is better if no one knows anything about it," he said. I inquired about the rent control proceeding, and he said that from then on he would take all responsibility, if there were any.

I did not go through with the transaction as readily as the above paragraphs would indicate. My mind rolled between thoughts of the troubles which hounded me and the loss of my building. I was now disturbed about the $38,000.00 note. I kept asking Mr. Adams about the security value of the note. After all, Adams had my building without any investment whatsoever. I kept asking him. He said that the note was backed up by the LaSalle Trust & Savings Bank, who were the trustees, and that they would be responsible for the payment. He again and again called to my attention that I wanted a safe investment, and that the security of the building and the responsibility of the bank should convince me that I am in no danger. Besides, "I am a lawyer, and the Bar Association is responsible for every lawyer."

I said that I didn't doubt his intention, but what if something happened to him? He then said that he would order an insurance policy and would deliver it to me, to cover the mortgage of $38,000.00.

After signing the assignment of my beneficial interest, he put the document in his pocket and said he would also have his wife sign it. When I later saw the document I noticed the name of Jewell Young. I asked who Jewell Young was. He said that Jewell Young was his wife's maiden name, and that it would be better not to let anyone know who had purchased the building.

He said that he would move into the building. I called to his attention the objection to colored people in Cicero. He said that neither his wife nor he can be identified as colored, and called my attention to the fact that he is generally regarded as white. He also said that even if they learned that he was "mixed," that while they might show some resentment at first that they would soon become friendly and exchange courtesies. That had happened before. He had moved into white neighborhoods and had that experience.

* * *

THINGS were moving rapidly, and with each change I faced a new problem. I did not wish to remain in the building as a tenant, even without threats. I had invested some $3,000.00 in furniture, and had to dispose of it, as I had nowhere else to move into, and I had no time to look.

On the last Sunday in March, 1951, Adams called bringing with him a Negro man, wife and sister whom he introduced as Mr. & Mrs. Chas S. Edwards—and mentioned the name of the other woman which I missed. Mr. Adams was very cheerful, but I was close to what I thought was a heart-attack. Mr. Edwards was noticeably like Adams in features, height, and mannerisms, although of darker skin. Edwards acted impersonally, they spoke to each other as Mr. Edwards and Mr. Adams. Adams showed Edwards and the women the apartment and the furniture.

I had to steel myself to the occasion. Those only who had a similar experience will understand my emotions. I am now to leave my home and turn over my furnishings, which I got together the hard way, to people who take over with the greatest of ease, while I wonder where I might find shelter, and what is awaiting me. Edwards said nothing about the furniture, after inspection. Adams had changed his mind about moving into my apartment. He said that he had too much furniture, books and effects to make a sudden change. He said Edwards was a smart real estate man and could take care of the building. Edwards said he would let Adams know what he would decide.

Edwards made no reply regarding the furniture by March 28th. On that day Adams and I got together to pro-rate the taxes, rent and expenses. He drew up an agreement, which both he and I signed, whereby he undertook to pay one-half of the accrued real estate taxes, amounting to about $728.00, in payment for my furniture.He said if he would sell the furniture for more he would give me the difference. Again I had no alternative. I had no apartment to move it into. Then came the usual coincidence—a 'phone call. He hurried out of the office in the midst of the prorations. Nothing was accomplished excepting the agreement on the furniture.

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COMMENCING about the 28th of March, with the help of my brother I went back and forth taking my personal things from my apartment. The tenants watched with curious interest, peeping through their curtains. The Berwyn and Cicero police could be observed cruising about my building. A young man had invited me to a Cicero night club on the evening of March 31st, which gave me an interval of rest. We returned about twelve midnight. A police car was parked in front of my entrance. Police calls came over the radio loudly. The hall light in the entrance was on in full brightness. I went to another entrance, unobserved, and found a bright light also on. I used my pass key to enter the connecting corridor, and I tiptoed through the court. The inner door was usually open, but I found it locked. I continued to step lightly so I might not be heard by the tenant below, my apartment being on the third floor. Reaching my apartment, I opened the door and tiptoed across, without turning on the light. I watched through the blinds. The night was stormy which helped me to elude the tenant below me, who was on the watch, and who might have heard me under calmer weather. From time to time I overheard police call to each other. I watched all through the night. About six in the morning I heard one say, "She isn't home yet. The blinds didn't move and the lights weren't turned on." Another voice said, "O. K., boys, knock off for breakfast." There were probably eight or nine men in the cars in the middle of the street. At about nine A. M. one of the men said, "She's got to come home some time. We'll get her."

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I called Mr. Adams by telephone soon after I reached my apartment. Adams advised me to stay in, not to go out until about nine in the morning when he will come out. I called him again in the morning. I told him that I was frightened, that I heard someone in the hall listening at my door. Later I called again. I was becoming more and more alarmed. I saw the janitor strutting around the building like a conquering general. The tenants were going in and out, sometimes as if they were going to a picnic, and at other times as if they were going to have a hanging party. The janitor kept going in and out of the police cars, exchanging cigarets and chatting triumphantly. I was uneasy. What if Adams failed to arrive? What if he did arrive and was taken in custody? I did not dare to make coffee, but I thought I would quietly let the water run to wash my face. Walking to the bathroom the floor squeaked slightly. The tenant below must have heard and gave the alarm. Quickly the police and neighbors sprung into action.

At that moment Adams and Edwards arrived in a car. The detectives got out of their cars to meet them. I saw them talking to each other and waving their hands. Then Adams walked toward the building while Edwards remained outside, apparently because Edwards was identified as a Negro. I opened the door and watched Adams come up stairs. When he entered the apartment I asked him what the detectives said. He said that no Negroes may enter the building. I was ready to leave. I asked Adams if the police can stop me. He said that he doesn't think they dare, that they had no legal rights to stop me. Adams helped me with my bags going down. When we reached the sidewalk a policeman took hold of my arm and said, "The Chief wants to see you." We walked towards Edwards with the policeman following.

Adams gave the suit cases to Edwards, then came between me and the policeman, releasing his hold. Another officer followed us. The first officer and Adams were talking to each other. I interrupted and asked Adams, "Do I have to go?"

He looked at me and said, "No, not if you don't wish to." I quickly said, "I don't wish to. I would like to go to my mother's home and say good-by to her."

Adams resumed his conversation with the officer. I heard him say, "I would like to meet your chief. We will drop Miss DeRose at the home of her parents, and I will go with you to Town Hall." Then, turning to me, said, "I will then come back for you." We all got back into the car with Edwards driving, and drove to my parents home. They left me there and drove away.

Adams and Edwards soon returned, because the Chief was away from his office.

* * *

RATHER than wait at the Town Hall, they decided to return to me and wait. I asked Adams if he thought it safe to return to my apartment for more of my personal things. Adams, Edwards and my brothers thought that together they would not be likely to have interference. We all got into my brother's car and drove to the building.

Arriving, another officer grasped my arm and said, "The Chief wants to talk to you." Again Adams intercepted and said, firmly, "Miss DeRose is under no obligation to go to your Chief. Merely as a matter of courtesy I am willing to talk to him in her behalf, but we are within our legal rights to refuse." However, we went to the Town Hall, to the office of the Cicero Chief of Police. Chief Konovsky cleared the office of policemen who had come in. There were present Chief Konovsky, Town Attorney Berkos, Attorney Adams, Edwards and I. Both Chief Konovsky and Attorney Berkos were flushed, nervous and excited. In contrast, we three were calm. Attorney Berkos spoke first, stammering, "You know me, don't you, Miss DeRose?" I said I did.

Both the Chief and the Town Attorney offered me a chair together, as if they were amateur actors badly rehearsed. They kept standing, while we were calmly sitting. Edwards took out a cigarette and both the Chief and Berkos rushed to give him a light. Berkos hand, with a light, shook so violently that he had to hold it with his other hand.

Still standing, the Chief and Berkos spoke together, out talking each other, “You can’t do this to us!” “You can’t bring Negroes here!” Berkos raised the palms of his hands as if pleading, while Chief Konovsky kept running his fingers through his hair. They kept talking and stammering.

They finally became more calm. They said that there would be bloodshed; that there never had been any Negroes in their town; that they were called to the homes of some Cicero residents who said they were armed with shot-guns and baseball bats.

Adams finally spoke up and said, “Well, why didn’t you put them under arrest?”

“You can’t arrest a man for having a gun in his home,” the Chief said.

“They were threatening, weren’t they?”

Berkos and Konovsky kept talking excitedly, their faces becoming pale at one time and red at another. Finally, Berkos, also running his fingers throught his hair, said, “You just can’t bring blacks into Cicero.”

A feeling of sea-sickness began to grip me. I asked to be excused. Adams opened the door and I went outside. They remained arguing for about an hour while I sat waiting nervously. When the conference ended I heard Berkos say, “You can’t come into Cicero, that’s final.” Adams replied, “I’m sorry, sir, we are coming in.”

* * *

I turned my back on Cicero, or so I thought. At long last, the barking dogs of rent control have become silent. The prosecution against me will die "automatically," so my "redeemer" attorney Adams assured me. Did I lose my building, my castle, toward which I had strived? Did I lose my furniture which I had selected and paid for? Yet, in losing those I was free of violations. "United States of America versus Camille DeRose!" Those are words of terror. But, I keep telling myself, you can't cry—doctor's orders. Now that's all over, "automatically." Adams, bless him, took over the building and with it my guilt as violator, my hostile tenants and a thousand and one worries. Were it not for the wounds, I could laugh! But, as Abraham Lincoln was quoted, saying, "I am too old to cry, but it hurts too much to laugh."

Adams, again, waits upon me. He drove me to the LaSalle Hotel where I registered in. A bell-hop took me to my room. It was furnished with a bed, dresser, reclining chair, desk and chair, a picture on the wall, closet and bathroom. My window faced a brick wall. My rent was $6.00 per day, which was the cheapest they had. For 31 days, that makes $186.00. That is, $6.00 per day per person per room! I am now a tenant! Rent control, which dictated a rate of 9 cents per day per person per room for my tenants, permits a charge of $6.00 per room per day for me, looking out on a bleak wall, not a garden of evergreens, flowers and foliage! There is no moral to my story. Nor does it make sense.

Within the four walls of my hotel room I tried to shut out the police and the mob which growled in Cicero. Yet I thought there was something wrong with me. The whole world can't be wrong! My parents bought buildings, improved them, sold them, moved from one neighborhood to another, and never ran into trouble. And my dad was a foreigner. He also had to run—from the Turks! But he was not a Turk. He was not born in Turkey. I am an American, born in the U. S. A.! Do I hear right? Or is it a bad dream? United States of America against Camille DeRose! I am Camille DeRose, and the land of my birth, the land of which I am so proud, is now officially against me, sealed with the great seal of this great and just government!

Remember, my dear reader, I did not fight rent control. I did everything in my power to comply with it. I asked lawyers, even government lawyers, to tell what I may and what I may not do, and the Rent Area Director, representing the government, did not answer my question. Is it possible that I could be prosecuted for following the written Resolution of decontrol? *Mamma, mia!*

The rent control office threw me to the wolves. I fled for my life! Into the shelter of an elderly Attorney at Law, a man of learning, a member of a profession bound by its ethics. At this point in my story, I felt a great relief in having myself separated from my building, and from thousands of dollars' worth of furniture. Now the burden shifted to attorney Adams, under whose advice I went on. He was a lawyer. He could assert his rights. He explained that the "persecution" of which he relieved me, and to which I had been unaccustomed, was the steady lot of the Negro; and, it seems, or so he inferred, that in addition to the *unspecial* persecution which he endures as a citizen of "mixed" ancestry, he now had taken over the additional persecution by the rent office, by taking over my building!

Yet, in such Negro persecution, he need not fight alone. For instance, there is the Illinois Interracial Commission, to which he applied. During my various visits at his office, in the early part of April, 1951, Mr. Adams introduced me to a

Mr. Bailey, of that Commission. Mr. Adams prepared a letter to the Commission, which he asked me to sign. It reads, in part, as follows:

> On account of the above condition, I arranged to sell my furniture and to lease my apartment to Mr. Charles Edwards who is a World War II veteran with an honorable discharge, a law student, his wife and baby. He has been engaged in the real estate business for sometime. He and his wife are very decent, respectable persons, and well educated. They would add dignity and credit to any neighborhood in which they lived.

I had been signing documents prepared by attorneys without reading them. I did it again and again. I would commence to read such documents and would soon get lost in the legal terms. I also felt that my lawyers knew better than I what I should sign. I thought that if I knew better than they I should be *their lawyer*, not they mine. In fact, after some unfortunate experiences, when I did try to look through such documents too carefully, the lawyer looked offended, as if to say, "Don't you trust me?" And, one lawyer did say, "Why pretend reading it when you won't understand what you are reading, anyhow?"

April 5, 1951, I called at Adams' office while he was in a conference with Mr. Bailey. Adams had typed the letter to the Illinois Interracial Commission and asked me to sign it, which I did without reading it. In continuing the conversation, Adams spoke about Edwards buying my furniture, and mentioned something regarding my owning the building. I interrupted and said, "Why don't you tell him the truth—that you own the building?" Adams paled and answered, "That doesn't make any difference." Having signed the letter, I now commenced to read what it said about my ownership of the building. He took the letter from me and said that he would change the first page and that I should leave my signature stand. I did not insist upon seeing the change, as I didn't then understand its import until after Adams' full design unfolded.

The letter had many weasel statements which I do not wish to quote here. I quote the above paragraph merely to show that the original "dummy" to spearhead for the pretended moving into Cicero was to have been Edwards, not Harvey Clark. Clark was later decided upon because of his war record and detachment from scandal. Edwards would be less convincing, especially as he was in the real estate business and did have an apartment and furniture.

* * *

AT Mr. Adams office I heard telephone conversations with the Janitor of the Cicero building. Laughingly, he asked, "Are the cops still selling hot dogs on the corner?" I learned that some of the evergreens had died, that repairs were being neglected ,and that the building did not have the full care and attention. True, I had "sold" the building to Mr. Adams, but Mr. Adams had made no cash investment, not a dollar! I held his mortgage in the sum of $38,000.00. I grieved to learn that the building wasn't receiving good care. I called it to Adam's attention. For that, as for all things, he had an evasive answer.

* * *

ADAMS continued to show a fatherly interest in me. He kept assuring me that he would see to it that I would have a good income. The deal on *his* building would soon go through and he would give most if not all cash for the $38,000.00 note. Meanwhile he called to my attention that the $65,000.00 wasn't earning revenue for me; and suggested that he would take back a $12,500.00 first mortgage on the building he was selling, that I might have. He said that his building was clear, was worth $50,000.00, all taxes paid. I withdrew that sum and turned it over to him for a mortgage. I was to receive 6% interest. The note read 4%. He explained that it was a typographical error by the typist, and that he would adjust it.

Days were passing and we somehow didn't get to the prorating which had been interrupted by a telephone call. I called it to his attention from time to time, and he kept promising to take a couple of hours to get together for that purpose. I had paid for $100,000.00 fire insurance, for public liability and to finance the mortgage for his benefit. That prorating was never done. I did not wish to put on too much pressure, as he was having difficulty with Cicero, or so I then believed.

* *

THE routine of going back and forth to Adams' office became monotonous, to me if not to him. I mentioned that I was badly in need of a vacation and thought of going to Los Angeles. He replied, "Why don't you go to Mexico? Then the government would have to drop your case." "But," I asked, "*You said that the case was dropped; that by placing the building in trust, that the case would be dropped automatically?*" To which he said, "Well, I've got to show those fellows some law," and said he would have the suit dropped when he got around to it. From time to time, Mr. Adams kept asking me when I would go to Mexico. He spoke of the greater possibilities in Mexico, and gave glowing descriptions of various parts of the country. I decided to go. Mr. Adams prepared a nine-page affidavit, which he had me sign. He kept chuckling that this will be the big joke on the rent office and the court, that Judge Campbell would have to enter an order dismissing the case. This he kept repeating. This Mexico idea was the best yet. Now that my affairs are in good shape, in the hands of a conscientious and capable lawyer, I could go for a trip with not a care on my mind. In my absence he would take care of everything for me, *as if it were his own,* so he boasted.

I signed the affidavit without reading it. The following paragraph which it contained had significance which later came to light. It read:

> "This affiant became disgusted and discouraged as a landlord and has sold and disposed of her interest in and to the property.
>
> "I now have an airplane ticket ready to leave the United States for the time being, hoping to find better conditions for ambitious persons who wish to own property somewhere else.
>
> "This affidavit and the material submitted thereto is done upon my own insistence and against the advice of my attorney, but I feel that the court should know the real facts although I expect to be away for some time and may never return to the U. S."

The statements in the affidavit were obviously false. No such thoughts could enter my mind. It would mean that I would forever leave my dad, mother, brothers and sister. Also that I would leave what money I had left, or thought I had, in the "securities" obtained from Adams. I could not "own" property in Mexico without money, and whatever money I had was in the United States.

* *

MOTHERS' DAY falls in the balmy month of May. To some extent I was carefree. I had shopped for dresses, accessories and luggage for my trip to Mexico, and for an appropriate present for, oh, such an indulgent mother as I have. I could say that I had never caused her any trouble, were it not that when I stub my toe her foot hurts more than mine. Fresh from the beauty shop, my hair a new blond shade, and dressed in one of the outfits of my new wardrobe, I sauntered into the home of my childhood. There was a feeling of gaiety by my inspiration. I was again myself. I was their princess. It was a fitting prelude to my trip.

The next morning I went to the airport—alone in a cab. All seats in the plane were filled. It was my first air trip. My seat was at the window and I had a clear view. As the plane rose, I saw the town of Cicero again from the plane. Time went rapidly, soon lunch was served, my fellow passenger opened a conversation, other passengers moved around and talked sociably, the speaker announced the locations and points of interest we were passing over, the stewardess came around with coffee, and in due time dinner was served. Not a dull moment.

Arriving in Mexico City, the names of the passengers were being called for immigration inspection. My name had been called a number of times in the tuneful Mexican Spanish before I recognized they meant me. This was not only my first plane trip, but the first time I was out of the U. S. A.

A cab man came forward, and from then on it was Senorita this and Senorita that. "You will like it here, Senorita," the cabman said. "All who come from the States like it here."

I found the Mexicans quite sociable, and it seems that Americans in Mexico are likewise. I was bewildered by the color variety of clothes, of the buildings and of the scenery. English is spoken everywhere in Mexico. Talking to the clerk when I arrived at the hotel, he informed me that there were no rooms available. Such a declaration by a Mexican hotel clerk, I felt, was but a challenge. I explained that I had just traveled thousands of miles, from a friendly neighboring country known as the U. S. A., where the hospitality of Mexicans had been highly praised, and that I am a lone woman, and he couldn't turn me out — or could he? A young man standing within hearing joined the conversation, then whispered that he had special influence with the manager of the hotel. He did. My room overlooked a park. The young man later asked me to go dancing. I did. He was very gallant and his behavior was perfect. That was uppermost in my mind. I was the burnt child, remember? We crave that which had been denied us. The blind appreciate sight. The lame wish to run.

I spent the greater part of my first day in Mexico, window shopping, which I did with absorbing interest. There was one shop which showed bamboo furniture of many types. I tried to fit the various items into an imaginary home. There were so many things to admire that it would have required a moving van to carry all the things I mentally selected.

Toward evening I returned to the hotel and here was the young man again. He bowed politely. He asked me to accompany him to a night club. I accepted the invitation. At the club I was dazzled by the pretty Mexican girls, many with strapless gowns, their white arms and shoulders contrasting with their dark hair with red roses, and flashy dark eyes. They danced with their dates caressingly. My escort spoke of his interests in the States. He had been an official of a bank and was then engaged in the mortgage loan business. That was a signal to speak of my investments, of which I did not go into detail, yet gave a brief outline of my recent transactions. His comments disturbed me not a little, although he tried not to do so. He did say that upon my return I should lose no time to investigate the securities back of my notes and mortgage, and that I should also consult a banker or an attorney to investigate my present attorney.

* *

I tried to control my fears. We returned rather late that evening, but my doubts kept me awake. When I did fall asleep I dreamt that I was pushed off a high embankment and that I was falling, falling, and woke with a suddenness which made the bed-spring vibrate. I was determined to return. I could have no further peace of mind until I made the investigations as the young man suggested. There were no plane reservations to be had on any of the lines. I took advantage of a cancellation on a plane to Texas. The return flight was routine. Coming down the plank many of my fellow passengers waved to their awaiting friends, wives, husbands. No one knew of my return. I returned to the LaSalle hotel and checked in. From there I went to mother's.

I walked through the apartment, the familiar six rooms—neatly kept. The large living room—my statues—the peasant girl I valued, oh, so much, was on a table by the windows.

Mother looked at the statue and said, "Since you are gone, I think of the times I came to your house; the times we talked, and now I talk to the Doll," meaning the statue.

Then she said, "I don't know if you are satisfied, but it doesn't seem right somehow. Suddenly, you are gone; your Doll is here, but it is not the same as having you near. I could walk over and ring the bell; your things are everywhere. Scattered. Lost."

"That building; I liked that building. Why don't you come back and see if you can't get your home together again. I walk and look at the building. Tears come to my eyes. It seems deserted now that you are gone. People are talking. Everyone asks, what has happened, and I do not know what to tell them."

My appearance at mother's is the signal for the coffee pot —and running for cake to go with it. My sudden return surprised them. I speak of my mother, dad, and brother, the one who made a hobby of pigeons.

I had to describe my plane trip and Mexico, and they were wide-eyed with wonder. Little by little mother broke the news that police had been looking for me. I dismissed the matter by saying that the Chief still wants to ask questions. "No," my mother said, "these were from the government, they asked if I had been receiving mail from Mexico, and searched the house." I said that she should not permit anyone, even a policeman, to search her house, unless he showed written authority. I said they were probably snooping, but that I would report the matter to Mr. Adams.

Upon returning to my room I pondered the race question. Did I bring all this trouble on myself? Did I do wrong in employing Mr. Adams as my attorney? Of course, I didn't know he was "mixed," as he calls it. Ought I have dismissed him when I discovered he was a Negro? How deep is this race conflict? I will not attempt to answer these questions, even to myself. But one episode brings forth two "social" problems, which are often discussed, and heatedly. One is, should a landlord rent an apartment to families with children? The other is the Negro-White question. Both questions are reflected in this episode.

* * *

CHILDREN are an awful problem to the landlords. During early infancy, they cry at night and disturb the sleep of tenants who must rise for their work in the morning. Children increase the use of washing equipment, and diapers are also washed in the bathtub and sinks. I paid a bill of $400.00 for a stopped-up sewer due to washing diapers. Older children deface walls, break windows and disturb the childless families. Under freedom, when apartments are available, children drive other tenants out of the building and cause losses by vacancy. Under socialism, such as rent control, the landlord cannot retrieve the additional cost of housing children. With these preliminaries, which do not tell all, by any means, I will briefly tell the story of the Moticka family, to whom a child was born during their tenancy in my building. The child was sickly and often screamed through the night. I tried to help, brought presents for the child and showed my sympathy. It was a pretty, dimpled girl, but had an ominous scar on her face. There was a suspicion of cancer. They took the child from one doctor to another until the child was nearly five years old. I got to love that little girl, and would eagerly await reports from specialists who treated the child.

One day the cloud lifted from Mrs. Moticka's face. She had heard of a colored doctor who specializes in skin diseases and had taken the child to him. The colored specialist said that the scar was not malignant, as both she and her former specialists had feared, and that the scar could be safely removed, without any scar tissue remaining. Within a few months the colored specialist removed the scar and the child was completely cured. I was as happy over it as were the child's parents, who thanked me profusely for my kindness and attention.

There would have been a moral to the above story if the Moticka's from then on would have had a kind word for Negroes and if they would not have forgotten their gratitude which they had showed for what they said was my kindness. But life is full of surprises, and disappointments.

The Moticka's were among the first to join the hanging party. They were the ring leaders in their fight against Negroes coming into Cicero, and in hungrily awaiting the spoils from the unholy prosecution against me by the rent office.

This episode and its implications crowded my mind while waiting for the morning to consult Mr. Adams.

* *
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WHEN I arrived at Mr. Adams' office in the morning, he was speechless with surprise. He said there was hardly time to disembark in Mexico. He knew I was there, as I had sent a post-card which he had received. He remarked that I looked very well and asked if I had seen my mother.

I said I did see my mother and that she told me about police having called there looking for me. I asked him if he knew anything about the reason for the police wishing to see me. He said, curtly, "Oh, that's nothing to worry about."

There was the usual interruption of the telephone. I wondered if I were not doing him an injustice by suspecting him. I studied his contour as he was talking on the phone. I noticed that his hair was growing black, where it had been an auburn shade. The dark hair made his skin look darker. The 'phone conversation over, he again turned to me and said, smilingly, "I missed you. You sure grow on people."

Mr. Adams talked and talked about everything but what I wished to know. He talked firmly, sometimes casually, but challenging any doubt or opposition. Whenever I opened my mouth to bring up anything he suspected that he wished to avoid, he kept talking until either the telephone rang, to take him suddenly out of the office, or I was detoured to another matter and thereby lost my purpose. But the search by the police had me worried. I was determined not to be put off. I was becoming angry. I finally pinned him down. "Just forget it," he said sharply. "They are just trying to snoop into your business. We will tell them nothing. They asked for a fight and they're getting a good one."

"What about the rent case?" I inquired.

"I have them where they are embarrassed, and they're dropping it," he said.

"Why don't you get it in writing?" I asked.

"Law is a slow process—and they hate to admit they're wrong—but I'll get it over with," he said.

I was not satisfied with Adams' answers. About the police looking for me, I knew no more than I did the night before. As to the rent case, which was to be "automatically" dropped, he now says that law is a slow process. From day to day I knew less and less. The greater part of the time was taken up by a flood of words about his oil wells, his securities, his newspapers and his real estate, also his powers in the courts. Telephone conversations also took up considerable time. My purpose to get an answer to a simple question would get me into a featherbed of boasts, sermons and opinions. When I would finally get a specific answer, or what seemed specific, it would prove to be incorrect, and would bring me back to Adams' office the next day.

To evade further questions, he suddenly said he was tired, and that he would go to lunch across the street, and asked me to go with him. I thought I would take advantage, not of the lunch, but of the interval when he would not be interrupted by the telephone, nor by visitors at his office. At lunch, when Adams stopped to take a breath after talking streaks about Mexico, and that he would make the trip, I said.

"Mr. Adams, I think you should find out what the police wanted of me, why they called at my mother's."

"Ha, ha, ha," he laughed. "You are nervous—you make a mountain out of a molehill, a big thing out of nothing."

"What would have happened if they had found me at mother's, would they have arrested me? " I asked.

"No, no, no," he insisted "they would probably only bluff you." He continued to insist that he had the rent case licked, that he would appeal to higher courts, and that they won't trifle with George C. Adams.

I was determined to stick to my guns. I insisted that he telephone the Cicero police, which he did. He did not report what was said. He then telephoned the Sheriff's office. When he completed the conversation with the Sheriff's office, he said, casually, "They have a writ of *ne exeat* against you." I asked him what that was. He replied, "Oh, nothing important. I know the Sheriff. We won't bother about it."*

I felt relieved that Adams was shouldering all responsibility, and thought nothing further of it—for the moment.

* *

I called at Adams' office for any message from my mother, who would call me there. I thought it best not to engage in private conversations through the hotel switchboard. On one occasion I asked him what he intended to do with the vacant apartment. He had said, all along, that he intended to move into the apartment. Now he said that a young veteran would move in with his wife and two children. I asked if the police were still patrolling the building. He said the police were just putting on a show, but that they cannot bluff him. They cannot do anything by legal process. Continuing he said, "Edwards brought several people out there, but the police frightened them away. A psychiatrist may take the apartment. I still think I will take the apartment myself, although I would have to wait until I sell the building I'm living in."

Adams made mention of "spiritualism" quite often which did not "register" with me. It was entirely out of my line of thought. At any rate I was having my hands too full of material

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*I now know that Adam's telephone call was phoney because the writ of *ne exeat* was issued by the U. S. Court, and the Sheriff had nothing whatever to do with the matter. The U.S. Marshal had the writ.

things to fuss with spirits. But one remark about it frightened me. He said he had an Indian guide in spiritualism who had described me to Adams five years before he met me. The spirit guide had told Adams to "watch for the blond woman you will meet in a crowd," and to join groups and crowds to meet the woman. "This woman will be your opportunity to rise to prominence and wealth. When that woman materializes, *use her!*" I shuddered at those words, as they seemed to have an ugly meaning.

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SOME ONE remarked that "we dislike the unlike," to exrace discriminations and conflicts. I never gave much thought to such things. The memory of "shush-shush" in my early childhood about "Italians moving into the neighborhood," made me tolerant of all unlike people. Then, I thought that while groups, classes, nationalities are unlike in some respects that they're not too unlike "under the skin." I had no acquaintance with Negroes, Mexicans and orientals. But on street cars and in public places I overheard their conversations. They seemed to have identical problems with the rest of the people, black, brown or white. I will try to touch upon this later. I mention it here because some readers, especially such as have a keen prejudice against Negroes, and Negroes who entertain an equally keen prejudice for whites, will wonder why I permitted myself to become involved with Negroes, or why the Negroes had become involved with white people. Whether or not I would have employed Mr. Adams as my attorney had I known him to be "mixed," is beside the point. I didn't know he was "mixed." Neither did the attorneys in the rent office. That Mr. Adams later brought into the atmosphere other Negroes, that, too, was not my doing. Oh, yes, I heard it over and over again, that "She brought the troubles on herself. She had no right to meddle with Negroes." But, as I said, we will enlarge upon this feature later.

* * *

A Cicero real estate man was pointed out to me at Mr. Adams' office. He came in from time to time dickering with Mr. Adams regarding the building, which he said he wished to buy, and regarding which he later gave a report to the newspapers. Tenants were hoisted into the position of masters by the rent control gimmick. They could do no wrong. Whatever they did, if they broke windows, flooded their bathrooms, drove spikes into the walls, stuffed the plumbing, kept whining dogs, ruined the lawns and trees, all were defended by the rent control buzzards. The landlord was the whipping boy—unless! Unless he knew the right boys from among those buzzards. The real estate dealer later disclosed that he had a meeting with my tenants, to take over my building on a "co-operative" basis. He didn't think it was necessary to consult me! I was only the landlady, not *patrone di casa*, but a mere worm.

The point I wish to make is that Mr. Adams did negotiate with that real estate dealer. What he didn't know and what Adams intended he shouldn't know was that Adams had no intention of selling the building, as he told me after such conferences. Said Mr. Adams, "Let him keep coming. I bought the building and I mean to live in it. If I don't get into this apartment, I will move into the next. They're not going to buy me off because I am mixed." Adams never referred to himself as a Negro, though he was belligerent when speaking of civil rights of the Negro.

* * *

THE idea of anyone carrying on negotiations and taking up the time of the real estate dealer, knowing that he (Adams) did not intend to sell, had a depressing effect upon me. The sober manner in which he carried on such negotiations also disturbed me. I couldn't define why I was disturbed excepting that it seemed to be a horrid violation of a *parole.* While it was not actual fraud, I felt it was close to it. I also felt that a man who can treat one person that way can do so to another. I began to suspect that if not in all matters, he might be handling me in the same manner in some of my matters. Then came another blow to my sense of security.

Adams had introduced Edwards as a real estate man and in urgent need of an apartment. My first thought was that a real estate man would be in a good position to know of a vacancy. Then Adams seemed to have forgotten himself and said that Edwards was living in a six-room apartment, and that he owned an apartment building under a co-op plan. I wavered between a feeling of distrust and of a possibility that I had misunderstood. Meanwhile, the fact that Adams was the owner of my building without one dollar investment by him was on my mind, and that I had to see to it that my security for the $38,000.00 note would not deteriorate.

I therefore checked up on the income, expenses and condition of the building. The Clark family was to move into the unoccupied apartment. I was also concerned about my furniture which was to be sold. I had that agreement with Adams to pay one-half of the accrued tax bill for the furniture. But that, also, was a future promise. I had received nothing for what had cost me thousands of dollars. Adams said the Clark's had their own furniture, and that he would store mine, or put it in into another apartment when one became vacant.

Because of the attitude of the Cicero police and officials, I was naturally in a quandary about the Negroes moving in, but the nervousness of Chief Konovsky and Mr. Berkos, their weak position, and the law which gave the Clark's the right to move into the apartment, and the assurance of Mr. Adams that the police cannot interfere, all this gave me confidence that the objections would be mutterings and nothing more.

I also felt that I was thrown out of Cicero, and now Adams was also being thrown out. Adams showed me letters from anonymous Cicero citizens bearing Cicero, Illinois, post-mark, calling him ugly names, and I felt that he was suffering doubly.

Adams kept saying that the Clarks' were on the way out to Cicero. I asked if he thinks that all would come out all right. Adams said it had better come out all right. I told him I was very nervous about the whole matter.

He said, "Forget it. You worry too much. There's nothing too big for Adams to handle. If they get too tough, I'll make those bastards pay plenty." To his credit, I may say that Adams seldom lost his composure and that was the first time I heard him use a coarse word. I had never seen him so agitated. He did not appear frightened, but aggravated. Probably because of those letters. With a toss of his head, he said, "I am not worried."

It wasn't the best time to quarrel. It was a tense interval. Yet I couldn't withhold making the remark that he had no money in the building. At such "digs" Adams' face would darken and he remained silent.

* *
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IT was the 7th day of June, 1951, an eventful day. I was tense, but Adams, while not as even-tempered as usual, did not share my agitation. Come noon, Adams suggested we go across the street for a sandwich and coffee. I did most of the talking because I feared there might be a clash. Adams was composed and less talkative. Lunch over, we went back to the office. Adams sprang into action. The offices adjoining Adams' office were deserted. The receptionist was also away. Adams placed the classified telephone directory on his desk and commenced calling all newspapers. To each he repeated, "There is a riot in Cicero." He then 'phoned to a private party. I heard Adams say, "Get started right away, I will meet you there."

Without wishing to become repetitious, I wish to explain just what happened on that fateful day. I arrived at Adams' office at about 11:30 A.M. Adams said the caravan with the Scott's, Edwards, Clark's and Mrs. Adams had left, or were supposed to have left, at about 10:30 that morning. Adams made the 'phone calls at about 1:00 P.M., by which time the entourage should have arrived in Cicero. However, after his calls to the newspapers, repeating, "There's a riot in Cicero," he dialed a number, and I heard him shout, "What! they didn't leave yet? The truck broke down?" and continued to give instructions to "get going." I interposed, "You reported a riot when the people aren't there yet."

Adams explained that the last call was to Mr. Scott, a furniture dealer, who was to move the Clark's to Cicero. He said the Clark's were to have been there several hours earlier, but there was some trouble with the truck. The call to the newspapers was to get reporters there, and to have people gather, "as there is safety in numbers." He said that Mrs. Adams would also be on the scene. I asked why he would have his wife take an unnecessary risk, to which he replied that if anything were to happen to her they would have to "pay plenty."

He then called the janitor, and also spoke to Edwards. The police halted them by pretending a permit was necessary to move furniture into Cicero. Adams called the Cicero Town Hall. He then hung up the 'phone and called the janitor again.

He left for Cicero. I refused to go with him. I said that I had sold the building because I didn't wish to fight the rent office, nor the tenants, nor Cicero. I went to my room.

* * *

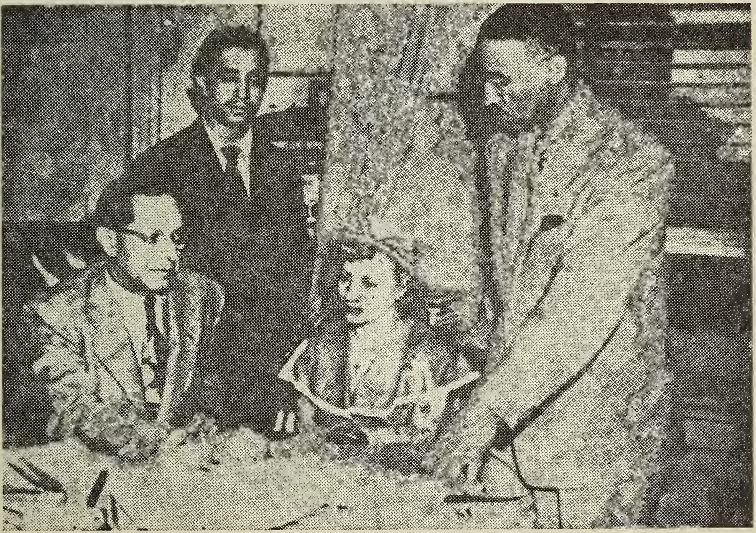
I kept calling Mr. Adams' home number throughout the evening. I received no response until 11:15. He said they had lots of trouble there, that the Cicero police wouldn't permit the Clark's to move in, that they were jostled around and handled roughly.

As I wasn't present, I knew only what Mr. Adams and others reported. It was summed up in the newspapers, from which I quote briefly, the following from a bulletin:

"On June 8th, Charles S. Edwards, the rental agent, went to the apartment with Mrs. George C. Adams. At 2:30 p.m. a moving van with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey E. Clark drove to the building. They had rented the apartment that week. Two plain-clothesmen stopped the truck and said the furniture could not be moved into the building without a permit. The two women went into the apartment. Mr. Edwards was later ordered to go into the building and bring the women out. Mr. Edwards said he was followed by a policeman with a drawn revolver who said, 'All of you get out of here right away—we are all going out.' They left the building with the officer following with a drawn revolver. The attorney checked with Cicero authorities and was told that no permit to move furniture was ever required. Following is an affidavit from Charles S. Edwards describing subsequent events:

"'About 6 p. m. the Chief of Police of Cicero rushed out of the alley nearby followed by about twenty men and rushed up and grabbed my arm. The police in the cars out front got out of their cars and rushed up toward us. The chief said to me, 'You should know better—get going—get out of here fast. There will be no moving into this building. I'm not going to endanger the lives of 19 families for the likes of you.' During these statements, the chief held my left arm with his strong left hand and he kept hitting me in the back with his right fist, especially at my right shoulder and on my right side below the shoulder. He hit me about eight times while he was pushing me ahead of him toward my car which was parked across the street. I was trying to walk, but he was trying to make me move faster. When we reached my car, I opened the door and the chief shoved me inside and said, 'Get out of Cicero and don't come back in town or you'll get a bullet through you. There were 3 or 4 officers with the Chief . . . I have not been back to Cicero since and my clients the Clarks have not been allowed to move into the apartment which is theirs.' "

* * *



(L. to R.) Attorney George C. Adams, Harvey E. Clark, Jr., Miss DeRose and George N. Leighton.

ON Saturday following I again called at Adams' office, to learn how everything worked out, hoping to take up the prorations and to inquire about the rent case, which was heavy on my mind. I found the office teeming with activity. Adams was proudly posing for news photographers. Later he introduced me to Mr. Harvey E. Clark and George N. Leighton. I do not recall the names of the other men, who soon left.

A suit was being prepared against the Cicero town officials for $200,000.00, which was later filed in the Federal court. There was considerable strutting, talking and dictating to the stenographer. The suit was filed by Ulysses S. Keys and Mr. Leighton, attorneys for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, as I was later informed.

When the atmosphere turned calm, and the attorneys and others left, Mr. Adams again asked me to go to lunch with them, which I accepted as before. With us came Mr. Edwards, Mr. Clark, and a white man who was introduced to me as Mr. Sandwich. The chief conversation was beween Adams and Sandwich.

Adams said he would like to be counted in with Sandwich on an oil deal. Sandwich said he had 47 wells which were producing and was drilling many more. He said he did not wish to sell any of his holdings. This offer by Adams and refusal by Sandwich went back and forth. Clark and Edwards did not participate in the conversation. Adams said his investments in leaseholds and wells were not great, yet he had been getting checks every month for years. He asked me if I had any oil property or shares in any. I said that I never had, and was unfamiliar with such things. He said that an investment of about $20,000.00, would make me rich. Adams said that as he was my counsellor on investments, he would advise me to take advantage of an opportunity. He said, "if you are looking for a large income, this is it." I said that I would not wish to invest $20,000.00. He then said, "Well, take less. After you see the money rolling in, you can then look for further opportunities." Adams again spoke up and said to Sandwich, "How about giving both of us a break. I don't blame you for not selling a large interest. How about giving Miss DeRose half of what you are willing to sell, and give me the other half?"

Back to the office, Adams continued to "insist" on Sandwich to part with $10,000.00 worth of oil stock. Adams made out a check to Sandwich for $4,750.00, to pay for his portion of the stock. It was finally agreed that I would receive a "debenture" or some legal document of the face value of $4,500.00 for $4,000.00 cash. I said that I could not produce the cash until Monday. On Monday I brought the $4,000.00 check. Taking my $4,000.00 and giving me the note, there was a running conversation beetween Sandwich and Adams, Adams insisting that he be permitted to purchase a "working" interest in an oil well. He rushed me to come in with him and I later brought the additional $750.00

* * *

ADAMS did not appear to have many clients nor much legal work.. He did have many telephone calls, which he often kept busy answering. I neither have the right nor the space to discuss the nature of those conversations. I do have the right to report such goings-on as affected me.

Adams was now almost entirely preoccupied with the Cicero affair. He was now the center of activity involving Civil Rights organizations, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Urban League, the Interracial Commission, the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination and similar groups and committees, including churches. The following headlines appeared in the Chicago newspapers:

VET SUES CICERO FOR $200,000.00 CHARGING BIAS.

FORCED FROM APARTMENT, BEATEN BY POLICE IN CICERO, VET CHARGES.

VET SUES CICERO FOR $200,000 — STARTS FIGHT TO SAVE HIS HOME.

COPS BAR VET FROM HOME.

TO SAVE HIS HOME COPS BAR VET FROM HOME.

ANGRY JUDGE BLASTS CICERO OFFICIALS OVER NEGRO FAMILY.

CONTEMPT CHARGE AGAINST CICERO OFFICIALS.

I am anxious to throw a spotlight, so to speak, on a controlling feature in the Cicero case, a feature which the public, the press and the courts missed. Reading the story in the press, even the private reports of interested groups, the conclusion would be that the entire fracas simmers down to race discrimination or race conflict, *only*.

That is a view which I wish to correct.

Let us first concede that colored people were not invited into Cicero. But the facts were and are that colored people were and are present there, and that their coming and going receives no restraint nor objection. The Cicero affair had, indeed, another motive and other implications.

Long before the Clark incident the tenants assembled and "decided," as they shouted, "Let's get together and throw the landlords out." I wish to avoid repeating the words the tenants used in their clamor to throw me out. The smell of the fury of the rent control law (and the more furious buzzards who were ready to go to all excesses to destroy the landlord's investment) whetted the appetites of the tenants to feast upon the landlords. "It's time we got rid of the landlords," cried the assembled tenants. "We have the law with us—what are we waiting for?"

I was on the list for crucifixion. I was an American "kulak" to be liquidated. Not being guilty of any violation didn't matter. Violations were invented. I was forced out of my building by my tenants and the rent office.

I felt that whatever I might salvage from the building from which I had to flee would reduce my loss. I felt that Adams, a strong man physically, armed with a knowledge of the law, might fight more successfully against the dictatorship of the *kholsoi,* or whatever it is called behind the iron curtain.

What the press and the courts overlooked was that I, as owner, was compelled to house tenants who were hostile, tenants who were destructive, some who became obnoxious—these I was compelled to maintain and serve largely at my expense. I could not choose those I desired as my tenants, although I owned the building. But my tenants could, and did, choose their landlord. They decided to be rid of me as landlady. They then assumed to dictate who might take my place when rid of me. They decided that Adams was not acceptable as their landlord, and later that Clark was not acceptable as a tenant.

I championed Adams, not because he was a Negro, but because he took over on his shoulders the wrath of the *white* tenants against a *white* landlord. I became "possessed" as if dedicated to a cause, and as if Adams were the Moses to lead me and others equally abused from bondage and from the wilderness.

⁂

THE $200,000.00 suit was filed in the Federal court on the ground that the Cicero officials had violated the constitutional civil rights of the Clark's, Edwards, Mrs. Adams, and

Maurice Scott, Sr. and Jr. Scott Sr. was the furniture dealer, and Scott, Jr. was an attorney associated with Adams. By "coincidence" practically all suing were either related or associated with Adams. As an incident of the suit for damages, a petition for an injunction was filed to restrain interference of the Clark's in moving into the apartment. Federal Judge Barnes was emphatic in his demand that Cicero authorities and Cicero residents comply with the injunction, warning that "If you don't obey the order you are going to be in serious trouble."

At the hearing before Judge Barnes the court room and the corridor leading to the court room were crowded. A group of people wore large medallions with the inscription "Keep Cicero White." The Judge ordered the medallions removed.

Newspaper photographers' cameras flashed and clicked. Adams played the leading role in the extravaganza. The newsreels and television took shots. Adams granted interviews. Representatives of civic groups were there to give support to civil rights.

I was not among those persent, by Adams advice. I was a refugee from a writ of *ne exeat.* Adams advised me for my protection and well-being. However, my picture appeared in the newspapers the next morning with the other principals in the drama. Meanwhile the newspapers carried reports about my rent control violations. I felt like a hunted animal. Like one charged with treason hiding from the gestapo. United States of America against Camille DeRose! I escaped from the angry Cicero mob. I am now escaping from the wrath of the rent control office, and the government is tracking me down to prevent me from leaving the country.

Adams went on the radio and told the audience of the race conflict in Cicero and of the outrage against Harvey Clark. a war veteran, and his fight to regain his apartment; and invited the listeners to read the full story in the *Chicago World*, a newspaper circulating among the colored people, then controlled by Adams. The NAACP and the Negro Press kept up a barrage of publicity throughout the nation, organized mass hysteria, conducted "rallies" and whipped up a frenzy of Negro nationalism.

* * *

INTERSPERSED with this activity Adams kept reminding me that his fight was as much for me as for him, even more so for me, and that he has my well-being at heart. He had mentioned a mortgage on one of the many buildings he had been managing. The building was occupied as a rooming house, which I did not favor as an investment. He insisted that it was a first-class investment. Meanwhile he counseled me that I must have insurance policies to cover all my securities for which he is arranging, and that he might as well include the new mortgage which he insisted I should purchase. He said he had an appointment with another client who wished to buy that mortgage, if I would hesitate. In the midst of the conversation, Adams' secretary announced that "the tenant from Washington boulevard is here with the rent.' He commenced making out a receipt and said, "See, the rents now come in directly to me. I will have the payments made payable directly to you. You can go to Mexico or elsewhere on a long vacation, the payments will be mailed or deposited as you direct." I asked if he would guarantee the mortgage, to which he replied, "My, my" (as if he were surprised at such a question) "I am a lawyer. I have to account for my actions. I couldn't be a lawyer for over 32 years if I were not cautious. I am more careful with my client's money than I am with my own." He continued, "Haven't I taken care of you—even taking the building when it became too hot for you to handle?"

I went to the bank and soon returned with a certified check for $8,500.00. He said, "Oh, doggone it, the people wanted the cash. Checks are a nuisance—oh, well, they will have to take the check." As I gave him the check, I repeated that I wanted some guarantee, or security. He replied, "Why, this mortgage is as good as gold. I will show you how good I think it is, I will give you my personal note for it."

* * *

I aim to describe the so-called Cicero race riots, the principals involved, and the motivating causes underlying them. I do not wish to make a case for the Clark's nor against Cicero, beyond what the facts imply. I don't wish to dress Cicero in the robes of Simon Legree, nor the Clark's in the costume of Uncle Tom. Truthfully, the Cicero story has no resemblance to that famous fiction.

Late in June, Adams called a Cicero number and spoke to a Cicero real estate dealer. Adams told him that the Clark's would not move on July 1st as has been planned, because of fire crackers in the hands of the kids, and that it had been decided to have the Clark's move into the building on the 10th of July. Soon thereafter a return call from Cicero came in, from the Cicero Chief of Police. Adams confirmed that the Clark's would move in on the 10th of July at 11 A.M.

* * *

WE now come to the "second coming" of the Clark's. We find them driving behind a truck on the road to Cicero. They proceed triumphantly, confidently and hopefully. They are to take possession of their apartment. They were halted in their first attempt by irresponsible ruffians and by misguided police officers. But such intrusion was in the nature of a trespass which might occur anywhere to anyone, white or black, and which are restrained and punished by law. Not only is Clark armed with rights under the constitution and the laws of sovereign states and communities, but he is additionally armed with the People's Writ of Injunction, under the great seal of the United States of America, enjoining all who may think of molesting them, to keep their peace, and directing the guardians of peace to enforce law and order. To intercept the caravan of the Clark's is equal to an insurrection against the government itself, something unthinkable. Then, Clark is doubly, even trebly, fortified. He was born here, and both he and his wife, are descended from a long line of ancestry of Americans, both black and white, has served with American forces, and has a certificate of honorable discharge. His two brothers are both fighting in Korea, one recently wounded. I quote from a report:

THE CLARKS

> Mr. Harvey E. Clark, Jr. who so far hàs been prevented from moving in the apartment he rented, is 29 yeas old. He was born in Mississippi. After finishing high school, he entered Fisk University in Nashville, where he majored in political science. While there he married a fellow-student, Johnetta, now 26 years old. They were married 9 years ago and have two children, Michelle, aged 8, and Harvey III, aged 6. Clark left Fisk to join the Army Air Force in 1942 and was assigned as an aviation instructor at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. He served there and in two other southern fields until he was discharged in 1945. He returned to Fisk and finished his education under the G. I. bill of rights, graduating in 1949. He played baseball and was a member of the university debating team.
>
> After he graduated, Mr. Clark brought his family to

Chicago. He first got a job as an insurance agent. A year ago he began work as a bus driver for CTA. They lived for awhile at 6725 South St. Lawrence Avenue in a crowded apartment at $56.00 a month. They rented the Cicero apartment for $60.00 a month. Previously Clark had to travel 24 miles daily to and from work; if he lived in Cicero, this distance would be greatly reduced. Clark has two brothers in Korea, one recently wounded. He said he didn't write them as to what had happened because he didn't want to destroy their morale.

* *

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THE Clark's could now carry out their plans. They would have a place for the piano, where the gifted Michele might do her studying and practicing in peace. There was room for the sewing machine, where Mrs. C. might continue to do the family sewing, in which she is said to have attained skill, so that her little Michele may enjoy well-fitting pretty dresses.

Here in Cicero the children would receive a good education, which is the privilege all Americans enjoy.

But the Clark's had a rough awakening! Discrimination was not a new experience to them. All colored and many white citizens were subject to it at one time or another. But the Clark's ran into a cloudburst. On their first attempt they were met with the ugly manifesto by the police: "You Niggers have no moving permit." They were then met by a haphazard gathering, not quite a mob. Now the force was organized. What the Clark's didn't know, and what the press, the courts and the public didn't know was that the so-called race discrimination was a minor and not the chief motivating cause of the resistance to the Clark's. Whatever the undercurrent of race hatred, much or little, the majority of the tenants were determined to hold on to their apartments and the low rent. They suspected that the building was under new ownership, as it was under new management, and they knew that a new owner had priority rights to any apartment he might chose. They suspected, also, that a co-operative ownership, to which they were invited, and which they rejected, might challenge their occupancy. They therefore let out a war-whoop when they learned that a Negro was to move into one of the apartments. The loose organization of tenants which was successful in routing the white landlord, was now solidified to rout a colored tenant, landlord or no landlord. The Co-op letters were part of the plan to arouse the tenants, which later became apparent.

* *
*

SOMETHING impelled me towards Adams' office again. I said to myself I'm sure everything is under control. Yet I wanted to make sure. The urge to know the truth went over and over in my mind. Walking, thinking, I soon arrived at Adams' office—not worried, no—just to make sure everything was alright. I could see if the Clark's had moved in yet. Opening the door to his office I saw another confusion—Adams on two telephones, talking first at one, then the other. The Confusion was on again. In between his ringing telephones, he made outgoing calls, shouting, "There is a big riot in Cicero." Picking up the classified telephone directory he again dialed many numbers. The conversations kept on and on. "An enormous riot in Cicero!" A little later he telephoned to Edwards—more lengthy talks. He seemed thrilled. He dialed again. "Attorney Adams talking. Hundreds of people gathering in Cicero," and "A big riot in progress—get your newsmen out there." Laughing, he said to me, "This is *it*—the big show."

I marvelled at his endurance—for a man of 63. The excitement which didn't seem to affect him, caused me a headache. The noise, the drilling and banging on the adjoining construction work left me exhausted. "Ah, me!" I sighed within me, how can *he* take all that! How glad I am that I sold the building, I thought. I could not have withstood all that confusion. It was just seeming to fan out in all directions. Adams said he would wait until it got hot enough before going out—as if he looked forward to making a grand entrance. "Let those cops out there have their fun," he declaimed, "I have to take care of things here. When I'm finished I'll go out there and put a stop to this nonsense. Those cops are acting like a bunch of kids on the 4th of July on a picnic."

Adams continued to make calls while incoming calls were ringing. Between answering incoming calls and dialing, he kept declaiming: "I'll get a crowd out there so fast, those cops won't know what hit them. Niggers, indeed, as if *they* are a superior lot—huh!" Strutting, he continued, "Doggone it! I'll show them."

As for me, a few more aspirins, I left, felt ill. The talking the noise—wow—I just couldn't take it. I was always easily exhausted.

When the Clark's arrived in Cicero they were met by a small crowd. They felt reassured by the presence of Cicero authorities to keep order, if disorder were threatened. Members of NAACP and other protective groups were also present. Yet the Clark's were puzzled by the presence of the crowd, small though it was. They were not free of misgivings for the safety of their children. They therefore decided to return to Chicago to remain there until they might feel more confident. They soon left the apartment, carefully locking the doors, and returned to the home of the Edwards on the South Side of Chicago.

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*I later learned, the moving was to be kept secret, but Adams had other ideas.

JULY 10th, 1951.

In the evening a crowd gathered in the front of the apartment. Sheriff John Babb arrived and made a gesture to disperse the crowd. It was reported that he told the crowd that he was on their side, but that they couldn't do anything by violence. In defiance, a man identified himself as a lawyer living in the community replied that there were no *legal* remedies. He implied that violence was their only weapon.

I kept in close touch with the happenings, at Adams' office, as he was making and receiving telephone calls. I watched the newspapers and listened to the radio. I lived it from hour to hour, day to day and throughout the nights. What was happening in Cicero was happening to me. One newspaper carried the followng description.

> "He (Sheriff Babb) counselled the crowd to disperse. Cheers greeted the vandals who threw stones into the 2nd and 3rd floor apartment windows."

The Sheriff talks to the mob: "Go home. I order you to break up and leave." The mob boos the Sheriff, so the Sheriff goes home instead of breaking up the mob.

Before the crowd dispersed by 2 A. M. considerable damage was done to the building. No arrests were made by eight Cicero policemen and six Cook County deputies on the scene. In the meantime, the Clark's heard of the violence and did not return to Cicero.

Chicago newspapers went hush-hush and printed very little. Out of town radio commentators were pounding away about the Cicero race riots. Out of town news reporters were rushing to the scene.

* * *

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11th

Nine white families in the building moved out and put their furniture in storage. Sheriff Babb said Cicero police told him to withdraw his men from the scene, since they could handle the situation by themselves. Lieut. Lester Connerty of the Cicero Police Department said his men could handle the situation and there was no need for the Sheriff to deputize Chicago policemen. When NAACP officials saw Sheriff Babb to ask him to call on the Governor to mobilize the national guard, he was reported to have told them that it was a terrible thing to call on state troops and that he was "*neutral*" in this kind of a case.

An observer from the American Civil Liberties Union made this report of what he saw that evening:

> "When I arrived at 7:30 p.m. a crowd of 800-900 people were gathering. By dusk it had grown to 4,000-5,000 people. There were people of all ages, many women and children. The most active were teen-agers, some in gangs. Police did nothing to break up the gangs."

* * *

I read in the newspapers of a description by an eye witness on the scene, which was also reported over the radio. A man picked up a stone and gave it to his child. "You get three throws. If you hit the target, if you break a window, you get a nickel," the man said to his child. The child first misses, then makes a strike. The crowd roars as the crash of glass rings out into the night. Soon a hail of anything and everything is thrown at the building from the crowd. The crowd roars with the sound of crashing glass. The mob, now numbering 5,000, surges forward and into the building, bringing havoc and destruction. Tenants were dragging their possessions one by one, trucks and cars taking them from the scene. Some of the tenants remained, hoping to hold on to their apartments. Where else can they find such cheap rentals? They escaped the hail of rocks and falling glass by lying on the floors. But they, too, were disappointed. The mob found them, abused them and threw them out.

Newspapers described a large pile of stones on a lot across the street of the building. That was puzzling as it was significant. The owner of that lot was meticulous about the lot and always kept it clean. Also the ruling against dumping is strictly enforced. Police patroled and did not permit any stones, rocks or other objects to remain on the lots adjoining this building or any building.

When I left my building the lots were entirely clear. The Cicero Police had added a 24 hour patrol at the building since April 1st.

A documented report was later issued by the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination which reports tersely, that—

INTRODUCTION

On July 10-12, 1951, mob violence broke out over the occupancy of an apartment by a Negro veteran and his family. Law and order broke down so completely that Cook County Sheriff John Babb requested Governor Adlai Stevenson to mobilize the National Guard. This was done and 24 hours later an uneasy calm rested over Cicero. This was the first time in almost three decades that troops were used in the Chicago area to quell racial disturbances.

This description of the riots and the events leading up to them is prepared for use by the organizations affiliated with the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination.

CICERO

Cicero is a separate, incorporated municipality located west of Chicago. It begins at 4600 West and runs to 6200 West, extending from 39th street on the South (bordering Chicago and Stickney) to 12th street (Roosevelt Road) on the North (bordering Chicago and Oak Park). Its almost 70,000 residents comprise more than 20 nationality groups, with a predominance of second-generation Americans of Czechoslovak, Polish, Italian, and Dutch ancestry. There are nine large Roman Catholic churches and eleven Protestant churches in the town. One estimate is that there are 28,000 Roman Catholic church members and 10,000 Protestant church members. There is no synagogue, although almost a thousand Jews live within Cicero. It is said that no Negroes now live within the limits of Cicero, although one or two families have done so in years past. Thousands of Negroes enter Cicero daily to work in its industrial plants. Several Mexican-Americans also live in Cicero.

A large proportion of Cicero's wage-earners work for the Western Electric Company (telephones) located in Chicago just outside Cicero. Other large employers include Hot Point stoves, Thor washing machines, and Sunbeam mixers. Cicero has had a reputation of being Al Capone's town. Although it is said that he never lived there, he had large gambling and beer supply interests there, and his brother, though living in Florida, now owns several firms in Cicero.

The municipality—officially a "town"—is governed by an 8-man board of trustees, with Henry Sandusky as town president. He was first elected in 1944. The chief of police, Ervin Konovsky, was appointed by the town president in 1944.

Berwyn, just west of Cicero, shares responsibility for the disorders, for they occured at the northwest corner of Cicero just across the street from Berwyn. This is solely a residential town of some 70,000 inhabitants.

* * *

The "race issue" has long been a convenient tool for Cicero politicians (and for those of Berwyn). In November, 1948, when some civic reformers in Cicero tried to overturn the present political machine, they were defeated by the stratagem of distributing to every house the night before election a fake notice reading: "Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves, but there is no freedom of the colored race until the American public gives to us a freedom of movement and a right to chose where we live. The town board of Cicero has denied to us the American right to live in the town of Cicero for more than 80 years. Stand for equal rights. Fight for equal rights. Vote for a City Government (the reform group) next Tuesday so that we colored people may enjoy the privilege of living in the town of Cicero, near our place of employment, near good schools, so that our children can enjoy the comforts of a good home and fresh air. You will discover that colored people are excellent neighbors. Vote YES for a City Government next Tuesday so that we may enjoy the same rights we have in the city of Chicago and the city of Evanston."

There was a large pile of stones in a lot near the apartment and later in the evening police watched women pass stones from a rockpile back to throwers in the crowd and they made no effort to stop this. The police for the most part were in a jovial mood, cracked jokes with the crowd, and some made Jim Crow remarks. By dark the ropes were cut by the gangs and the crowd came close to the apartment. Stones were thrown in the windows on all three floors, with increasing intensity on the south side of the building. There was one feeble effort by the County Police to rerope the area, but this was soon abandoned. Fire crackers were thrown and one man, said to be a plainclothesman, went up to the group of kids and was heard to say: "Cut out the firecrackers. In case you're searched, don't have any on you. We don't care how many stones you throw, but get rid of the firecrackers."

Rioters showing defiiance to law enforcement.

By 10:30 p. m. the frames of windows were being knocked out. Then a gang climbed into the apartment building from first-floor windows and kicked out sections of the windows. They went upstairs and vandalized apartments and turned on water and gas. One came out saying: "get back, maybe there'll be an explosion." They threw Clark's furniture out of the window and this was burned by others below. By 11:30 p. m. the gang was in the basement tearing up the plumbing. Then one boy rushed outside and said that they were being held downstairs. A large gang then moved into the basement and police used tear gas, which seemed to be effective for ten minutes. Later a loud speaker announced that Mr. Clark said he would not return to the apartment.

There are conflicting accounts of the reason none of the vandals were arrested There is one report that part of the mob took one policeman as hostage and refused to release him until the police freed the youths in custody for vandalising the building.

A similar first-hand account of Wednesday night appears in the Friday *Chicago Sun-Times,* written by reporter David Anderson. It was estimated that 30 Cicero policemen and 20 of the Sheriff's deputy policemen were on the scene. One policeman was hit in the head with a brick and hospitalized. Sheriff Babb said he was disappointed at the degree of cooperation received from Cicero. His deputies asked the Cicero firemen to connect hoses and keep the crowd back, but they wouldn't do it except with an order from their lieutenant and he couldn't be found. The chief of police of Cicero was reportedly unavailable both on Tuesday and Wednesday evening. The president of the town council was out of town on Wednesday evening, summering at Antioch, Illinois.

Early in the morning on Thursday, young men even pulled down a half dozen 25-foot-high poplar trees in front of the apartments. As each tree ripped, there was a crackle—and cheers. Although late in the evening it was announced by police loudspeaker that the Clark family agreed not to return to the apartment, this report was labeled false by NAACP. Clark's attorney on Thursday said: "He (Clark) doesn't believe Cicero residents can afford to deny him his civil rights after he made such a sacrifice and helped to win the war and to establish the safety of those who live in Cicero.*

Mr. Edwards and Mr. Clark brought this matter to the attention of the NAACP and other defense agencies. It was decided to bring criminal prosecution against the civic authorities of Cicero under the United States code—the civil rights statutes—for conspiring to deprive citizens of their right of freedom of movement by force and violence and under authority. They also filed a $200,000.00 damage suit against the town.

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*Truthfully, Harvey Clark saw no combat service, and had never left this country. He later was "taken care of" by the government under GI bill of rights free tuition. On the other hand, I was forced to contribute to my tenants by way of low rentals, and did not receive free schooling.

On June 26th, Federal Judge John P. Barnes heard the appeal for a preliminary injunction restraining the town of Cicero from stopping Mr. Clark and family from moving into the apartment. Cicero Attorney Nicholas Berkos, representing Cicero Police Chief Ervin Konovsky, argued that all the accusations were denied by town officials. Judge Barnes issued the temporary injunction warning: "If you don't obey the order, you're going to be in serious trouble. I'll tell you what you are going to do. You are going to exercise the same diligence in seeing that these people move in as you did in trying to keep them out." When Joseph Lustfield, attorney for the town trustees, interrupted to say that there has been "some trouble" about the ownership of the building, Judge Barnes said: "You don't need to worry about who the owners are. From now on you are going to treat these people like anybody else." The order restrains the town, its president, its chief of police, and other officials and agents from "shooting, beating and otherwise harrassing" Mr. Clark and his family. Judge Barnes set September 11th for a hearing on the permanent injunction and the $200,000 damage claim. He refused to order hearings by a master in chancery and said: "I want to hear this case myself." Later the Clark's appeared before U. S. Attorney Otto Kerner for questioning to determine if the case should be presented to a federal grand jury for possible action under the 1870 civil rights law, originally an anti-Ku Klux Klan measure.

With this temporary injunction, the Clark's prepared to move into the apartment, with the date kept a secret. The Illinois Interracial Commission, the Chicago Council Against Discrimination, and other groups tried to do what they could to prepare the community for the move-in. For example, on June 28th, the Church Federation of Greater Chicago sent a communication to all Protestant ministers in Cicero and Berwyn, asking them to make a statement from their pulpits on July 1st to help maintain peace and order. They enclosed a statement written by a pastor in a similarly disturbed area in Chicago.

TUESDAY, JULY 10th

The move-in date was a closely-guarded secret and NAACP attorneys did not notify Cicero police that the Clark's would move until 9 *a. m.* When observers arrived in the neighborhood before 11 a. m., it was common knowledge in the community that they would arrive—as they did—at 11 a. m. (?)

The "bon-fire" mentioned in the reports presented a witch-burning pyre scene. The pictures of my furniture tossed on the pyre,* my clothes which I had no time to remove from the apartment, my rent office records, furniture bills, various books and documents and personal mementoes, all gone, never to be replaced. With the crackling of burning valuables, and the shouting with each object thrown on the pyre, one man shouted: "Look what I found! A marriage license. The niggers were married! Here goes their marriage!"

Chicago newspapers no longer withheld the news. They burst into blaring headlines. A lengthy description headed: "How Mob Took Control From Police, Sheriff's men stand by." I quote:

> "A business man, who later refused to give his name to reporters, said: (I hire Negroes in my business,) led a flying wedge of youths into the building doorway. The police feebly tried to block them, then gave way. The hooligans surged in, shouting, yelling, setting off strings

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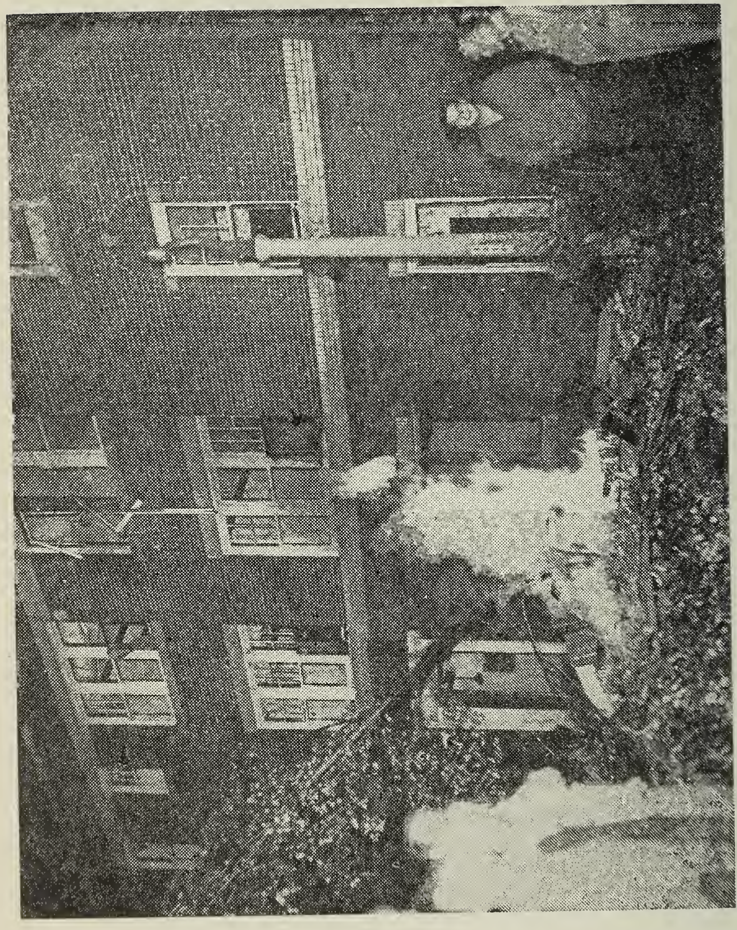
*The Clark's, moved in some of their belongings, but the bulk of the furniture destroyed was mine, not Clark's as Adams had not paid for it.



South exterior of building showing broken windows from which furniture was thrown into the pyre.

of fire-crackers. The chortling mob, stamping on the grass, cheers them on. Bricks fly, windows crash. One policeman gets conked on the head and other police take him to a hospital."

* *
*

"Upstairs on the third floor—where the Clark's had moved their furniture and clothing into their flat—the mobs storm troopers, who by days are high school athletes, students, shipping clerks, begin chopping with clubs and slashing with knives.

"The broken furniture begins sailing out of the windows. Now and then a picture ripped from the walls hurtles down.

"Newspaper photographers, TV men, are unlimbering their cameras and set up powerful flares, to light up the crowd. The mob yells: 'take our pitchers.' Men and women, their arms around each other, grimace against the bright lights and wave and cheer."

Newspaper reporters interviewed some of the adults in the crowd and I believe it is worth while to mention the comment.

A 60-year old woman explains:

"It's not that we are against the colored people. Sure they gotta right to live too. But we don't want 'em here. Our property would be ruined."

Another elderly woman commented about the boys throwing broken furniture on the fire—

"They're doin' exactly right. They're only protecting our homes."

One woman with glasses and a housewife's apron, remarked:

"It's a shame. Our boys are fighting and dying in Korea for democracy and look what's happening here. Is this civilized? How does it look to the rest of the world?"

Cries were heard from the crowd, "We don't want niggers here," and "Throw Judge Barnes on the fire, too."

* * *

I rushed to Adams' office. "You must do something about it," I kept urging him. Adams is on the telephone constantly. Leaders of the NAACP and of other civic organizations assemble in his office. "We will wire the governor," one of the men says. Then they continue to talk back and forth, and keep talking, talking, talking.

Reports of the Cicero "Police Action" circled the globe. American diplomats in far-flung corners of the earth were hard pressed to tell the exact location of Cicero. Some thought Cicero was in Southern Illinois, others thought it was a section of Chicago. The Chicago City Hall was besieged by demands that the Mayor take prompt action. Chicago Chief of Police said he had no men available.

I quote further from the report:

THURSDAY, JULY 12th

"Sheriff Babb, as chief law enforcement officer of Cook County, talked by telephone to Governor Stevenson at 12:30 p. m., at the instigation of Alderman Archibald Carey and others. The Governor was at first reluctant to call out the National Guard without a request from the Mayor of Cicero. Babb replied: 'If you can find the Mayor, let me know.' (Elsewhere he was reported as having said that Cicero authorities turned their backs on the disorders. Then Babb said that although the Mayor was at his summer place near Antioch, Illinois, he wanted the National Guard called immediatelv. as chief law enforcement officer of the county. Gov. Stevenson then sent the following telegram to Sheriff Babb; 'Proceeding in accordance with our understanding. Please confirm formally by wire your official request for National Guard forces to maintain law and order in Cicero.' Sheriffi Babb immediately replied, "Confirming my telephone conversation, I hereby notify you that the police forces available to me are unable to preserve the peace in Cicero, Cook County, Ill., and I therefore call upon you to dispatch necessary military forces to me in Cook County for the purpose of preserving the peace." Gov. Stevenson then issued this statement: "The Sheriff of Cook County has informed me that it is impossible to maintain law and order in Cicero and has formally requested assistance from the Illinois National Guard. The State's Attorney of Cook County, acting through his first assistant, has made the same representations and the same request. Accordingly, I have ordered units of Illinois National Guard into Cicero to assist the local police and the Sheriff's polic to maintain order."

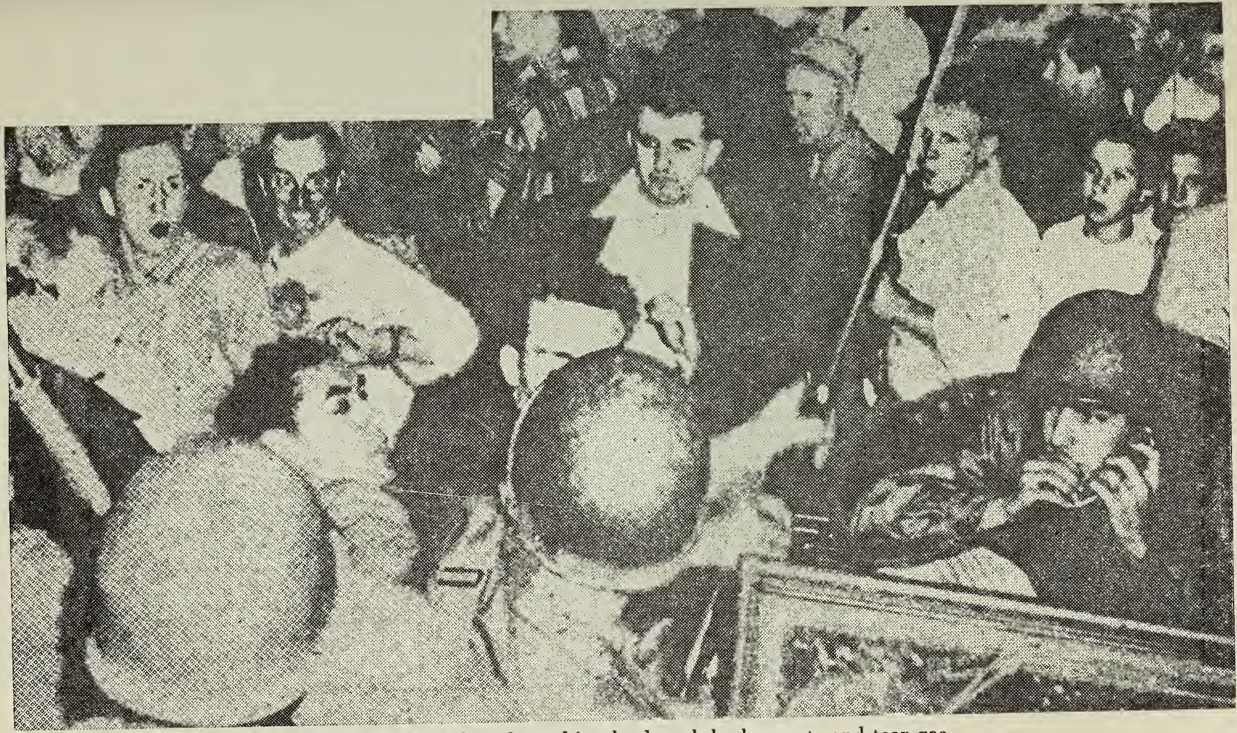
Since the Chicago division of the National Guard was still at summer maneuvers at Camp Grayling Michigan—several hundred miles north—Maj. Gen. Leo M. Boyle, Illinois Adjutant—General, dispatched five companies within a 40-mile radius: Company A of Woodstock, C of Elgin, D of Waukegan, G of Joliet, and H of Aurora. Gen. Boyle notified Col. Clifford Hodgin, commanding officer of the 129th infantry at Peoria to proceed to Cicero. First units arrived at the temporary Guard headquarters at the Cicero Town Hall at 4932 W. 25th place, between 7:30 and 8:00 p. m. Sheriff Babb was then informed that he or the town president had to issue a written directive to the commanding officer and this did not arrive until 9:42 p.m.

In the meantime, Sheriff Babb tried to mobilize the maximum number of Sheriff's deputies to protect the building. Of the 118 officers and men under his command for the whole of Cook County, he mobilized 60, asking the police of other Cook County towns to respond to county police calls. Also at the scene were many of the 80 police of Cicero. They formed a cordon at all intersections within two blocks of the apartment building in all directions. This was complicated by the fact that the city of Cicero ends across the street of the apartment, and Berwyn begins, but many Berwyn police were on duty just within Berwyn, while large crowds gathered at the periphery—estimated to number during the evening almost 10,000 persons—none were able to get within two blocks of the building. At 9:30 p.m., however, the police line two blocks west of the apartment broke and a crowd of 2,000-3,000 persons surged to within 300 feet of the west end of the building. The police lines in the other three directions held.

* * *

WHEN the police lines were broken, a call was made for the troops and they arrived in vehicles from the Cicero City Hall at 10:20 p.m. For more than an hour they made a shoulder-to-shoulder line to keep the crowd back of the western end of the building, but for more than an hour they did not push the crowd back. Young men, aged 16-20, about 300 feet from the apartment and about 100 feet inside the crowd from the National Guard, began throwing stones and bricks at the apartment building. No attempt was made to push the crowd back beyond the reach of stones or to arrest the vandals. In fact, the spotlight of the police car (M-5000) surrounded by the crowd in the field was used by the boys to illuminate the windows of the building as a target for the rocks. Every time a window was hit or broken, great cheers went up from the crowd. Also some firecrackers and flares were thrown toward the apartment.

Beginning at 11:30 p.m., the National Guard slowly pushed



Illinois National Guards pushing back mob by bayonets and tear gas.

the crowd gathered west of the apartment back 600 or more feet from the apartment. In the meantime, the crowd was focusing attention on the north side of the apartment and surged to only 50 feet from it. They threw in flares, bricks and finally burning torches. Several fires were started within the apartment. The fire trucks, standing in the vicinity, rushed to the building, threw water on the apartment and put out the fire. Fire-hoses were used to wet the south side of the building to prevent flares from burning and, earlier in the day, the whole building was purposely soaked by firemen to prevent fire.*

By 12:51 a.m., the National Guard had pushed the crowd away from the northwest corner of the building. In the melee, one police-car was overturned. It was reported that three other police-cars were overturned during the evening and an attempt was made to burn one vehicle. During the evening and early morning, 19 persons were reported injured, 13 being treated at MacNeal Memorial Hospital at Berwyn before being released. Among those injured were four National Guardsmen, four police officers, and nine civilians (including three men and one woman bayoneted by Guardsmen).

Approximately 70 persons were arrested. Four were charged with unlawful assembly and destruction of public property and bond was set at $50 for each charge. Ten were charged with unlawful assembly and assault to kill and bond was set at $100 for each charge. Fifty-six persons were charged with unlawful assembly and their bonds were set at $50 each. One of the

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*The statement, "the whole building was purposely soaked by firemen to prevent fire," is an amazing absurdity. The reader should think that through. Such an action is unheard of. The soaking, which is necessary in an actual fire, does far more damage than the fire itself. The fire damage is often readily repaired, the water damage is irreparable. The water soaks through the floors and ceilings, loosens the plaster, warps the sustaining lathes and wood framework and warps the floors. Soaking to prevent fire is never done. It amounts to wilfull and malicious destruction of property.

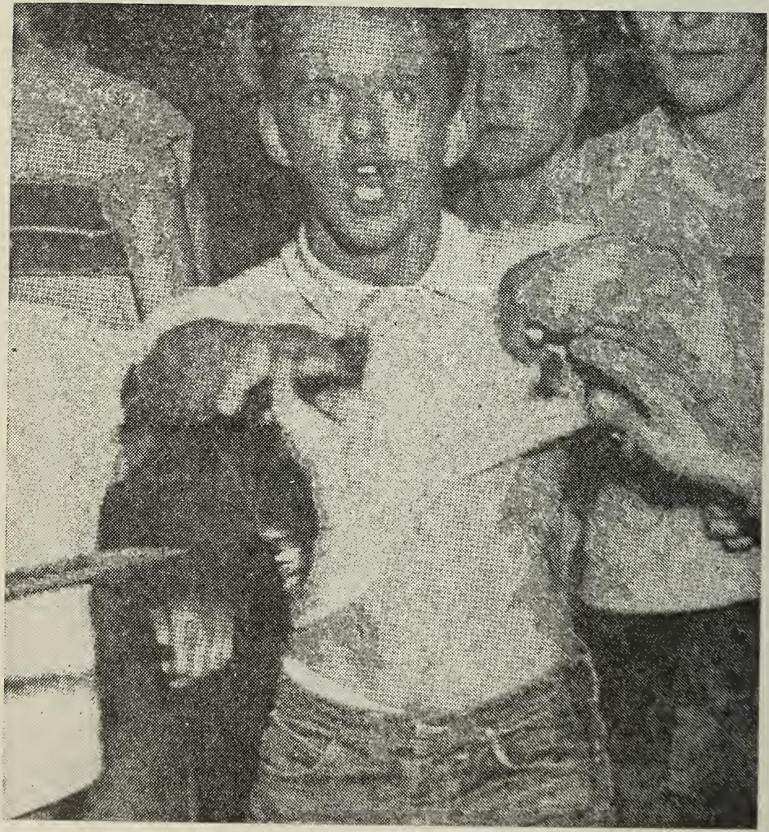
A Guardsman injured by a brick hurled by the rioters.

rioters pointed out to police by National Guardsmen. Especially troublesome was a GI home from Korea on 30-day leave. Police escorted him from the area and released him. Those arrested for participating in assaults were taken to the Bureau of Identification at the Chicago police headquarters for fingerprinting and to have their pictures taken.

Lt. Jack Johnson of the Bedford Park Sheriff's offiice stated that he would ask for a sweeping U. S. investigation of the clashes.

Henry J. Sandusky, town president, in a belated statement said:

> "I deeply regret this incident which has made it neces-to call upon the militia to re-establish law and order in this particular area. Our officers, limited in number, coped valiantly with the problem, but it became evident by Wednesday night's disorders that outsiders had invaded our



One of the Rioters with a bayonet wound.

> town, stormed our police lines and damaged the homes and properties of innocent citizens. Therefore to cope with these vandals Sheriff Babb and I have felt is necessary to call for aid."

Col. Hodgin declared the area bounded by Highland Avenue on the West (Berwyn), and Austin Blvd. on the East, between 16th Street and Cermak Road (22nd) to be under martial law. In imposing this, Col. Hodgin said:

> "We're here to maintain law and order. We will co-operate with local authorities. All persons living in this half-mile square area and those having places of business there will be required to show credentials before they enter the region and upon leaving it. The martial law will be in force until the troops are released from duty there."

The mob was under control by 12:45 a.m. early Friday morning and by 3:00 a.m. only a sprinkling of the crowd remained. A full company of Guardsmen remained on duty at the scene, while others went to nearby restaurants.

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Because my building commanded the front entrance to the town of Cicero, at the border-line in Berwyn, the troops camped on the parkway facing my building. I saw the picture of that unforgettable scene. A lump came to my throat, as I struggled to keep the tears from rushing to my eyes. The newspaper boy was yelling: "Hey! Read all about it! Troops camp in Berwyn-Cicero riot zone!" I purchased the newspaper and looked at the picture, at the war zone. Little had I dreamed that my building, representing the summit to which I had climbed, with so many set-backs, the symbol of my plans and toils, had become the outpost of a race war.

* * *

FRIDAY, JULY 13th

The report continues:

At noon when 500 persons gathered around National Guard lines several blocks from the apartment, Sheriff Babb ordered a five-strand barbed wire fence to be strung a block on all sides of the apartment. In the evening knots of persons gathered at the edges of the National Guard lines about four blocks each side of the apartment. When a large group gathered on Cermak Road (22nd Street), they were told to disperse and those not dispersing were picked out of the crowd by the soldiers and arrested by the police. During the evening about fifty persons were arrested—one newspaper reported the arrest of 54 adults and 14 juveniles. Of those arrested that evening, 22 were under 20 years of age, 20 were between 20-25 years, 3 were between 26-30 years, 6 were between 31-40 years, and two were over 40 years of age. Thirty-four of those arrested came from Chicago, four from Cicero, three each from Berwyn, Oak Park, and Elgin. At one time, the police station in Cicero was overcrowded with only six cells available for five prisoners each. Juveniles arrested were taken home from the police station by their parents and police said they would not prosecute.

SATURDAY, JULY 14th

The area around the apartment building was very "quiet" with no crowds gathering and no autos touring the area. The talk in the area still was: "We'll burn the building down to the ground as soon as protection is withdrawn."

SUNDAY, JULY 15th

There was quiet at Cicero, but Sheriff Babb said: "While it is true there has been an abatement of activity in this area for the last 36 hours, it does not indicate that there could not be another outbreak."

MONDAY, JULY 16th

After a conference of 22 various law enforcement officials in Sheriff Babb's office—including the Mayors of Cicero and Berwyn—it was agreed to reduce the number of National Guardsmen from about 500 to 200 or 100 men, retaining two suburban companies and one company of the 33rd Division's 228th Infantry composed of men from Berwyn and Cicero. The change was made without incident.

Sheriff Babb inspected the ruined building, from which 3 truckloads of debris had been removed, and said: "I don't know what would motivate people to do this sort of thing—it is sheer senseless destruction. I have never seen anything like it since I saw fought-over war areas."

On Monday afternoon, the 117 persons arrested appeared before Police Magistrate E. Marvin Capouch in Cicero Police Court. The cases were continued until August 6th at the request of James A. Brown, Assistant States Attorney. Brown said that his office wants to examine the charges to find the strongest cases and said he may ask that they be distributed among several justices of the peace. In this courtroom there was considerable commotion, with Joseph Beauharnais—prime mover of the race-hate white circle league—passing out new literature, prominently "Go, Go, Keep Cicero White."

Also on Monday, Robert R. Ming, member of the national NAACP legal committee, flew to Washington to confer with Fred Strine, acting head of the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice. Strine indicated that facts disclosed with respect to rioting probably showed federal jurisdiction.

An uneasy peace has existed in Cicero since that time, with police and National Guard lines shrinking so that onlookers can now get within a block of the apartment. The area is still technically under martial law and no crowds are permitted to gather. Patrick Touhy, Chief of the County Police, said: "Any gathering within a half-mile of the building will be considered unlawful assembly and will be dispersed or the participants will be arrested."

COMMUNITY ACTION

The Illinois Interracial Commission, under the direction of Russell Babcock (formerly an employee of the Commission on Human Relations of the City of Chicago), not only worked in Cicero before the disorders broke out, but had observers on the scene of the disorders day and night for more than a week. The Commission acted as liaison between the Governor the National-guard, Sheriff Babb, and the citizen groups. The actions the Commission took during the disturbances will be reported by them to the public at the proper time.

The Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination held a meeting on Thursday, July 12th, with representatives of several of its affiiliates to plan careful strategy to assure law and order. They had observers in Cicero almost every evening. On Friday noon, July 13th, they sent a delegation to confer with Sheriff Babb. They also issued the first running account of what occured during the violence and beforehand. Also on July 13th they had a meeting of representatives of more than 50 citizens groups. The meeting issued these five action suggestions:

1. Stay away from the area.
2. Commend Gov. Stevenson and Sheriff Babb for calling out the militia so rapidly.
3. Write letters to newspapers and radio stations.
4. Watch for signs of racial violence elsewhere in Greater Chicago.
5. Help mobilize constructive citizen action in Cicero and Berwyn.

The Chicago Council also aided the Chicago NAACP in planning the mass meeting on July 16th to raise funds for the Clark family. On July 17th, they sent another representative delegation to confer with Acting State's Attorney Breen and demanded a Cook County Grand Jury investigation. On July 17th they also held an enlarged meeting of their board of directors to discuss further action in Cicero. At this time they sent a letter to Governor Stevenson calling his attention to "the clear and present danger of resumption of violence in what is being widely misinterpreted as a condition of 'peace." They further declared that "the emergency is not yet over." On Thursday, July 20th, the Chicago Council established a special "Cicero Committee" to begin the short-and long-term task of initiating citizen action to assure that the Cicero violence would end in victory for democratic principles and not a defeat.

The Chcago NAACP has been involved in the situation right from the beginning, handling the legal action and also looking after the Clark family. Walter White flew into Chicago on July 14th and stayed four days. He conferred with Sheriff Babb, tourd Cicero, consulted with the Illinois state conference of NAAP branches, addressed a mass meeting on July 16th, and held several press conferences. He said, "Cicero is one of the most serious situations I've ever run across—even including the 1919 riots here . . . Never before, even in the South, have officers of the law been posted in a building to keep Negroes from moving in." He said that if Clark "doesn't move in, the mob will have won." He also declared that "It's the most valuable assist to *Pravda* because the news won't have to be distorted."

Many other civic agencies and organizations assigned full-time staff members to help quell the disorders and to work out long-time plans for Cicero.

PRESS AND RADIO

The first most Chicagoans heard of the disorders in Cicero was short news stories appearing in Wednesday evening and Thursday morning newspapers. After the Governor mobilized the National Guard in the afternoon of July 12th, the story hit the front pages and stayed there until Tuesday, July 17th.

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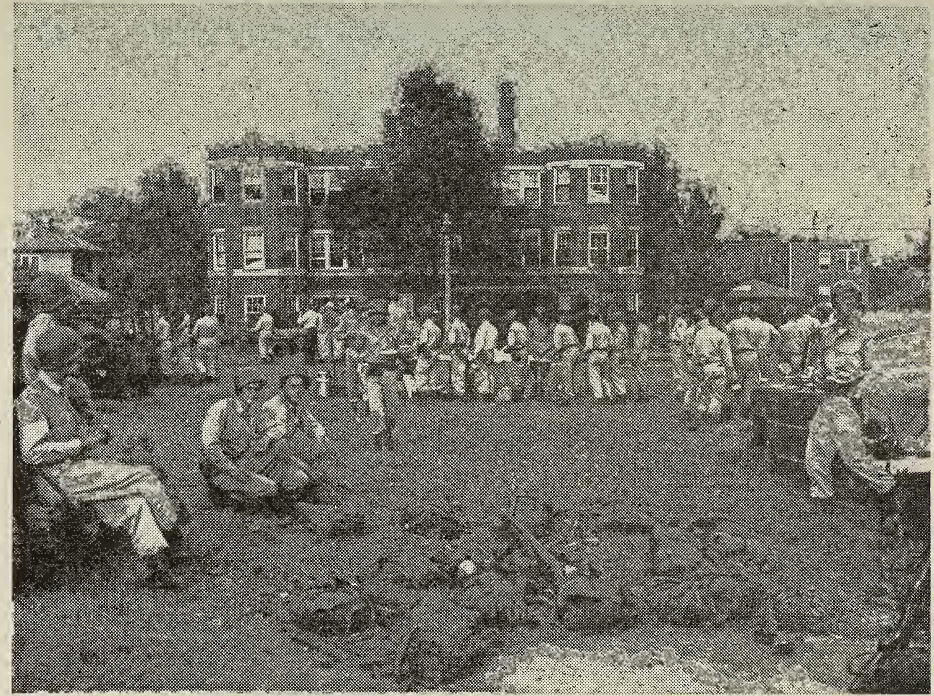
THE Chicago Sun-Times printed two excellent editorials on Friday and Saturday. *The Chicago Daily News* printed three editorials one on July 18th explaining the basis of unlawful assembly. It also printed long columns of letters to the editor about Cicero. *The Chicago Herald-American* in their news stories tried to find some communist origin to the disorders. *The Chicago Tribune* in condemning the violence editorially (7/14) asked, "If it is right for a majority (tenants) to use the force of government to defraud an economic minority (landlord's) why is it wrong for a majority (whites) to use force against a racial minority (Negroes)?"

The Cicero Life, published thrice a week, gave the incident. full news editorial coverage, in general reflecting community sentiment and defending the Cicero Police Department. One of its headlines read: "Cicero Dove of Peace Rests on Barbed Perch." On July 18th the editor wrote, "If, through some great reversal of the flow of time, we could live the last week over again, there isn't a thinking resident of Cicero who wouldn't give his right arm up to the elbow to prevent the twin tragedies that occurred Wednesday and Thursday nights." It also published numerous letters to the editor, a few especially from former residents of Cicero, expressing shame. The smaller *Cicero News* carried an editorial decrying the violence but indicating that Negroes would not be welcomed in the community.



Front view of riot building, showing State militia camping after rioting had died down.

The story went on the news wires and appeared in newspapers throughout the country and world. *The New York Post* sent a race relations reporter especially to Chicago. Editorials appeared in many newspapers. *The New York Times* editorialized: "If there is a shred of community pride left in Cicero among decent-minded persons, it is high time that it be asserted." Calling the violence "a national disgrace," *The New York Times* concluded, "The outbreak at Cicero would be just as nasty and reprehensible if Karl Marx had never been born and if no communist had ever made a broadcast. This is a moral problem in its own right and we ought to face it as such." Accounts of the riots appeared in *Time, Newsweek, and Life* magazines, the latter heading its two pages of pictures, "New Disgrace for Cicero." Mrs. Roosevelt in her syndicated column on July 20th said in part, "Every time something like this happens in the United States, we make enemies for our country and weaken the strength of democracy everywhere."

Radio and television carried the story fully. Motion picture cameras were on the scene of the riots and these were put on TV on Friday and perhaps earlier, both locally and on at least one national TV program. Clifton Utley devoted a long editorial to the violence on his TV news show on Thursday evening and this was reprinted in *The Chicago Sun-Times* on Friday. In part he said, "I do not know whether Stalin intends to send a note of thanks to the members of the Cicero mob. He should."

THE FUTURE?

The mortgagees of the apartment building had a contractor inspect it on July 19th and he found that 20 stoves and 20 refrigerators were damaged. The electric and telephone wires were damaged, radiators pulled out, the windows and window-frames broken. It is estimated that it will take about $50,000 and about three months' time to repair the building.

The insurance on the building has been cancelled and the owner is trying to induce the Illinois Insurance Commission to force several insurance companies to organize a pool to furnish insurance for the building. It is reported that the $65,000.00 mortgage may be recalled if no insurance is soon forthcoming.

The City of Cicero went to Court on July 19th to ask that the building be boarded up. Federal Judge Igoe continued the motion until July 30th. The present owner George C. Adams feels that it will be ruined unless repair work is started soon and he is trying to get several *persons to loan him* $50,000 *on a mechanics lien* so he can begin to repair the building and pay for the repairs before the damage suits are settled.

Federal Judge Barnes who issued the temporary injunction against Cicero officials has been out of Chicago during July and he will not be presented with a petition to enforce the injunction until he returns on July 21st.

* * *

WHEN one runs from a burning building he forgets his lesser losses. During the whirlgig of the Cicero riots, with loss and destruction from day to day, I was too bewildered to fight the lesser evils. Yet, throughout those stormy days, now dying down, the newspapers carried alarming stories about me, with headlines such as "Hunt Ex-owner of Riot Flats," with my picture on the front page of every newspaper. In the body of one column the following appeared:

> "The search was based on a writ (of *ne exeat*) issued by Federal Judge Campbell to prevent her from leaving the jurisdiction of the court while a rent overcharge suit is pending against her."

That was the case which was to be dropped "automatically" with the passing of the ownership of my building! My mother heard of the publicity. She became alarmed. What crime had my mother committed that I should give her such shocks? I often thought. She called Adams by telephone: "What is this about my daughter? What's happening? How is she? What is this all about? What's wrong now? Is she alright?" mother asked. "Your daughter is okay, everything is taken care of, I am taking care of everything, she is okay," Adams assured her.

Two days later, unannounced, Adams and Edwards drove up to mother's house, neighbors saw them strut around, he rang mother's doorbell and paid her a visit. He had nothing to report, and the reason for his visit was then a mystery.

A few days later the newspapers carried a story of a bombing of my mother's home. The news was also told over the radio. I 'phoned at once. Mother told me about the bombs excitedly. I was furious. I rushed to Adams' office. I demanded to know what had happened to my parents. The office was crowded with Negro leaders mapping a fight for civil rights for the Clark's. Adams was again posing for pictures. I interrupted. He said, "Oh, nothing much happened, just a couple of stench bombs." "What do you mean, nothing?" I shouted. "That's plenty. You had better do something about it."

I telephoned to the Berwyn Chief of Police for protection. He said, "We can't give your family protection—I don't have officers at your disposal, you know." I said, "O. K., chief. I don't intend to stand by and let my parents get killed in their home. I'll appeal to the Governor to send troops here, too, and I'm not kidding either." Adams saw me go into action and said, "Well, if they're afraid, we'll get some fellows and get them out."

I spoke to Attorney Leighton about what has happened, and Leighton said bluntly that they are not interested in my family. They're white. That they're interested only in the

Clark's.

Later I 'phoned mother again, and found mother cheerful. She said the tenant upstairs had taken over. The tenant is an attorney and an executive in the Internal Revenue Department. He lives with his wife and child. He called the Berwyn police and the building was being patrolled.

* * *

WE turn away from unwelcome thoughts as a child turns away from distasteful medicine. Facing the truth, meeting the onrushing events as they occur, is the only correct way, but if truth is frightening, if good judgment is painful, we face the other way. Let us not boast that we are not a gullible race, nor that we go forth according to our best judgment, in the direction of our best interest. We don't go to a dentist to have our tooth pulled until the pain overcomes our fears. We shie away from the doctor for fear he may tell us a frightening truth. I wishfully told myself that my building was not too badly damaged. I wishfully told myself that Adams would not default in payments on the $38,000.00 mortgage nor on the other securities which he sold me, under such fervent promises and assurances. Didn't he call to my attention, again and again, that he was a lawyer of standing, that he is accountable for his acts to the courts and to the bar association? Did he not show compassion for my helplesness and my trustfulness? Yet his slips were showing in increasing frequency. Then, too, I had to flee from the ravages of rent control, from the firce snarls of my tenants, and who but Adams came to my rescue, to take over my building and shoulder my responsibilities?

Whatever I possessed was now bound up with Adams. His office was the citadel of both my past and my future. My footsteps steadily pointed in the direction of his office.

In our system of checks and balances, we get receipts, give and get notes, and put our promises on paper. In my dad's background, as I have said in the earlier part of this book, practically all transactions were verbal. Breaking of one's word was a thing never thought of. Here things are more complicated. Yes I have seen hundreds of thousands of dollars passed on trust. I bought and sold buildings, as did my parents, the lawyers took money, brought money, made prorations, ending in settlement sheets showing everything to the penny. Until rent control period I did not have the experience of falsehood in business or the unthinkable violation of a person's word or promise, the most holy unwritten law of *parole.*

More and more I felt an attachment to Adams, not only because he took care of my interests, but because of the swirl of things by which he was belabored. I felt a gnawing pain all over. Not a physical pain, but an ache which I couldn't reach by a drugstore lotion. I thought of the Clark's. The fury of a cruel mob storming against a young American Negro soldier, his young wife and helpless tots. I shudder to think what might have happened to them if they had remained in the apartment. But they did meet a smaller mob when they first arrived. The tots, their little minds bewildered, asked heartrending questions.

"Why do these people spit at us, Mommy?" little Michele asked. "Why are we black? Are we Negroes? Why do they calls us such names? Why am I a nigger, Daddy?"

Then I begin to feel sorry for myself. I should have known that it is dangerous to befriend or tolerate a Negro. I should have known that is permissible to sell almost everything to a Negro excepting a place to live. Who is to blame for my miseducation? Yet I realize that the Negro incident would never have happened if the Cicero officials had not misled, not me but my lawyers, with their rent resolution.

* * *

THIS is a good place to say adieu to the scene, which ended with ruin and desolation. A scene which brought thousands of people from both Cicero and Berwyn, all rushing headlong toward a human whirlpool, with an aftermath of broken furniture, broken windows, apartments viciously ruined by deliberate flooding, my red draperies flying from the windows of my apartment, beautiful and expensive drapes, yet appearing to be a red flag hoisted to replace the Stars and Stripes of freedom, friendship and democracy. The ghastly panorama continues to flit before my eyes. Trees uprooted, some denuded of branches, the garden trampled.

Yet, as I said, I staunchly relied upon my redeemer, my attorney. After the storms of the riots died down, I found myself again in Adams' office. While there, in walked Harvey E. Clark. He appeared weary and dejected. He turned to me and said, "I lost everything. I need help, and I need it badly." He kept repeating that he was in dire distress. He had no place to live. He had no money for his living expense, no money for rent and no apartment for his family. Talking to both Adams and me, he said he needs some money, that he would pay it back as soon as he can. Adams was noncommital, did everything else which seemed more important to him. With Adams paying no attention, it fell upon me to make the sacrifice. Finally, I loaned Mr. Clark $200.00.

Adams and Edwards were inseparable. Edwards a *silent* partner in the literal sense of the word. He rarely spoke. As I said earlier, they look alike and act alike excepting that Adams talked for both. Edwards was introduced to me as a real estate agent, and, at least at the outset, they addressed each other as Mr. Adams and Mr. Edwards, unusual among office and business associates. Adams claimed he had never had any children. During the riots, the newspapers described Edwards as Adams' grand nephew-in-law! What does this contradiction signify? Whatever it signifies, it is a contradiction, and puzzling!

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PLEASE, dear reader, do not be prejudiced against me if you are a tenant. At this writing I am on your side. I am a tenant. But permit me the last few words about my Cicero tenants. I often heard it said that we could feed all of Europe from our garbage cans. But Europeans are too far away. How about feeding our hungry? For instance. On a summer day I was doing some outside painting. Tenant A came out with his golf outfit and golf clubs; tenant B took off to the country; the C's drove up in a new automobile. A large bundle of clothes and shoes, all in good condition, was tossed out; Tenant D had thrown out a lot of good food and a whole cooked chicken; Tenant E discarded a large bundle of little Marie's clothes, some never worn. I packed eight cartons full of the clothes and 'phoned a young mother with seven children, who was wild with gratitude. In the bundles were also toys and food.

In the garbage can were thrown a whole ham, food which many would have been thankful for, clothes of every description, shoes, bed spreads, curtains and a variety of things. Whatever I could salvage. I found people in need, or called the Salvation Army who would send for discarded things. I couldn't afford to live so lavishly, but then I was the landlady. I didn't have what it takes, the tenants did. I mean votes.

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WHEN I arrived at Adams' office again, his secretary said, "He left a message for you to go down to suite 926, to attorney Keys' office, on the 9th floor."

I promptly left, took the elevator to the 9th floor, and walked to room 926. I entered the reception room. I was told to go right into Mr. Keys' office, which was closed. I knocked. Adams opened the door, gestured for me to enter, and said, "Good afternoon, Miss DeRose, you know Mr. Leighton?"

I smiled and greeted him. With another gesture toward the man behind the desk, Adams continued, "Miss De Rose, Mr. Keys, this is Camille DeRose, the Cicero landlady."

Mr. Keys looked at me penetratingly, and said, "Have a chair, Miss De Rose," in a voice deeply sympathetic. The men had all risen when I entered, and sat down as I did. They continued their discussion about the riots and the various phases of legal possibilities.

Mr. Keys sat behind a modern, somewhat triangular desk, on a swivel chair matching, as did the arm chairs. The desk was cluttered with files, dictaphones, telephones, book-ends, pipes and a variety of papers and objects.

As is my habit, unnoticed I took a mental inventory of the men and the surroundings. I saw the pictures on the wall and the contents of the room. Mr. Keys seemed to have all the comforts of home crowded into his smallish office. Without returning his glances, I noticed that his eyes were steadily upon me, as if I had bewitched him, although he carried on his end of the conversation. I noticed that Mr. Keys was of medium height, built like an athlete, that he had sharp though smiling eyes and an impressive personality. As I explained, I had not had any association or experience with Negroes, until chance brought me in contact with Adams. To me there ap-

Attorney Ulysses S. Keys.

peared to be no basic difference, but a difference in complexion, and even that difference was not great, for I had known many of Spanish, Italian and people of other origin who were of darker complexion than some of the Negroes I was now meeting.

Yet I did hear conversations about Negroes before I met Adams—and more since—just as I heard conversations, and gossip, about neighbors and people in general. Such conversations left no impression. To me a man was a man, a woman a woman. For the first time I was conscious of a typical Negro in Mr. Keys, physically. Personally, he seemed polite, kindly, soft-spoken, even fascinating.

The chief conversation in both Adams' and Keys' offices was the huge rally to take place in a Negro church on the South Side to raise funds for the Clark's and for the NAACP. The Negro press featured the rally on the front page. Mr. Adams' newspaper devoted a full page to it. I decided to attend.

On the evening of the rally, I dressed in a light tan suit matching the color of my hair. My outfit was attractive. I had moved into an apartment on the near North Side. I took a street car going toward the South Side. Until then I had never been on the great South Side of Chicago, strange as it may seem. I had not had occasion to go there. The street car turned at various intersections and I kept asking the conductor about my destination. He finally came to a stop and directed me to transfer at that point. I hailed a taxi and told the driver to take me to that church. He drove on for several blocks to a stop, opened the door and two Negro men and a woman got into the cab. The presence of the woman dispelled my fright. Later I learned that the South Side cabs are known as jitneys, of which I had not heard before. I finally arrived at the church.

Leaving the cab, I found myself the object of attention. The sun had not quite set, and the streets were light. The weather was pleasant. Many people were loitering outside. Some of the Negro men tried to attract my attention. When I reached the church I found many people outside, and some crowding around the door. As I approached, the people formed an aisle for me. There were many also standing in the corridor of the church as well as inside. When I entered the church a young man promptly brought a folding chair and placed it in a convenient location for me to occupy. The meeting had already started. I recognized Attorney Leighton and Mr. and Mrs. Clark seated on the dais with a number of other prominent Negro speakers. Adams was seated in the front row but not on the dais.

The speakers spoke with inspiration. The keynote was discrimination and civil rights. They described the riots and painted a word picture of the destruction, the burning of Clark's furniture, as Hitler burned books, and the sad and helpless condition of the Clark family. My eyes swept over the large gathering of people seated and standing, the seats extending in a semi-circle from the dais raised in tiers toward the rear. A balcony jutted from the rear to about the middle of the auditorium. There was a sprinkling of white people in the audience. The reception given me was that of a celebrity if not a curiosity.

After the speeches the minister asked all to rise and offered a prayer. All stood with bowed heads as the benediction was pronounced.

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THE rally was called for the purpose of raising funds. It was held under the auspices of the NAACP. Donations and pledges were called for and before the meeting was over the chairman announced that there was $2,000.00 collected at that meeting. The speeches went into detail regarding the happenings at the Cicero riot, as I said before, but my name was not mentioned, nor was any reference made to the destruction of my furniture or other property. It is my habit to find logical reasons for things, and I assumed that such an omission was somehow intended for my benefit. The pageantry of the church, the large public response, the liberal donations, the mutual sympathy and the prayer by the minister, all made me feel that we are all God's children, black and white, and I felt as keenly as they the injustice heaped upon the millions of our fellow citizens for no other reason that they were born with darker skin. In the eyes which were turned to me from the audience I saw no trace of unfriendliness; they were eyes which shone with understanding and even affection. Leighton, the Clark's and others showed me special attention, as Leighton went back and forth asking and announcing donations. I offered to donate the $200.00 Clark had borrowed. The rally over, I made my way through the milling crowd giving and receiving greetings, as I was being recognized. Adams came by and I said "hello." He looked around, detective-like, and said "There were some threatening 'phone calls against you tonight. They said they're going to get you. We have extra police here tonight, I want to get you out safely." He turned and greeted Attorney Ulysses S. Keys, "Hello, Keys, how are you?" Then, turning to me, he continued, "You know Miss DeRose." Keys said, warmly, "hello," as Adams kept talking, "We had some threats here tonight. I want to get her out safely. I would take her home myself, but it is better for us not to be seen together. You have a car, you can see her home. The U. S. Marshall may be here." Adams bowed and left. Mr. Keys moved up closer as we followed the people leaving. Still in the aisle Keys introduced me to a Mr. Peck and Mrs. Rockaway. I asked Mr. Keys to drop me off at an L station or street-car. As we reached the sidewalk I saw a policeman coming toward us, and recalling what Adams said about the Marshall, I became frightened. Noticing my tenseness, Keys took my hand, saying, "Don't be alarmed. You are with me." "What if I'm stopped?" I asked. "Just say you are Mrs. Keys," he suggested.

Going toward an automobile, Keys said he was sorry he didn't have his car there, but that Mr. Peck would drive us. Mrs. Rockaway discussed a rent case with Keys. Going along, Mr. Keys asked if I would like to stop at the Club DeLisa for the show. It was not too late in the evening, and I was aglow with the new world of the South Side, and the suggestion of a show intrigued me. I said, "yes." He again said that I should just say that I'm Mrs. Keys. "Is there a Mrs. Keys?" I asked.

He replied, "Yes there is, but we are getting a divorce, we have been separated as she is now in Jamaica." At the club we watched a Negro floor show, and Mr. Keys ordered first one drink then another. After the second drink I told Mr. Keys emphatically, that I couldn't take more and that I am not the world's best drinker. In our conversation I learned that he had been a government attorney at the rent office for four years.

I thought that the whole course of my life might have been changed had I known Mr. Keys during my troubles with the rent office. Here was the answer to all my rent difficulties, and an honest, kindly and responsible attorney. Now that Mr. Adams had taken over my property, there remained a serious unfinished matter which Adams described as a molehill out of which I was making a mountain. But the molehill *was a mountain* under the name of *United States of America Against Camille De Rose!* And for the first time I learned two words which chilled my blood, *ne exeat,* for which the United States Marshal was on the prowl ready to spring from behind any bush, any building. I felt even now that Keys is the key to my redemption. Consciously and subconsciously, Keys grew bigger and bigger in my imagination.

I was becoming more and more confused about Adams. The name of Mrs. Adams was mentioned more than once by speakers and announcers at the rally, yet Adams was not with her throughout the meeting. And as I thought of his eagerness to rush me out of the church, I felt there must be some undisclosed reason for his attitude. The more I thought of Adams, the more I mentally hugged Keys. I felt that I was again in danger of being thrown overboard, and I felt that Keys came just in time, as a lifeboat, as a new redeemer.

* *

I had eaten a late lunch but had no dinner. The excitement of the evening dulled my appetite, which was awakened perhaps by drinks and the late hour. I said I had better go home. I meant to avoid telling where I lived, as I was living in a white neighborhood, under an assumed name. I gave my address to no one (excepting to Adams), not even to my folks. Keys suggested that we go somewhere to get a bite to eat, and that he would take me home afterward. Leaving the Club DeLisa, Keys hailed a cab and mentioned a place to drive to. He said he knew a place which had a nice dining room. We stopped in front of a hotel restaurant. He asked me to remain in the cab to find out if the dining room is still open. He soon returned and said that the main dining room was closed, but that they served in the private dining rooms, as the kitchen is open all night.

At the Club DeLisa the hours fled by as we were watching the show, the dancing, talking about life on the South Side, the Rally, and particularly my experiences with the rent office and all that led to the riots. It was now past midnight. I was more and more impressed by Mr. Keys' understanding and ready knowledge of both the facts and the law involved in the many things which we discussed.

Returning to the cab he helped me to step out as he paid and dismissed the driver. We took the elevator to an upper floor. We entered a suite with living room furniture. He asked me what I would like, and because of the late hour I said I might as well eat breakfast—bacon and eggs. He ordered from the kitchen and in a short time the trays came up with appetizing food, steaming hot coffee, and champagne cocktails. We ate heartily. We couldn't run dry in our conversation about the many things of mutual interest, so we kept talking while eating. His interest in me and in my difficulties was genuine.

The trays gone, the conversation running thin, we were standing at the extra fire place, the radio playing soft music. Mr. Keys was fixing another drink. I warned him that I am one of those who can take my liquor or leave it alone, and that it's my turn to leave it alone. Unmindful of my protest, he handed me a drink and I commenced to sip it, then put it down on the mantle. He did likewise. Not too suddenly he put his arms around me, saying, "You're not afraid any more, are you?'

I said I was confused. The light switch being within arms length from where we were standing, he turned off the light. The light from the next room streamed into our room. My thoughts went into action. There was an impossible barrier between us. I had determined not to see him socially. Yet at the moment I was magnetized to him. I felt that perhaps centuries back this soulful colored man was my all-consuming passion. Just at that moment I was aflame with a love which had always burned. Or was that an obsession? I try to convince myself that it is an obsession. I finally settle the question that it is an obsession. But what can I do with an obsession? What is an obsession? Aren't all powerful attachments obsessions, pure, simple and—maybe not so pure? In the dim lights he was not colored, in the magnatized atmosphere he was not bold and in the loss of all resistance I was not resentful. But I promised not to repeat the experience.

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I felt secure in my anonymity. The photographs in the newspapers were insufficient to identify me. My whereabouts was known to my attorney only. In his office *only* might I be trapped. I had not visited my folks for months. When I telephoned to mother I used a booth, never twice the same one. Several days after the Rally, having determined to avoid Mr. Keys, I went to Adams' office. Just then two stalwart men entered and in a commanding voice turned to one of the attorneys who happened to be in the reception room and pointing at me, asked, "Is this Miss DeRose?" Before he could open his mouth, I quickly answered, "No!" The attorney was aware of the situation and suggested to the men that they might return when Mr. Adams was there. Trembling I went into the attorney's private office to wait for Adams, but realized that the men might return. I left by another door and, fearing to take the elevator, I walked all the way down from the fourteenth floor. I went to a cafeteria a block away and waited for about an hour and a half. Feeling that the coast was clear I returned to Adams' office. The elevator cars are narrow in that building. I stepped into the elevator and there were the two men. By the time I realized what I stepped into, the door closed and we were on the way up. And to make matters more eerie, Mr. Keys was also on the elevator. Apparently he read the strain on my face, as I looked away from him without greeting him. He also kept silent. At the 9th floor the door opened. Mr. Keys stepped off and I followed him to escape the men.

I walked down the hall. I spoke to Mr. Keys, told him about the two rough-looking suspicious men. I followed him into his office. "You're safe here," Mr. Keys assured me. I thought to myself, "I wonder." I told him that I had waited for Mr. Adams, but that now I was afraid to go up to his office. Adams had 'phoned and asked me to come, but he wasn't there when I arrived. Mr. Keys 'phoned Adams' office, but he had not returned. Just then the door opened suddenly, and there was a camera flash! Quickly Mr. Keys rushed me to an inner office and told me to wait. He then followed the men into the hall. I overheard him saying, "You can't do this." They were newspaper photographers.

I told Mr. Keys that I was tired and worried. He poured a drink for me. Nothing was mentioned about that fateful night we spent together. Again, at that moment, I felt an irresistable attachment for him, even strengthened by this unstinted willingness to protect me. I thanked him and left, even as I resolved not to see him again, socially or professionally.

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MY daily visits to Adams' office were now dictated by desperation. Yet when I remained away for a single day, when I would call by telephone for messages from my mother, I would be informed by Adams' secretary that he wished to see me, always on something important or urgent. Responding to such messages, I would frequently call at the hour indicated and wait for hours in Adams' absence. The pattern was to keep me hovering around his office. I received such a message soon after the Rally. When I called I again found Adams away from the office and waited and waited. When he came in he said he had a brilliant proposition for both of us regarding the building. That all the tenants were out, and that the building can now be reopened as a decontrolled property, or can be sold as a co-op after making repairs.

Adams said that he had all that property throughout the South Side, but that he is short of cash. That *we* can reopen the buildng by expending $10,000.00 for repairs, if I would give him $10,000.00.

I had become impatient waiting for him. I said that I was tired of waiting around in his office from day to day. "My time, my life, has some value, too. I have been waiting to finish prorating on the sale of the building, which hasn't been done. You were telling me of the big income you have from all those buildings you own, and the many managers you employed to take care of your many buildings. Where is all that income? I sold my building to you. All I want are the payments and the interest."

He asked me to be calm and acted hurt. He called attention to his honesty and loyalty and to all he had done for me, and that he is more concerned for my welfare than for his own. He kept up a barrage of explanations and assurances. He said that the $38,000.00 note is signed by the La Salle National Bank, one of the largest banks in Chicago, that the bank is responsible and stands back of the note, that his standing is high with that bank, which is proved by their signature on the note, which shows how far the bank went because of his standing. That not only is the bank behind that note, but that George C. Adams is also behind it, and that behind George C.

Adams is the bar association, the NAACP, his newspaper, his vast holdings and his reputation. He repeated again and again that *we* now have a chance to triple the income from the Cicero building. I said that I would give him the $10,000.00 if he would give me good security, such as a good first mortgage on any of his properties, and that I would have another attorney examine the security.

With the mention of the $10,000.00 Adams' face brightened and he said "Let's go down and have a cup of coffee."

I had become familiar with an almost fixed routine. Whenever we came to any point of agreement, Mr. Adams would interrupt the conversation by asking me to lunch, or he would run out of the office after a telephone call. Instinctively I knew that he would come forth with a new thought or new proposition enlarging or changing our point of agreement. I was not wrong in my supposition.

* * *

THE next day Adams again went into a marathon conversation with me between incoming telephone calls. He said that *we* can become rich from the Cicero building. I didn't quite understand the *we*, as I had sold the building, and thought perhaps he is using the word "we" as meaning himself and his family. He proposed that *we* convert the building by dividing each apartment into two units, that the conversion can be made while it was being repaired, and that I should supervise the reconstruction. I was to join him in this money-making enterprise. Also, that he knew of a contractor who would give him a written estimate of $20,000.00, but he would make the repairs for about $8,000.00, then present the $20,000.00 bill to the insurance company and *we* would make the difference. As he spoke I was seized with a feeling of desperation against which I struggled.

He continued, "You have your money idle, you might just as well have it work for you. Make it $20,000.00 and I will give you six per-cent." I said, not too confidently, that I will give him the $20,000.00 at six per-cent, and asked if he had brought the necessary documents and information regarding the properties which were to be security, and that I would submit to my attorney. "You are now attorney for George C. Adams," I said. "I must have *my* attorney to advise *me.*" "Fine," he said, as before.

Before the day was over, I tried to come to some conclusion with Mr. Adams, but was becoming more and more disturbed. As he was expecting me to produce another $20,000.00, I was in a bargaining position. The newspapers continued to refer to me as as the "rent control violating landlady," and that I was being hunted on a writ of *ne exeat,* I demanded that this matter be cleared up; that I cannot be put off any longer. "Oh, they're dropping it, but it takes a little time," he said again and again. I demanded that he get it in writing. He went through repeating the various promises of legal proceedings, actions and appeals, all of which will wipe out all actions against me—tomorrow. Adams resumed his chatter about the Cicero building, and how *we* will become rich in handling it.*

Finally, Adams came up with a new proposition. He proposed that I should give him $30,000.00 for the very highest type of security, a *genuine* $30,000.00 mechanics lien on the Cicero building! This he kept repeating, with gusto, stating that the mechanics lien would come ahead of the $65,000.00 mortgage.

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*What I did not know at that time was that Adams had called upon the NAACP to raise $50,000.00 for repairs to the Cicero building, so that it may be used to assert the civil rights of the colored people, else it would amount to a surrender. On the other hand, I overheard telephone conversation between Mr. Adams and a Cicero real estate broker who was to offer the building to Cicero citizens or Cicero authorities at a high price to prevent Negroes from coming into Cicero.

I was becoming feeble over what I commenced to understand. Until then I dismissed any suspicion against Adams which seeped into my mind. Adams had not invested anything in my building which I "sold" him; Adams sold me oil stock which paid no dividends; Adams sold me a mortgage for $12,500.00; Adams sold me another something for $8,500.00; Adams was my investment counsel. Now my "redeemer," will make me rich by defrauding the insurance company and by offering me a *genuine* mechanics lien for $30,000.00 cash!

I rose and said, "It seems to me, Adams, when I get through with you, I will have a very expensive vacant lot."

He laughed deliriously. Desperation took hold of me. I screamed at him. If I had the power I would have torn him in shreds! If I had a weapon I would have destroyed him.

* * *

I rushed out of Adams' office as I was becoming choked up with a sense of defeat and frustration, as tears gushed from my eyes and streaked my face. In that shape I could not take the elevator. I scrambled down the stairway, tripping, stumbling. I steeled myself against the storm within me. I was headed toward the ladies' room to wash my face and restore my make-up. The ladies' room was kept locked and I had no key. I decided to ask the girl in Mr. Keys' office. I opened it cautiously to look for the young lady, hoping to be unobserved by others in the office. As I slowly opened the door I found Mr. Peck standing in the reception room. He noticed my distraction. He asked me what was wrong. I struggled with my speech, wondering if I should confide in this young colored student. What help could he give me against a seasoned, resourceful swindler? I asked him for the key to the washroom. Giving me the key, he again inquired, "What is wrong, Miss De Rose?" I said, "everything is wrong—Mr. Adams—is all wrong." Returning the key, as if talking to myself, I said, "I don't know just what to do. I must find a lawyer to take care of my affairs," and walking out, Mr. Peck said, "You had better wait. Mr. Keys, I'm sure, will want to know about this." Just then Mr. Keys was also at the door.

Mr. Keys, also noticing my distraction, although freshened, asked what's on my mind. I told him that Mr. Adams got me all entangled with the law and has title to my property, and lots of my money. Mr. Keys asked me to come in, saying, "This is serious. I will call in Mr. Leighton," (Attorney for NAACP, of which Mr. Keys was also special counsel.)

Soon Attorney Leighton arrived. Mr. Keys explained that "Miss DeRose came down all upset and alarmed. She thinks Adams had cheated her." They asked me to start from the beginning. I said that the rent differences with the rent office and the complications with the court proceedings got me confused and that I followed Adams' advice to sell him the building. I felt I had no choice. Now, as my investment counsel, it looks as if Adams took away everything I had. That he kept asking me to trust him, that he can't mislead me because he is a lawyer and that I should tell no one about our transactions. That now my building is gone and my cash is almost gone, and all went to Adams. Over the radio I heard that the United States Marshal is hunting for me, and Adams keeps telling me that it is nothing and that he would take care of it. That while he tells me to keep under cover, he is jubilant as if nothing is wrong. Meanwhile he wants me to turn over to him what little money I have left.

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LEIGHTON and Keys exchanged knowing glances, and Leighton said, "It sounds like Adams' pattern." Now Keys seemed all upset, walking back and forth across the room. From time to time Keys stopped and looked at me penetratingly. I met his gaze. I saw the soul in his eyes. I commenced to take heart again. I wishfully thought that at long last I may be in good hands. I felt that Keys was more than a match for Adams. It also seemed as if there was a meeting of the minds between Keys and Leighton. They were the leaders in the Negro community, championing their civil right cause, freshly attacked by Cicero, that they were working together in the Harvey Clark rallies, and, I felt, they could not afford to permit one of their top members, such as Adams, to cheat a white woman, who was even more sinned against than, and jointly with, Clark.

Leighton spoke again, saying, "It sounds very much like the Adams newspaper deal."

The actions and remarks of these co-workers with Adams in their racial activities were more alarming than reassuring. For there always had been a wishful hope that the contradictions and irregularities might somehow be explained, perhaps justified, by Adams. Now I'm told that what Adams did to me follows a pattern. I could contain myself no longer. I rushed back to Adams' office. I faced him as he was sitting at his desk. I stormed at him. In my fury I found myself swearing, something I had never done before. I told him that at long last I am beginning to see through him. That the proposed mechanics lien swindle was clear to me; that the offer to swindle the insurance company was also clear. "You took my building without paying a cent. I made no rent violations, you did. I came to you when you represented yourself as an honest and capable lawyer. I asked you a simple question about rent control on which you claimed to be expert. I wound up without a building, without money and without my freedom. You will pay for what you did to me—and listen, you—there is no room in this world for both of us, and don't think I don't mean it." I kept pounding on his desk until my hand was raw. He was cowering behind his desk.

Leighton entered. "What's the trouble, brother Adams?"

Adams said, "She gets excited. She's nervous over nothing. Everything is fine."

"What do you mean everything is fine?" I shouted. "Everything is fine for you. It isn't fine for me. My building is lost, my home is lost, my furniture is gone and the United States Marshall is hunting for me. The oil stock is as phony as you are, you slimy bastard. And what about the $8,500.00, do you think you'll get away with that . . ."

Adams got up some steam, and shouted back, "I didn't tear up your building, the Cicero savages did." But his bravado didn't register. He could sense that from Leighton's grim countenance. Adams' face darkened, so he was even more "mixed" than he had admitted. His reddish hair was beginning to show where it had been died black. He became abject and apologetic. He pretended to reach into his desk and fumbled with papers, saying, "I'm not doing anything wrong. I am taking good care of everything for her. She will get her money back with profits." He finally pulled out a paper from his desk, and continued, "What's she alarmed about? Here's the statement for your $8,500.00. It was here all the time. You didn't ask for it."

I turned on my heels and stomped out of his office, never to return. I went down to Keys' office where he was eagerly waiting for me. I showed him the $8,500.00 paper. Keys examined it and said, "This doesn't say anything. This is not security. Can you prove you gave him the money?" It now dawned upon me why Adams was disappointed when I brought him a cashier's check for the $8,500.00. He expected cash.

* *

I was keeping "under cover." I was now a "fixture" in Mr. Keys' office, answering the telephone, taking messages, greeting clients, straightening his desk and keeping order. I telephoned my mother not to call me at Adams' office and gave her my new number. The strain upon me was far from lifted. At the office I could escape my thoughts. Away from the office I went to movies. A phone call came in from my mother. I had not visited them for months, while in hiding. I heard mother's voice. It was about 7:00 in the evening. "Tell her to come home. We are all worried about her."

The words and voice rang into my ears and brought a lump in my throat. I struggled to suppress. What? I who weathered all the storms of life! I who stood alone against a raging sea of troubles! Am I to be floored by a few words and a voice? But my tears defied me. They came down flooding my face. Their salty taste came through my open mouth. I was mortified. Mr. Keys saw my struggle and my tears. I felt all the worse. Keys put his arms around me. I cried out loud. I bawled. He held me until I stopped sobbing. I was exhausted from the storm within. He wiped my eyes and face with his large, crisp linen handkerchief. Inwardly I was abashed. I found myself in his arms, relaxed, with my head resting on his shoulder. I brushed from my mind puffs of misgivings. For that precious moment I was at peace with the world. I was no longer hunted. I was no longer alone. United States of America was no longer against Camille DeRose. All was peace. My redeemer liveth—thank the Lord. I have heard it said that there is eternity in one brief moment. That was it. I will never be unhappy again. I was as peaceful as a baby asleep in the cool summer breeze.

Keys felt that the storm was over. He broke the silence by withdrawing his soothing arms and filling two glasses. He picked up one and extended to me the other. The all-consuming magnetism from which I had fled held me captive again.

At that moment I loved him as much as it is humanly possible for a woman to love a man. He stood before me strong, vigorous, understanding all of me. As I raised my glass with one hand, he reached for my other hand, grasping it tightly. I sensed his thoughts when he said, "You're so soft and lily-white." He tenderly kissed my finger-tips. With every fibre of his soul he expressed understanding, kindness and sympathy. I craved all this as the parched earth craves the rain. As I looked at him, he stood there, a tower of strength, rich in manhood. His hand felt firm and steady. Never did I need such devotion more. Emotions ask no questions, know no color, do not reason, but reach out and find what they need. In the past I pondered love, tested it by reason, but now I know that love defies reason. I cast aside my passion for freedom which is denied because of color. I was content to accept the challenge of color which a stalwart race should meet head on.

* *

NOW that I no longer went to Adams' office, Adams kept coming down to talk to me, uninvited, in Mr. Keys' office. A few days after the "show down," when Attorney Keys was present, Adams came down, with alarming news. One reading this would feel that I should not have paid too much attention to what Adams might say. But it must not be forgotten that I had been receiving anonymous letters and mysterious telephone calls, with threats; that my mother's home had been bombed, and that she also was receiving threatening calls and letters.

This book would become too long if I were to go into details of the terror under which my folks and I have lived since the Cicero affair. So that while I could no longer trust Adams, and while I knew that whatever he said or did had a sinister purpose. I still could not escape a feeling of nerves over the fears which Adams tried to implant. Adams pretended to talk to Keys when he said, "They seem to be investigating us more than they are the rioters." Then turning to me, he continued, "They're looking for you. I suggest you leave town for awhile."

"Where should I go, to Puerto Rico?" I asked.

"Yes—yes" he agreed, "That's a good place."

"I must first make sure my investments are safe," I replied. "I won't go anywhere, and won't rest here or anywhere, until I find out what's wrong with my investments, and what's going on with my rent cases."

"The F.B.I. called on me. They're investigating your past. You know, they could find out a lot," Adams continued.

"I don't see why she should leave town," Keys said to Adams. When they left, Keys 'phoned to Leighton who came over immediately, and they both conferred. Leighton said he wondered what Adams had in mind.

Later, Keys looked up the records and told me that the writ of *ne exeat* was in force and that it was a serious matter; that the rent case had not been dropped, as Adams told me; and that there was a judgment against me and that the rent office had been trying to locate my bank account.

With a feeling that Keys had taken over my battles, and with the true status of my matters reported to me by my new counsel, I regained my fighting spirit. I 'phoned Adams to come down. He came down and faced Keys and me. I demanded to know why nothing had been done in the court matters.

Adams said that they had been dropped. I plainly told him he was a liar, and that the writ of *ne exeat* was still pending. Adams said that it is of slight consequence, that he knows the Marshal and that he would take care of it, but that I should keep out of sight.

Mr. Keys spoke up and said that the writ of *ne exeat* is serious, and told Adams, "You had better do something about it, and soon."

Mr. Keys explained to me that all my terror and trouble, the loss of my building and my home and the Cicero race riots —all could have been avoided by a simple procedure.

When the question of the validity of the Cicero rent control resolution was in doubt, when the rent control office and lawyers were undecided as to whether or not Cicero was decontrolled, there was one inexpensive, simple thing to be done.

A suit should have been filed in the Federal court asking for a *declaratory judgment*. For the small sum of $15.00 in costs, the court would have quickly decided the issue. That was not done, whether intentionally or through ignorance. It was that simple.

* * *

AT lunch Mr. Keys discussed with me an automobile trip to New York. He was to leave the next day, would visit cities enroute, and wished me to accompany him. I was thrilled by the romantic idea—like a honeymoon. We were having lunch in the inner office. Chicken, shrimp, scotch-and-soda, with clinking ice cubes. It was his habit to take choice tid-bit, a mouth-watering slab of chicken, from his plate and put it on mine. How like my dad, I thought! Dad would take choice things, cake which thrilled us as children, and divide it among us. Those were happy hours, cozy, soulful and sheltered. Again

I escaped from the howls and gnashing teeth. I felt as close to Keys as a drowning man to his rescuer. No one else could take his place. My life was in his hands, and my heart went with it. Every turn, every look, was brimful of kindness, sympathy and affection. I watched his every mood, when he was jubilant and when he was sad, when he looked at me so tenderly and I saw the soul in his eyes. I entered into the innermost chambers of his work and his life. He discussed with me his past, his problems, his clients and their problems.

On that evening Keys had something on his mind. He did not turn on the television as was his habit. I knew that he would soon tell me his thoughts—he always did. I was due for another shock.

Keys said he had spoken to Leighton. He looked at me with deep and genuine sadness. Leighton suggested that I should employ a white lawyer.

"Why?" I gasped.

"It would look better," he said. Then added reflectively, "If the newspapers would find out about us the publicity would be bad."

I was speechless with fear and with disappointment. I thought of running away, but where? I was on a lifeboat in which my weight was the objection. .Until actually thrown overboard I must hang on. We left the building to his car. I was lost in my troubled thoughts. We drove through the winding South Side boulevards. Truly, I felt, I cannot live without him, as he had awakened my hopes and even more so my heart.

"What are you dreaming about, Babesy?" That was my pet name. How soothing, how refreshing, how reassuring! In a hostile, grasping, thievish world, there is one Goliath to whom I am Babsey—a Samson to whom I am Delilah.

For greater convenience I had taken an apartment on the South Side. When I did not cook we ordered our dinners from a hotel dining room which was brought in. I entered my apartment alone. Keys soon came in with a bottle of scotch.

After dinner we lolled around in the fashion of a romantic couple on a honeymoon, only more so. Yet while there was little left to the imagination (little left, period!) the torrid interlude was interspersed with questions, some casual, some significant.

Had I known any Negroes?

Not until I went to Adams to ask a simple question—and I didn't know he was colored.

Was I curious about colored men?

Yes, I was.

I now have my answer—wow!

The difference is the difference.

There is a lasting firmness—even in the lips.

The Negroes are different—they're unlike.

Perhaps I aroused him overmuch, or may be Negroes are naturally aroused to fever heat. He kept repeating, *"Camille, Camille"* in his husky feverish voice when his lips were disengaged. He became sobered at intervals, asked me about my past, the number of men in my life, the marriages—he seemed to know something. I need no wild guesses about who told things.

He kept whispering that I was so fragile, so soft, so lily white, so spirituel, yet while his voice and words were soft, he was a tiger in strength. I sometimes felt engulfed in a mountain of muscle. He said, "I wouldn't hurt you for the world." My subjugation was not so complete that I was not aware of what he asked and what he said. It is in just such moments when a man might betray his otherwise guarded thoughts. In those questions he betrayed the gossip which reached his ears, also a trace of jealousy. His unrestrained impulses toward me also betrayed that a Negro may have a frantic love life for an idol for whom he might not risk his convenience for her protection. I felt that if I am to be sacrificed, if I am now to be thrown on the pyre which destroyed my home and my freedom, *what am I doing here?*

I, the soft, fragile Babsey was storm-tossed into his steel-girded arms, into his loving embrace. Am I to experience this raging, sultry, ungovernable affection, with incidences which even I had never before experienced, all from a ravishing dynamo who is ready to desert me to the very storm which brought us together?

⁂

I am asked to go to a white lawyer. I didn't discriminate between white and Negro lawyers, but the Negro lawyers discriminated between white and Negro clients! The NAACP manifesto that all are free and equal were cancelled by setting up a segregation against me, a white woman. Only in affairs of love there was not to be discrimination.

Sending me to a white lawyer meant more than meets the eye. It meant that Adams' betrayal of me as a client was even greater than I suspected; it meant that all I had, had been wiped out; it meant that in spite of Adams' skulduggery, he was preferred over me, even by the man who in his raging passion said he wouldn't hurt me for the world. The NAACP, represented by Leighton and the love-scorched Keys, defy the Town of Cicero to bar the colored Clarks' from the town, whereas the NAACP bar me, a white woman from the offices of their attorney. Do not the colored people, through the NAACP, produce a paradox?

⁂

In his sober moments I so spoke to Keys. He said he couldn't represent the Clarks' if he represented me. He resolved to withdraw from the Clark case, so he said.

Whatever may be thought of Negroes, or of Keys, I thought his conduct exemplary. He was a steady and conscientious worker. He worked late, many nights when I was with him. He was fair with his clients. He worried over their hardships He hated injustice. These qualities inspired confidence and respect, and, to a storm-tossed, hounded woman, *love.*

Yet I did not wish to disturb his life, regardless of my perils. I know too much about the ravages awaiting one fallen from grace, and, believe me, I would have risked my own life to avoid breaking him down. I did not wish him to withdraw from the Clark case. There would be no conflict in acting for both. In fact, the matters were parallel—identical. My case and the Clarks' were the same. The decision to go it alone by the Clarks' or by the lawyers who represent them, aided and abetted by the lawyer-weasel Adams, had vicious implications, of which I shall speak later.

There can be no love without loyalty. I was therefore consecrated to Keys with double strength. One was by love, in the full sense of the term. The other was my unbreakable sense of fair play. I will fight to the death anyone who betrays me on a major matter affecting my life. But I would also fight to the death against despoiling anyone else. However I might do harm to myself I wish to do harm to no one else. I can take everything, as I fear I must. But I can take death, too, as I have shown. He who steals my purse does *not* steal trash. He who steals my purse steals my ability to be a comfort to my mother, a credit to my brother and a joy to all those I love. He who steals my purse takes away solace and inflicts sorrow.

Without my purse I was forced to forego the respect of the world and of myself. With it I have independence, security and freedom. With it I am *patrone di casa.* Without it, I cannot live in the country of my birth because UNITED STATES OF AMERICA is against CAMILLE DE ROSE, and I cannot leave my country because I am trapped by a *ne exeat,* with the hounds of the United States marshal's office a few yards behind me. Would I have gone to jail if I held my purse? Would anyone? Would I have been sent to a mental institution if I had not been robbed of my building? With money the robber can prosecute his victim. Without money the victim cannot defend.

I am either all silence or all talk. Keys unwound me by hinting about my past. I talked and talked, while enveloped in his mighty arms, reliving the past, some joys, more sorrows, dangers, humiliation, narrow escapes, a perpetual contest of wits, a fencing match with a false world, for which I was unprepared, but in which I became adept. Yet in that "underworld" there is far less corruption, far less skulduggery, than in the ceremonious halls of pretense and mock-respectability.

Keys listened, sympathized and understood. He said, cheerfully, that he and I were going on an automobile trip to New York in the morning.

⁂

I slept little that night. I felt a creeping coldness of a hostile world. Yet it was possible, as Adams said, I was making a mountain of a molehill. But since the words escaped from Keys' mouth that I should get a white lawyer, something within me kept asking, *"What are you doing here?" "What are you doing here?"* Yes, what am I doing here? Quietly I arose. It was about four. I dressed. I was to write "finis" to this mad scene. I was to get a white lawyer, move back to a white neighborhood, live only with white people. True there are no white angels, not in the Loop, not in the courts. But neither are there black angels—anywhere.

I tiptoed back for my last glance, my last sight, at my dusky Samson. He will learn in the morning that his Delilah had flown. He sleeps restlessly, struggling, sighing, moaning. I bent down and kissed him a light farewell kiss, then tiptoed to the door.

"Babesy! wha—what's the matter—where are you going?"

"I don't know where, but I must go," I said. "I feel restless and despondent. Good-bye."

He pleaded with me not to leave. He held me tightly. Whenever he did so, it relieved my tension. Being held firmly gives a sense of safety. You cannot fall, physically. You therefore feel braced mentally. The tenseness gone, the shower of tears turned on, and he was busy wiping my face, nose and eyes. Throughout, he assured me of his love, of his determination to see me through my difficulties. My past didn't matter.

When all was over, my resolve to leave was shaken. Yet I did not wish to remain, at least just then. He insisted I promise to see him at the office at 9:30. I promised.

Arriving at his office, he met me with a soulful smile. For the first time he informed me that under some law I must file a notice within thirty days to preserve my right to sue the Town of Cicero, or the County, and that 28 days had already elapsed.

I reproved him for not advising me earlier. A trip to New York was now out of question, as I would have to find a "white" lawyer to file the notices. I didn't know why Keys had not informed me earlier, nor why he had not offered to prepare and file those notices. He went to New York. I remained here.

* * *

SILENCE

In Silence you lead me from the great hall, the throngs,
In trust I followed love,
Your hand held mine firmly, leading to great heights,
In Silence I found happiness.
In Silence I found peaceful slumber in your embrace,
Only to be awakened quickly, by the storms of life.
You withdraw, you escape me, the tears drop, as
I find myself alone in the great darkness of
SILENCE.

* *

WITH Keys gone, I must make haste to file those notices. I 'phoned my Berwyn attorney, but he was out of town. I 'phoned Cicero Town Hall, Mr. Berkos, Town Attorney was also away. Chief Konovsky came to the 'phone. I told him of an intrigue by Attorney Adams and others. The Chief said, "Come home. When will you be here? We will be waiting for you" I was not impressed. I recalled the treatment I had received at their hands. I 'phoned Attorney Leighton. He again counseled me to get a white lawyer. He said he knew one he would suggest. He named Attorney Dino J. D'Angelo. Leighton said further, "We will give you every assistance. If Adams cheated you, he must make good. We are with you." On the elevator, I met Attorney Clerk from Adam's office. He said he was sorry that I didn't get along with Adams, but that D'Angelo was a good lawyer, and would take care of me. How did he also know about D'Angelo? We shall see.

I called at the office of Attorney D'Angelo before 5 p.m. Leighton had 'phoned him in the meantime. Leighton said that D'Angelo's fees will be moderate, and that he was capable. D'Angelo also said that his fees will be small, and suggested that he would charge his fees by the hour. He said he was not the type of lawyer Adams is. I said that all I wished presently was to serve two notices, one on the Town of Cicero, the other on the County of Cook. D'Angelo 'phoned Leighton who said that he will supply the forms of notice.

* *

NOW that I again felt I was headed right, my resentment of Keys wasn't as sharp. Yet I resolved to part with him. After all he is attorney for the NAACP, and perhaps there is a clashing of interests between the Clark's and me. And Mrs. Adams and Edwards were joined in the suit with the Clark's against Cicero. Perhaps I was asking for too great a sacrifice. At any rate, the notices were taken care of. I had not changed my mail address from Keys' office and 'phoned for mail and messages. I learned that there was an important letter and some messages awaiting me. I called for them. Through the door I heard Keys' voice. For a moment my heart stood still. I called upon my will power to appear nonchalant, as I opened the door. Keys was all smiles. He rushed to embrace me, unbashed. I did not resist. He said he had telephoned daily for me and left messages to get in touch with the New York operator, and that he was keenly disappointed when he received no response. He was ready to receive me in New York, with flowers, champagne and the best things to eat.

My attachment to him inwardly was not diminished, excepting for a thread of skepticism. I felt I must use restraint. It wasn't easy. Few things in my life came easy. Yet I felt that even love must not be one-sided. I resolved to remain friendly, but not intimate. He sensed my feelings. It did something to his usual sense of balance. He whispered many pledges, explanations, and vows. His eyes were never more penetrating, never more soulful. But I thought of the statesman who said to a man of large promises and small performance, "Your actions speak so loud that I cannot hear a word you say."

NOT long after, I telephoned for mail and messages when Keys answered the 'phone. He sounded gruff. I greeted him with the usual, "How are you?" He answered that he is not quite drunk, but getting there with one bottle yet to go. He asked me to join him in drowning our sorrows together. I had never known him to act that way. I took a cab to his office. I found him sitting holding his head in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees. Beside him was an empty whiskey bottle and another half empty. He feebly looked up at me. I asked what was wrong. He said, "I guess I couldn't take it. I don't believe you could ever really love me. We are so different."

To my great surprise, he sobbed. He muttered, "You just don't understand."

I felt I had a sick man on my hands. Aside from my other vices, I am a natural nurse. I placed together a row of sectional chairs and helped him to lie down. I wrapped ice cubes into a towel and wrapped his head tightly. Soon he was asleep. I also massaged his head and neck. I saw the contrast in the color of his skin with mine. I thought of the tragedies which that difference causes. Where did I read of the things we first spurn, then pity, then embrace? I wondered if there will eventually be those steps between the races. I am confident there will be, but it may not be in my time. Meanwhile we are both held together by a repelling force, he repelled by white people and I repelled by—white people.

* * *

NOW that I could be found at Keys' office again, both Adams and clerk (in Adams' office) made their daily trek to Keys' office. At such times, I would get out of their way. On one instance, Adams sauntered in, greeted Keys, said hello to me, and said, "Doggone it, they're investigating the furniture thing. Here sign this paper that you sold your furniture to Mr. Scott for $2,000.00," handing me a blank sheet. Keys intercepted that it was blank. "Oh," said Adams, "I didn't have time to fill it out." Keys answered that he wouldn't permit me to sign a blank paper in his office. Later a bill of sale was prepared, listing the furniture, showing Scott as the buyer for $2,000.00.

I refused to sign, as I did not know Scott, and no one paid me for the furniture.

I now had more than a suspicion that Adams was not keeping up the payments on the $65,000.00 mortgage. Non-payment would jeopardize my $38,000 junior mortgage. Before the riots Adams was collecting over $1,000.00 in rent. I called the Polish National Alliance, holder of the mortgage, to inquire if the payments were made, and I was advised that they were. To make sure, I asked Keys to call them again. He did so and he was also advised that payments were made. The very next morning in Keys' office I was shocked to read a headline in the newspapers that a receiver was appointed for the Cicero building. I screamed as if I were stabbed. Keys 'phoned Adams to come down.

"What's this?" Keys demanded.

"Oh, well," Adams drawled, "the place is vacant, no rent coming in, there's no sense in paying on the mortgage. Anyhow, it's a friendly foreclosure. I know the attorney for the Polish Alliance mortgage company and he will give us back the building anytime we're ready."

Keys promptly called down Leighton.

"What do you mean a friendly foreclosure?" Leighton demanded of Adams. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Waal," drooled Adams, swaying his head, "This is it—a friendly foreclosure."

The tempest which I expected between the three Negro attorneys faded out, and because it did, I thought that perhaps the receivership may not be as desperate as I first thought. After all, Keys was interested in my welfare not only as a client but as his "dream girl," one to whom he had pledged undying loyalty and devotion. Keys did call Leighton in my behalf. Both men were high in the councils of the Negro causes. They were comrades in the cause of human justice. They who devoted their lives to the redemption of the Negro in his civil rights would not let me down, a white woman, caught in the tentacles of a Negro swindler.

The greater my peril the greater was my dependence on Keys. This Keys knew and acknowledged. His cheerful attitude during my fears and distractions were reassuring. He would not be so buoyant if my redemption were not at hand. He wouldn't indulge in his passionate interludes with a woman who responded so lovingly to his caresses if he had not felt assured of her safety and had not resolved to make her safe.

* * *

WITH Keys in the background, as I thought, I was now supplied with a "white" attorney. During the month of August, Attorney D'Angelo filed my suit against Adams in the Superior Court of Cook County to void the assignment of my title to the Cicero property and to have Adams account for the various frauds against me. D'Angelo also advised me to pay the judgment against me in the rent "violation" case, and by so doing to quash the writ of *ne exeat,* so that I may freely move about in and out of the courts. D'Angelo said, "You can't fight the United States government." I followed his advice and paid. Never have I felt so low; never have I felt my government to be so low. It was bitter medicine, as it confirmed a violation I had never though of committing and never did commit.

* *
*

THE pressure upon me having become lighter, being new free from the hounds of the law, with a white lawyer in the De Rose garrison, and fortified by a tower of strength in the person of Attorney Keys, whose loyalty and devotion I must never doubt, as he said. I moved about more gaily. We seemed to be inseparable. Leaving the office we drove to police stations to call on prisoners, to visit clients in business places, and just to drive through the parks and beautiful neighborhoods. Arriving at my apartment, I broiled steaks, perked coffee, set the table, set champagne glasses, turned on the radio and ate and talked deliciously. Ardent love means more than passion to one whose life hangs in the balance. A woman will not quarrel with love, however torrential, from a man who holds her fate in his hands. When life goes along without trial, travail and danger a woman might find perpetual affection too perpetual, but not in the arms of a man to whom she flies for protection aganist a world of wolves.

That night we were awakened by one of those thunder storms which seemed to shake the world. The downpour was like a deluge which threatened to flood the city. I thought of the building being exposed to the downpour and cried in fright. I had been careful about flooding, as all landlords must be. Windows must ever be watched to avoid rain or other moisture from soaking through. I recalled the damage done to the building by the Cicero fire department. I was shaking with fear. All the fervent promises of help and protection, and the tender affection shown by my paramour failed to dispel my distraction. Then it didn't fail, not entirely.

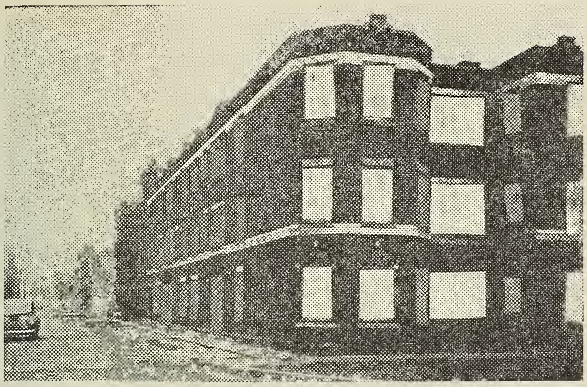
The next day came another shock. The newspapers carried headlines with pictures of my building boarded up. In the Chicago Tribune I read the following, from a reader—

> "I drive a truck and my route takes me to Cicero. Occasionally I pass the apartment building that was raided and wrecked when the Clarks tried to move in. . . . Boarded up, it is like the blind crying out helpless against the stupid, inexplainable ignorance of man. It stands as a forlorn and hollow monument, dedicated to the Town of Cicero and to a civilization that still contains miserable, decrepit minds of men whose hands ravished this dwelling place and the hearts of intelligent people everywhere."

Now my building is blind—as I was. For a few days my spirit was in mourning. I smiled through tears. I was only mildly responsive to a love undiminished. A few days later I asked a casual acquaintance to drive me to Cicero. I circled around the building. I struggled against an emotional outburst. My escort didn't know the reason for the trip.

A little boy who had seen a Negro for the first time asked his daddy if ink comes from the Negro's eyes when he cries. If ink had come from my eyes I should have so written this book. But if not ink, it is still tears.

I built a house of brick
in which I dwelt alone.
Hiding, seeking refuge from a world of turmoil.
Thus I lived alone, secure, I thought.
No one to tear down my aloneness, my own.
Then one day by chance our paths were crossed.
You, came my way.
The Crowds gathered, the once friendly faces
became stark nightmares of hate.
The vicious cries pursued me as I fled.



A view of the DeRose Building, blinded by stones from the rioters.

* * *

My House of Brick collapsed.
I reached out in the darkness for help, to find your hand.
I clasped your hand, but came the dawn.
I saw the reason for the storm, the hate of Satan.
God, had made you black, my Darling,
Yet, I love you as of God.
Then Satan came again to take you from me.
Now I dwell alone once more under the
Stars of night with loves' memories.
I have no house of brick, Nor you,
My Love.

* * *

The reader may recall that in transferring to Adams my interest in my building, which had been put in trust, he did not take the assignment in his name, but in the name of Jewell Young, and that Adams said that Jewell Young was his wife's maiden name. When later I appeared before the grand jury which investigated the riots, I heard the clerk call out the name of Jewell Young. An infirm child-like underdeveloped young lady arose in response to that name. Mrs. Adams adjusted the girls hair. Apparently Jewell Young was brought in response to a subpoena when her name was found in the record as the person to whom the property was assigned. A feeling of pity gripped the jurors and she was asked but a few questions. This Jewell Young is not Adams' wife, of course, but as I was later informed, is a step-granddaughter of a previous marriage.

* * *

IN the early part of September I wrote to Mr. Walter White, head of the NAACP, that Adams, prominently identified with the local NAACP, had defrauded me—with particulars. I received a reply referring me to William R. Ming, head of the local group. I called on Mr. Ming who said, curtly, that they're not interested my my problem with Adams, and that if Adams cheated me I should sue him. He added that they're interested only in their civil rights case for Negroes.

On September 18th, the Cook County grand jury returned an indictment against six in the following order:

Cicero Chief of Police Konovsky
Camille DeRose
George C. Adams
Charles Edwards
Norman Silverman
George N. Leighton

Screaming headlines announced the action of the grand jury. My picture was again on the front page, beside the picture of Chief of Police Konovsky. Again I was among the hunted! Again I must run for shelter and protection. I rushed to Keys' office again. Keys called in Leighton and Adams. The date set for arraingment was October 9th. Meanwhile all were required to post bond, to be at liberty. I was ready to do so.

The indictment magnetized the atmosphere for me in Keys' office. Leighton was no longer aloof. The NAACP must present a united front. My suit against Adams had exposed the conspiracy which brought about the riots. That gave a surprising twist to the race riots. It must be suppressed. Leighton and Keys would now see to it that Adams would make good his frauds. A stipulation was prepared to enter a decree in my suit to give me additional and substantial security to back up the $38,000.00 note and to adjust the various other swindles. I signed the stipulation, as did Adams.

D'Angelo presented me a bill for his services. I thought that by now I had become proof against shock. By now I had seen, heard, suffered and experienced—everything. I herewith submit the bill to my readers. Please examine it carefully.

TIME SHEETS CAMILLE De ROSE

August		*Hours*
2	Conference with Miss DeRose	2
3	Conference with Leighton	3
4	Conference with Leighton, DeRose and Adams — preparation substitution of attorneys	6
6	Conference with Kaplan	3
“	Conference with DeRose	1
“	Study file	3
7	Check at records	2
“	Kaplan	1
“	DeRose	2
“	General	1½
8	Conference Kaplan	2
“	Check records with DeRose	1
“	Conference with Miss DeRose	2
“	Conference with Berkos	1
9	Kaplan and OHE tentative agreement reached	2
“	Check with DeRose	2
“	General	3
10	Check records re mortgage foreclosure — Saw Love	3
“	Check records reloans	3
“	General and DeRose	1

11	Check mtg. given to DeRose	2
"	Conference with DeRose	2
"	Conference with Cicero people	1
13	Conference with DeRose	2
"	Conference with Antonow Group	1
14	Law conference and drafft with Baim	6
15	Final draft of pleadings	8
"	Conference with DeRose	2
16	Check with OHE for settlement	2
"	Checked of jt. and stip.	3
"	Conference with DeRose — States Attorney	1
17	Appearance before Campbell and Newsmen	3
"	Filed Adam's suit and Newsman	1
"	Filed Adam's suit and Newsmen	1
"	Work on file — Prep. of reassign suit — Check law	4
"	Conference DeRose and States Attorney	2
"	Calls from Catholic order and others	½
18	Check file — call from Mrs. Tipper	2
"	States Attorney and DeRose	1
20	C. W. DeRose — Newspaper	2
"	T. T. Weisbourd re sale	½
21	Appearance Grand Jury	4
22	Berwyn paper TT	2
23	Weisbourd, DeRose, Love	2
24	Weisbourg check file — TT DeRose and Mother	1
25	T. F. Caville — T. F. Tipper	¼
27	C. W. DeRose — Check file TT from Attorney	2
28	Check file in 49 C 1130—C. W. DeRose—T.F.B. Weisbourd	2
29	T. F. DeRose and Weisbourd	½
		104¾ hrs.

This was the first bill, 104¾ hours at $15.00 per hour. I was assured that his charges will be low. I screamed that he should quit all further work, as I wouldn't know where to find the money to pay him. D'Angelo had asked me to call him daily. I didn't do so to save the nickel or dime for the call. When I did make a call I was charged $15.00! In the bill he charged me for speaking with newspapermen, for talking with his partner, some $150.00; with Cicero people where he had no business; with Love, not for my business nor his; four hours in a single conversation with Adams!—the man I didn't wish my attorney to conspire with. On the way to see his mother in the hospital, D'Angelo called at my home, but I was absent. He was not invited. I am charged with 1½ hours. Lucky I wasn't home. He might have come in and watched a television show, at $15.00 per hour. D'Angelo was in the hospital himself, someone 'phoned to pay him respects, for which he charges me $15.00. Yet, D'Angelo sent me a further bill of 66½ hours.

* * *

MY "white" lawyer put on the *bite* and I took to my heels. Had the indictment come earlier, I would not have been charged $15.00 per hour for loitering. In this part of the show, this is where I came in. I am back with Keys. He agreed to complete my litigation with Adams. Again I saw the sunrise of my hopes. The defense to the indictment would be undertaken by the NAACP. To be sure, I am facing an indictment for causing the riots. But the riots destroyed my building and home. Who would believe I would cause the riots? I would tell my story to the judge or to a jury, and I would be free. I felt a load off my mind. I resumed the routine at Keys' office. Again we were inseparable, but seldom seen together in the Loop, or in the "white" neighborhoods. From the outside our relationship was not without its drawbacks. Standing together in front of the building as the theatre audiences either went to or from a performance, there were startled glances, and stinging remarks. "Shh! Did you see what I saw?" "My gracious! look at that!" Such remarks, and here and there a more ugly remark going to Springfield, and to closer cities and towns. "Come," I would say, grasping his hand, "Let's go in for coffee." He would find some reason to have me go alone and have me bring a sandwich and coffee out to him, while he would put air in the tires, buy gas and oil, and chat with the attendant.

Returning to his office, I would get busy broiling steaks, opening cans of peas, tomatoes, and salads, and have a full course dinner ready by the time he shaved. The steak would be brown, crisp, juicy, medium rare, with the edges slightly charred. He would help me with the table cloth, dishes and champagne. The sight would gladden the eyes and whet the appetite. He would throw his arms around me and say dramatically, "You can cook, too!" Dinner over, I would replace everything while he worked on his endless legal problems, which he did eagerly, and more joyously when I was present.

At intervals we would be together 24 hours of the day, with but short periods of separation. Yet neither could get too much of the other. This was a new experience, even to me, and more intense than can be imagined. Alone, there was not a dull moment, until sheer exhaustion brought sleep, deep and complete During the day his conversation was sparkling, during the night he had ever changing variety. There were no set routine, everything unpredictable. I could not describe what happened and yet it happened. His agility was amazing. His kisses were feverish and my body tingled. He kissed my feet and gently bit my toes. His embraces were vice-like and his pliant hands limbered me everywhere. He had the habit of quoting, "This, too, shall pass."

We human beings dare violate the law but shrink from violating a custom. In white neighborhoods he was out of place, in colored neighborhoods I was a misfit. Even love cannot withstand such conflicts. The conflict is mental, but that's enough. His violent love was more impatient because it was forbidden fruit—forbidden by an inflexible custom. I sensed his awareness of this edict when he again and again muttered, "This, too, shall pass."

* *
*

THE indictments brought lots of traffic in Keys' office, and I became the center of it. Negro leaders from near and far were in and out. Leighton and Adams weaved in and out. I was no longer advised to go to a white lawyer. On the contrary, I now had a battery of attorneys, and the entire NAACP behind me—so I was told. At the arraignment, the courtroom was crowded. Representatives of real estate boards, of bar associations, of the various civil rights and social relations groups, all were there.

The arraignment was before Judge Crowley. I asked Keys if he would represent me as my attorney at the trial. "Don't worry, Babesy," he would say. "It's all set. You won't have to go on trial. The indictments will be quashed." I said that I didn't want the indictment quashed. I want to go to trial where I can tell my story. I want the world to know what Cicero and the rent office did to me. I want the world to know what Adams did to me.

I became a problem to the NAACP and its lawyers. My suit against Adams betrayed the pattern of the race riots, as I said before, which they could not afford to have become known. They hurriedly forced Adams to settle his swindles, as a gesture of appeasement. Now I was giving them a hard time. At that time I did not see through the overall network represented by the NAACP, and that Keys was himself deeply involved. I didn't realize that my insistence on going to trial and to expose the true facts which led to the riots would also engulf Keys. Now I became the fly in the NAACP ointment. Until now I had served their purpose and was discarded, like a cancelled postage stamp. But all of a sudden I held the key to the situation. Now

Keys was their "ace in the hole." Was I not bound to him, both as my attorney and inseparable boy-friend? How the atmosphere changed! There was nothing but smiles. "What can I do for you, Miss DeRose?" "How do you feel, Miss DeRose?" "May I get you something, Miss DeRose?"

In my association with Keys, there had been an undercurrent of restraint in our relationship as lawyer and client. There was lacking the all-out readiness to throw himself into my legal problems. That restraint was now wiped out.

Keys and I now settled down to a blissful routine of steaks, chicken dinners, champagne, automobile rides and—riotous love.

* * *

KEYS now became my champion, guardian and sponsor. In addition, he was, as before, even more so, consecrated to his devotion to an idol. I was the idol—his begum. I was the annointed of Allah. What a relief, I thought! I no longer need to have my heart jump to my mouth at the sight of a marshall or officer. I no longer need to run down 14 winding iron stairs. I no longer need to sneak around corners and through back doors. Now I have a tower of strength between me and a hostile world, a man of brain, brawn and heart!

Yet I still do not want to take the easy road. I need all that support to make my fight, not for surrender. I am accused of being the violating landlady, of trying to escape the lash of the law, of trying to leave this country to avoid a just penalty. The easy way is to plead guilty. I need no support to do so. To do so means defeat, whereas I want success. It is not love, it is not loyalty, it is not honorable service to take me down the road to surrender and defeat. I now stand indicted by the sovereign People of the State of Illinois! I am charged with violating the *law*. I am not satisfied to have the vaunted power of the NAACP bring about a withdrawal of the indictment. I am determined to have a trial! Only by a trial, before a court, before a jury, with the attention of the public, can I tell the true story of what deeds are done in Cicero, in Chicago, in the United States of America. I have been hurt too much to receive apologies, even from the State of Illinois. Who brought about the indictment against me? I am not concerned with the indictment against Adams and the Cicero officials. May be they *should* be indicted. *But this is my great opportunity!*

This spirit frightened the NAACP from here to New York. Endearing terms, Babesy's, steaks, champagne, automobile trips and jungle love will fully satisfy the physical appetite, but not the spirit. But Keys' resourcefulness is not alone biological, but psychological. No subtleties were omitted, the power of suggestion and repetition was not overlooked, eternal promises were profuse, and I finally surrendered.

As predicted beforehand, the indictments were quashed.

Keys came through for his NAACP comrades with a difficult assignment. He won me over for them. I had posted a $2,000,00 cash bond. Keys and I went to the bond clerk and the $2,000.00 was refunded. Keys received the $2,000.00 for me from the clerk.

There was great rejoicing in the court room and in the corridor outside. The atmosphere was festive, the crowd large, congratulations were given and received. Cameras were clicking, Senator Wimbish posed with me for the newspapers. But my heart was heavy. Many things surged through my mind. Before the indictment was quashed, the chieftains of the NAACP were solemn, and doubtful of me. I knew that Keys assured them that I would conform. Adams had remarked, "I told her again and again to be patient—we will all get plenty." I had no notion what he had in mind. I also resented his mock affability.

Miss DeRose with Senator Christopher Wimbish, standing outside courtroom, after indictment was quashed.

The festivities continued. The New York delegation was feasted, we went to dinner on the South Side, ending up at a night club until midnite. Keys whispered that our future together was brighter than ever. He said that he had a real estate deal the next day where he could make use of my $2,000.00, which he can return to me in ten days. "Surely," I said, "if it will help you that much."

* * *

AGAIN I found myself following my routine in Keys' office, answering the telephone, filing, and putting things in order. There had been much motion lost in finding letters and documents in his files. I got busy and emptied three filing cabinets and straightened all the accumulated filing envelopes and folders. I kept the office straightened and dusted. We continued to take rides. The electric broiler in the office continued to be a happy implement for broiling steaks, and we resumed our intense moments at the table and during restful intervals. I knew the nature of the incoming calls, and my confidence in Keys was unshaken in that he had no social calls from women. The turmoil, the strange characters, the phony negotiations, all of which went on in Adams' office, were absent here. As the days flew by I commenced asking about my files in D'Angelo's hands. I had assumed Keys was taking care of my suit against Adams, having obtained a stipulation which was to be filed in court for approval. After many such inquiries, Keys said that he had been unable to obtain a "substitution," to enable him to take over.

I commenced to fret. The wounds of the past began to hurt. Could it be that having gotten the indictments out of the way, having succeeded in keeping me within their fold and dissuading me from going to trial, that I am thrown back to where I had been? Have I come back to where I was to employ a *white* lawyer? My blood boiled at the thought. If there should be the slightest tinge of truth in such a suspicion, what becomes of this rapturous association between us? That my love is complete and of such quality that I would sacrifice everything for it makes it the more heartbreaking if given in return for mockery. I am not given to violence, in act or thought. Yet I would gather strength to tear him limb from limb if his passion for me was of the flesh and not of the heart. Keys sensed my discomfiture, he saw the flushes on my face. Yet I found justification for his change of heart. After all, the barrier of color makes our future precarious. The astonishment of people who see us together, black and white, might rust the bonds of love. On the other hand, he dare not break his affiliations with the nationwide NAACP, nor with his "brothers" identified in the movement for "civil rights." Tht Adams is a scalawag and that the organization itself was not what it should be, were a cross which he had to bear. Many men give up their birthright and position for love, as Anthony surrendered to Cleopatra. But Cleopatra was a sure shot. She died for him. Keys could not be sure of me. Between these conflicting thoughts there was more heart-ache for me.

* * *

I got to reading Negro newspapers and periodicals. Rallies and protest meetings broke loose among the Negroes throughout the nation, whipped up by steady pounding over the radio and by both the Negro and non-Negro press. In addition to cash raised at the rallies, of which they received a part, the Clark's received paid radio appearances, an $800.00 piano was donated and lesser donations came from everywhere. At one protest meeting, which I attended, $5,000.00 was collected. Mrs. Walter White, the white wife of a New York Negro leader, was flown from New York to address a meeting of 2,000. She bowed profusely as orchids were pinned upon her. The only recognition I received was a request that I make a donation and pay a membership fee. At the Regal Theatre, on the South Side, Al Benson called Harvey Clark to the stage and presented him with $200.00. Throughout, the Clark's were the major feature attraction, and they were flown around the country for appearances at the rallies. But the show must go on. The major feature had too many bookings, and it lost box-office with every re-engagement. The various sponsors of the rallies faced heavy competition against each other, and they had to look around for feature attractions. After all, how often can there be such a perfect setting? Where can one find another Cicero riot? New organizations sprang up with high-sounding names to get into the act.

One rival Negro newspaper protested against those spurious rallies. It complained that the "Chicago and Cook County Citizens Committee" failed to invite Camille DeRose or Harvey Clark, but instead brought one speaker from Washington, D.C., and another from Jackson, Mississippi. We quote:

> "The $64.00 question: Who is the Chicago and Cook County Citizens Committee? Who are its president and the other officers? What do they stand for and when do they meet?"

Running short of major features, a hunt was made for Camille DeRose. After all, wasn't she the original landlady of the storm center? Wasn't her name in the headlines and her picture on the front page for months? But where is she? Alas, she is nowhere to be found. Telephones began ringing in Adams' office and in Keys' office. The messages were held up by Keys and never reached me. What! The local NAACP has at long last struck pay dirt! The riots were their bonanza. They staked their claim. Are they now to divide the loot with less ingenious intruders? I might have gone to more of the shindigs when I saw them announced in the Negro newspaper, but Keys counselled me to stay away. And who knows best? Who has my interest at heart more? Then, again, love, too, must go on. And love has an additional purpose—it keeps me away from the rallies. The pattern begins to come into the light. The bonanza flowing from my wrecked building is too enormous to overlook, of which Adams was the demon master-craftsman and of which Leighton and Keys are among the beneficiaries. In addition to what Adams and Leighton attain from the triumvirate, Keys finds a prize-bonus—love.

* * *

THE SURVIVAL NOT OF THE FITTEST, BUT THE FIERCEST!

I was not beaten by the Adams's and the D'Angelo's and others which were to follow—not entirely. I was beaten by my early training. I was in the position of a jungle hunter armed with a sling-shot. I did have suspicions, but they were mere surface fears which didn't go deep enough. I could not catch on to the idea that a full-grown man could tell me one thing and mean another. Subconsciously I found excuses and justifications. When the words and facts were conflicting it was due to a mistake. Again and again I found those conflicts, yet at times I blamed those conflicts on my mistaken judgment or faulty understanding. So I went on and on trusting, hoping, escaping realities. In the whirlpool of white slavery, falsehood and dishonesty, such conflicts were expected, yet among racketeers and pimps there is still a code of honor, though crude. Can it be that there is no such code of honor among lawyers, in politics, and in our temples of justice? Among the humble, the poor and the illiterate, there was the inviolate *parole*. Can it be that no such fidelity can be expected between attorney and client? Can it be that the authorities, the bar associations and the courts tolerate cheating and swindling? If that be true, is life worth living? Haven't I been imposed upon to be born? Was I not cheated when I was snatched from eternal sleep to which I tried to dispatch myself? What a ghastly mistake to have pounded the pavement among the pariahs and untouchables for no other reason than to redeem my pledges, my indebtedness!

Keys had not succeeded in getting the files and a substitution from D'Angelo. I was determined to see this through. I went back and forth between those offices. I telephoned, waited, negotiated, demanded. D'Angelo was telephoning to George. D'Angelo was receiving calls from George. Who was George? None other than George C. Adams, the man D'Angelo was suing for me. Such comradeship! And Leighton sent me to D'Angelo; and both Adams and Leighton were tied in with Keys; and Keys coudn't get the files from D'Angelo. Was that a run-around, or was that a run-around? D'Angelo's bills show over thirty-two hours spent with Adams at $15.00 per hour to me. They went to lunch together, at a charge to me of $15.00 per hour! I decided to run as fast as my legs will carry me. I first stormed into D'Angelo's office. I was ready to hit him with whatever was available. I left with promises but without the files.

Returning to Keys' office, I found he had gone home.

I felt that his neglect of me as shown by his inattention to my legal tangles called for a break with him. The thought made me heartsick. My heart bled with this determination. It seemed that everything dear to me is taken from me by my *destina*, which, like death, never takes a holiday. I moved toward that break with Keys like a prisoner toward his execution. But my conscience and my pride pronounced the sentence, a sentence from which there was no reprieve.

A few days intervened, not because of indecision, but in postponement of the execution. On a Sunday, I dragged my feet into Keys' office. My heart was heavy as were my feet. Entering, Keys met me looking downcast and on the verge of tears. I commenced by saying that I had come to remove such clothes and things as I had there, and that I would not return.

He said that I should not take them all, as I would surely return, as neither can live without the other. I said "it must be!"—that I confess that my love is even stronger because of the parting, if that were possible. With tears in his eyes, he kept saying, "You don't understand, you don't understand." He harbored something which he could not or dared not disclose. I kept gathering things and commenced walking toward the door, saying, "good bye, God bless you." He grasped my arm in an attempt to draw me to him. I stiffened and looked sternly and he released me, saying, "If that's the way you want it, Babesy, I will conform." Outside of the door I felt like swooning.

* *

AGAIN I was adrift. With thousands of lawyers in Chicago, I could not put my finger on the right one. I recalled the name of an attorney in Cicero. I made an appointment over the telephone and went to see him. I wanted him to take over where D'Angelo stopped. He agreed to obtain the files and a substitution. He asked for a retainer of $500.00, which I paid.

Thereafter I could get no action from that attorney. All I received for my $500.00 from him was a receipt, which I still hold, while he still holds my $500.00 I intend to try to have this money returned to me, when I find an attorney who will not ask for a $500.00 retainer fee to make the collection, plus $15.00 each time he talks to me over the telephone.

Keys had thus far made no further mention of the $2,000.00 he had borrowed, on which he was to make a big profit. If he had attended to some of my matters as he had promised and pretended, I would not have wished the money returned. What griped me was the violent change in the manner of treatment before the indictment was quashed and after. It was not that I knew the reason for the change that hurt, but that Keys was a party to the build-up, knowing that I would be let down after I had served the NAACP purpose. Now that he renigged on taking over from D'Angelo, which he had solemnly promised, and also withheld from me such vital information regarding the notices and other documents to be filed, until almost too late, and his pretended aloofness from Adams, when there was a constant inter-communication between the two offices, all this built a fire under me. In addition, he borrowed $2,000.00 which he didn't even mention. The thoughts which my brain was hatching kept me awake. I tossed in bed throughout the night. I tried to control myself. I tried to reason that the chain of events are not as bad as they seem. I was even more feverish when I thought of having given him custody of my body, heart and soul! There are various ways by which a woman may be scorned. The sharpest way, the most cruel, is to be scorned by the razor-edge form of subtlety. *Such a man must not live. I will kill him!*

The next day I rushed to his office determined to turn Keys into a corpse. Arriving, I was informed that he had left town and would return in the evening, I left, intending to return later. Along towards the evening I telephoned. They had received word that he would not go to the office but would go directly home. About 7 p.m. I knocked at the door of Keys' apartment, ready to greet him with all the six bullets. There was no response. I left unavenged.

Keys was away from his office for several days, at least I was so informed over the telephone. During the week, at the close of the day, I entered his office unannounced. He was behind his desk, but rose. He came forward, with a strained smile and said "Hello, Babesy, glad to see you."

"Don't come near me, you — — —" I screamed. "I would have killed you if you had crossed my path the last few days. But death is too good for you. You joined your filthy gang in robbing me. You helped Adams take away my building.

Did you see that building now? See! Here is the picture in the newspapers. It is now blind as I was blind. I struggled to pay for it, brick by brick. Now it is blind—*blind,* do you hear? You schemed with those bastards to keep me quiet until the indictments were quashed. You kept me from telling the world the true cause of the riots. You then pretended to take care of my cases, while you permitted the time to run out so that I would be too late to get my rights. You planned to have me defeated and helpless. I cooked for you, worked for you and lived with you! You used me for your pleasures and convenience, all the while calling me "Babesy" and swearing that you loved me. You lying bastard. You can't get away with it—and you won't. Now, get going and give me back my $2,000.00 and I won't ever see your face again. Don't you forget it. I will cut your throat! Don't get the idea that you are through with me. I will square our account if it takes the rest of my life!"

I slammed the door as I left.

* * *

I went to the Chicago Bar Association and spoke to one of their attorneys. I brought my entire file showing my various transactions with Adams, including the oil stock swindle, the $8,500.00 fraud, the fraudulent $12,500.00 mortgage, the fraudulent furniture deal, and the $38,000.00 mortgage which Adams assured me was backed by resources of the La Salle Trust & Savings Bank, and that he was backed by the Chicago Bar Association. I was told to go to the State's Attorney or to hire a lawyer to sue Adams. I replied that I did hire a lawyer, but that the lawyer had taken my money and had done nothing in my behalf.

The Bar Association lawyer made the smart-aleck retort, "Get another lawyer to sue that one, and when you get the right lawyer you won't have any more money, then you will quit," and walked away. I ran after him and asked if the Bar Association doesn't help people who are swindled by lawyers. He said, "No, this is a lawyer's organization, and not interested in your troubles."

I then went to the State's Attorney's office, with my file. They selected some of the documents, withheld them and gave me a receipt. After listening to my story one of the assistants suggested that I file a complaint with the Chicago Bar Association. I said that I had gone to the Bar Association, but that they said they weren't interested. The Assistant State's Attorney then said that their office couldn't handle the matter just then, but that I should return later. "Come back after the election—Come back after November! "Come back," meant "Go away, get lost."

* * *

WE now come back to the Book of Payne. I had found my way to Mrs. Keys, with whom I traded confidences. I had told her of my financial involvements, regarding my $2,000 loan to Mr. Keys, how I had been defrauded by Adams, and about D'Angelo. At a later meeting Mrs. Keys said she had spoken to her attorney, Aaron H. Payne, who said he would effect a collection and was eager to help me with my other matters. I called upon Attorney Payne, who promptly told me he would get the $2,000.00 for me from Mr. Keys, that he would charge $500.00 and upon his request I brought him $250.00. On the Adams case and on other matters, he said he would charge me one-fifth of any amount he would collect, and gave me a written statement to that effect, therein providing that he would allow me for the charges made by Attorney D'Angelo and a Cicero attorney to whom I made payment for services.

On the Adams case he asked for $2,500.00 retainer, which I paid. Later he asked me for another $1,000.00, which I also paid, so that, in all, I paid Mr. Payne a total of $3,750.00. These amounts were to be deducted from his one-fifth percentage of whatever would be realized.

Mr. Payne did not collect the $2,000.00 from Keys, nor the $500.00 from the Cicero Attorney. Payne made no attempt to do so.

To secure the files from D'Angelo, Payne filed a petition before Judge Haas, where the suit against Adams was pending. D'Angelo nonetheless presented a further bill, which I would ask the reader to examine, namely:

September		*Hours*
4	C. W. DeRose—Antonow (no deal) Conf. with Love	2
5	TT — DeRose	½
6	TT — DeRose. Went to see DeRose—Checked File	1½
7	Checked with Bar Assn.	1
8	TT — DeRose	¼
10	TT — DeRose — Checked foreclosure	2
11	TT and TF — DeRose—Checked File	2
12	Prepared mtg. foreclosure	3
"	Recheck Tract Book	½
13	Prep. mtg.	2
"	TT — DeRose — C. W. DeRose	1½
15	TT to Adams	½
"	Mtg.	1
17	Prep. mtg.	2
"	Clerk for Answer	¼
18	C. W. DeRose — Indictment[1]	2
19	Stipulation — C. W. Adams, et al	4
20	Stipulation and C. W. Adams	3
"	Mot. to quash[2]	6
21	Criminal Court — C. W. Leighton Moore[3]	3
22	Adams and Moore[3] — Stipulation	1
25	Motion to quash[2]	3
26	*TT — Adams and Love — DeRose	2
27	General and Decree	2½
28	General and Decree	1
		48¾ hrs.

October		
1	TT to Adams re decree and stip. — General	2
2	Adams and DeRose	2
3	C. W. Adams re decree and implementation	2½
4	TT — Adams: TT to DeRose	¾
5	TT — Adams re security (said he would send it)	
	TT DeRose (told her I would have letter)	4/6
6	C. W. DeRose — gave letter to her	1
7	TT to Love — Re File app. in foreclosure	1/6
8	— — — — — —	
9	— — — — — —	
10	— — — — — —	
12	TT — DeRose	1/6
15	C. W. DeRose and Keys — Adams	4½
16-20	Hospital — 3 TT to Adams	1
22	C. W. DeRose — Love	4/6
23	TT with Group re 8500 mtg.	5/12
24	TT DeRose — TT Group re mtg.	7/12
25	TT DeRose — C. W. Adams (Gave her filed)	1½
		17 hrs. 55 mins.

At the hearing before Judge Haas I accompanied Payne to resist with everything I had any further payment to D'Angelo, because I had quit him. I had already paid D'Angelo $110.00, mostly for conversation. When the matter was called, I followed Mr. Payne before the court. Mr. D'Angelo presented his bill, and told the court of his time and labor devoted by him. Mr. Payne did not reply. I raised my voice in protest. Judge Haas looked through the bill and said, "That a lots of talking, didn't you do any work?" It looked as if Judge Haas would deny D'Angelo's bill, when Payne spoke up, "Your Honor, my client is satisfied to pay $700.00," and shush-shushed me. Just then Adams and his clerk came through the door, and Adams shook hands with D'Angelo, in a congratulatory manner.

[1] D'Angelo had nothing to do with any indictment.

[2] D'Angelo had nothing to do with quashing any indictment—That was taken care of by the NAACP attorneys.

[3] Leighton and Moore were NAACP attorneys — D'Angelo was not concerned with them. These and other items are purely fictitious.

THE mills of the gods grind slowly. Justice is shown as blind. In my case it was also deaf and dumb. I was now free of the clutches, not of the law, but of the lawyers — from all but Payne. The indictment against me, which I welcomed, and against Adams, Leighton and others, had the effect of securing for me a "stipulation," whereby my Adams "investments" were to be made secure. I was not made whole with the stipulation, not by far, but it was sufficient to give me a new start. That stipulation was not the result of D'Angelo's work, it was, so to speak, a windfall. Yet with it D'Angelo demanded a pound of flesh. Now, at long last, the stipulation was turned over to Payne so that he may close the case against Adams as by Adams agreed in his stipulation.

The very next day I called upon Payne and asked him to act upon the stipulation. He pulled the document from the files and said, "This stipulation isn't worth the paper it's written on. It's no good. Who wrote it?"

I said that it was prepared by Attorneys Adams, Leighton Keys and D'Angelo. Payne replied, "Somebody has been kidding you."

The next day Payne became ill and was taken to a hospital. I wondered if he was not a victim of my *destina*. I brought him a bouquet of red roses and a basket of fruit to the hospital. He was not back to his office for weeks, while I again sweated it out. Payne had $3,750.00 of my money as retainer, my files and original notes, while nervously waited from day to day. When Payne returned to his office, he gave me a lecture, with gusto, of the different steps he will take against Adams; that he will get an injunction tying up all of Adams' real estate, that he will take him before the Chicago Bar Association and that he will make Adams bite the dust.

I now pursued Payne to get action, which he had promised.

Adams had testified before Judge Haas. His testimony was a tangle of lies. He fumbled in his testimony on the oil swindle, on the $8,500.00 mortgage swindle, the furniture scheme, the borrowing and the means whereby he obtained an assignment of my building.

I demanded that Payne present the evidence to State's Attorney Boyle, or that I would do so again myself, or hire another attorney. I threatened to go to Judge Gutknecht who was slated to run for States Attorney. I prevailed upon Payne to go to the States Attorney for an indictment against Adams. We went together. Adams was indicted. Payne said that he had connections in the States Attorney's office, and that he would have a special prosecutor in the Adams case, a colored assistant.

There was to be a decree by Judge Haas in the civil suit against Adams. On the day it was to be entered Mr. Payne sent me to the States Attorney's office, to answer some questions in the Adams prosecution. I asked Payne to postpone either the matter before Judge Haas or to change the time of appointment with the Assistant State's Attorney. Payne said that it couldn't be done and that my going was urgent. I went to the States Attorney's office. I waited five hours until the Assistant States Attorney could see me. When he did he merely asked me routine questions that had been thoroughly gone over previously.

Payne said that as soon as the decree was signed there would be paid to me $120,000.00; and that the money would be in his office. This he kept repeating. He said, "*I got you everything.*"

Payne asked me to invest in a country club, and in an insurance company. He suggested that I invest $20,000.00. The country club had burned down, and it was to be rebuilt. I thought of my Adams investments; also my funds that had dwindled.

* * *

FOR reasons I could not then understand, Payne insisted that I do not testify that I had sold the building to Adams. But I was twice puzzled because almost every lawyer thus far instructed me to say, write or testify to things that weren't so. With all my sterngth I wished to tell what actually happened, but I couldn't get a chance to do so. I paid out thousands of dollars to get into a court or before the bar association for the one chance to tell my story. I thought of the ladies of the streets who are mostly truthful, even honest, until they came to the law. Why can't I tell the truth? The court is the only place where they solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth and then lie like hell!

Nor could I understand then why Payne refused to carry on my interviews with him orally. He said that he was suffering from pains in his head and therefore had me write everything I wished him to know. I saw other clients interview him without writing. D'Angelo, too, followed that method. I therefore sat and sat writing and writing the history of my troubles. In the case of D'Angelo first and Payne later I was charged by the hour for sitting and writing

It was while writing in Payne's office that the idea struck me to write my story for the public.

But I am not a writer, I thought, and that I must find someone who is. I telephoned to various newspapers, but received vague replies. Having become Negro minded, I also telephoned to the *Chicago Defender*. I was referred to Charles Pea Browning, public relations director, of the *Defender*. I called on Mr. Browning, who brought in a Negro Attorney, an Assistant U. S. District Attorney, who drew up a contract, providing for the payment of $1,000, for "editing" my manuscript, $500.00 to be paid with the contract, the balance after a lapse of some months. Some time later I was informed that progress had been made, and that the manuscript was being taken to a New York publisher, requesting the $500.00 balance, which I paid. I also paid the attorney for drawing up the contract and for other items, including a contribution, in all, an additional $92.00.

My special reasons for applying to the *Chicago Defender* were (a) reliability, (b) documented information regarding the race riots, which the *Defender* was likely to have, and (c) special skill in writing and reporting. The contract recited these considerations. I found living quarters within walking distance of the *Defender* and sat *day by day and hour by hour.* I was asked to write, write and write, which I did incessantly, but other than some typing and not more than a dozen pages of rewrite, no progress was made.

The term of the contract ended by default. Months after the time limit in the contract my manuscript remained in its original form, with here and there a few corrections in words, terms and punctuation. I felt that aside from the money, that many precious months had been wasted, and the story withheld from the public, *who had a right to know.* I can't say that I sustained a total loss, for by comparison with what had been rewritten with my original manuscript, I found mine clearer and more preferable in many respects. I felt that Mr. Browning gave me a diploma as a writer by comparison.

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ON March 24th, 1952, I went to a hearing before the Chicago Bar Association on my complaint against Attorney George C. Adams, accompanied by Mr. Payne. Sitting in an ante-room we found Adams, grinning triumphantly. Soon we were called into the conference room. Adams' grinning continued, as he sat down before the six men who were to hear the complaint and render their decision. The clerk announced, "This is the matter of the complaint by Camille DeRose against George C. Adams." Someone arose and announced that a part of the same matter is to be tried in the criminal court, and suggesting that the hearing should be continued until after the trial, so that this committee will know if there will be an acquital or a conviction.

"There will be no conviction," Adams interposed.

The chairman of the committee said the matter will be continued until the criminal case will be disposed of.

Mr. Payne rose and bowed and commenced to leave.

"Just a minute, gentlemen," I broke in. "I wish to address the committee."

"I apologize for my client," Mr. Payne volunteered.

"Apologize?" I asked. "They owe me an apology."

I continued: "Gentlemen, I wish to be heard," and without watiing for permission, I continued.

> "Gentlemen: There Mr. Adams sits, grinning. Did you hear, gentlemen, he said there will be no conviction and he must know. When I came into his office, by his request, I was the owner of a 20-apartment building, in a beautiful location, surrounded by a small forest of evergreens, landscaping and flowers. I owned a beautiful home with expensive furniture. I had also $27,000 in cash. When I left his office, I had no building, my $27,000 is gone, but that isn't all. I was prosecuted by my government and by my state. Since leaving his office I went from one lawyer to another trying to get justice. I now stand before you against this swindler

who grins before you in defiance. He says, 'there will be no conviction.' I would like to know how a lawyer can go on and on swindling the public. I am not here to complain about the $8,500.00, on which this grinning crook is indicted. What about $4,750.00 on fake Kentucky oil stock? What about the furniture swindle? There is not a single day that this grinning confidence man does not commit a swindle for which he should be disbarred. I threatened this man that I will go to the Chicago Bar Association. He said, 'they will laugh you right out of their office.' He said, 'My-my—I have been going on for years and years—the Chicago Bar Association doesn't care what I do.' And now, Gentlemen, with the same confidence he says that there will be no conviction. How is it, gentlemen, that this man is armed with a license to practice law for the purpose of swindling women out of their life's savings? I know, as you, gentlemen, should, that I am not the first nor the last that he has ruined. I didn't win my building in a lottery. Brick by brick I paid for it. I walked to save carfare, I did my own washing, I worked when others enjoyed vacations. And after all these years of 'sweat, blood and tears.' I had a stake in this my country for my security. I stand before you ruined and helpless, while he who has robbed me stands before you grinning, sneering, that 'there will be no conviction,' either in the Criminal Court or before the Chicago Bar Association. I only asked him a simple question, on rent control, and my life's savings are gone."

As I finished, Mr. Payne again said, "I wish to apologize for my client," bowing. I said, "Oh, shut up."

On the committee was a Negro member whom I recognized as one I had seen in the office of the Negro Attorney who drew my contract with Browning.

I cannot criticise the colored citizens of this community too severely, because of their oftimes corrupt leaders, for I cannot boast of the white politicians, either.

* * *

ATTORNEY Payne filed my suit against Cook County for the destruction of my building and my furniture. I insisted on filing the suit, of course. I also insisted on his filing a suit against the Town of Cicero, which had to be done within a specified time. Payne permitted the time to go by, so I could not maintain the suit. As to the suit against the County, Payne reported that he made a settlement with the County, and presented me with a document of several pages to sign to complete the settlement. I signed the document. I later learned that what I signed was a stipulation to dismiss my suit. I received nothing for that dismissal. I had paid him for commencing the suit, and he charged me for dismissing it. Long after it had been dismissed I kept asking Payne about the settlement, and he kept telling me that he will soon get around to it.

Even the typesetters who are typesetting this book, and haven't yet reached this page, ask, "How can one person get into so much trouble?" To whatever extent I was to blame, if indeed I am, my punishment is severe. Yet I am reminded of my short period of rehearsal as a ballerina. Once off the ground, I was being tossed from hand to hand, by stalwart men whose embrace and control I could not break. And it was, again, my *destina* to have them drop me on my toe. Likewise, when I was lifted, or thrown, from the solid rampart of ownership and control of my property, I was again tossed from hand to hand, again finding myself under a control I could not break. As a ballerina, I was in the field of art; as a landlady I was tossed into a field of viciousness and corruption. But in both instances, I could not break the control.

And who were the principals in the cast of this devil's dance, by which I was tossed and hurled to near-destruction?

I was invited by Attorney Payne who said he had spoken to Mrs. Keys regarding my difficulties and that he was eager to help me. I had escaped the tentacles of Adams to fall into the hands of an Attorney recommended by Mr. Keys. In the background was Attorney Leighton who had been an office associate of Attorney Payne, and also associated with Mr. Keys in NAACP activities, and who came forward to "defend" me and others indicted in the State court for conspiracy to cause the riots.

To assist me in "editing" and producing my book, my "editor" summoned a sub-editor who I later learned had been associated as a fellow-officer with Attorney Payne in another Negro group. Came to the defense of Attorney Adams, in the prosecution against him for defrauding me, one attorney whose wife is a United States delegate to the United Nations, and another white attorney who represents also some of the Cicero authorities as well as the mortgage people who are foreclosing my building.

So that my legal rights were viciously thwarted on the one hand, while my book was being suppressed on the other. Some will wonder how I chanced to escape that concentration to tell my story at all.

Let not those happy women readers, surrounded by husband, uncles, brothers and others, to whom they may turn in a crisis, judge me too soon and too harshly about my entanglements. I was alone! And what happens to a woman, alone, in a crisis?

Their stories, in the thousands, remain untold. In this book I hope to give voice to the countless defenseless women who are taken to the "cleaners," by the human vultures who spun me in the legal *dans macabre.*

* * *

VIOLATION of Civil rights by the Cicero authorities was a Federal offense. Seven officials were indicted by a Federal grand jury. Four were convicted, including Chief Konovsky and Attorney Berkos. Those convicted filed their appeals, which are now pending.

* * *

AS I said, I moved to the South Side within convenient distance of my "editor." While there I heard a great deal of gossip about the Cicero race riots, about the policy racket, and became intrigued by the strange new world. I met a brilliant colored woman who had inherited a newspaper and printing plant and who had been swindled out of both by Adams. I lived under an assumed name, and I told only my "editor" and Attorney Payne of my whereabouts. My own parents didn't have my address. Yet, within a matter of a week or ten days, strange characters hovered around my living quarters, followed me on foot and in cars. Going out of the door was a signal to one, two and even three cars to cruise around following me. I moved three times in one month. At the moment I lived on Drexel boulevard and 63rd street. I walked the two blocks to 63rd and Cottage Grove for a newspaper, feeling unafraid within that well-lighted and populous area, with stores open until late, with shoppers on the walks. Police in uniform and in plain clothes would greet me cordially. They appeared to recognize me from my pictures in newspapers. They sensed that I might meet up with intruders and cautioned me to call them at their posts or at the police station whenever I had any fears, or if molested.

I felt at home in the "clubs" in the vicinity, and also patronized the lunch rooms. I sat down at one of the clubs which serves barbecued chicken. Soon a white man sat down near me and asked if I would have a drink. I said, "No, thank you." But he persisted. I called the waiter and asked if he would move me to another table. The man excused himself and went elseelsewhere. Later, as I was about to leave, he came up, took out his wallet and showed what looked like a police identification, took my arm firmly and said, "Come along, you're under arrest." I stood my ground and said that he had no warrant and that I would have to have better identification. A few of the men and the hostess came forward and stood around, ready to help. The man said he will call the station for a patrol wagon. I pointed to the telephone booth. He went to the booth to a dial 'phone. I noticed he didn't use the dial, so that if he did call, it was not a local call. I stepped up and said, "Look here, mister, you're not calling the Woodlawn station." I placed my hand on the hook and disconnected. I asked him to step out. He stood aside, surrounded by the customers who came near, while I dialed. Before I received a connection, the "policeman" stalked out of the club.

I had every chance to make a get-away while he was using the telphone. I had to thin k quickly. The fact that I was free when he entered the booth led me to suspect that he expected me to escape and that he had confederates outside, particularly at the rear door, out of sight of police or civilians.

* *

A few evenings later, walking again along 63rd street, an automobile followed and came to a sudden stop. It was a private car with the license plate covered with dust or mud. I increased my pace. A man stepped out of the car and made for me. Instead of running forward, I ran across the street into the oncoming traffic, which caused the brakes of cars to shriek to avoid hitting me. One car cleared me within an inch. I reached the sidewalk, ran headlong just as the lights changed. The man had run to the corner of the intersection, then followed me. I ran into one of the big tavern night clubs with the man following closely behind. The door man was a colored giant about six feet four. My pursuer followed me in. The door man intercepted. The man pulled out a genuine policeman's star and said I was under arrest. The owner, a white man, came toward us and asked what was wrong. He saw the police star. I talked fast. I said that this officer, if he is an officer, is driving a private car, a jalopy, and had been following me for no reason. The owner said that he will guarantee my appearance in court or that he will hold me in custody until he returns with other officers, or that he, the officer, can use the telephone to call the police station. The officer, or pretended officer, then said, "O.K. you hold her here, I will be back with a patrol wagon." He did not return.

⁂

THE next evening I moved into a hotel about a mile distant. Somewhere among my possessions was a 32 calibre pistol, fully loaded, which belonged to one of my husbands some dozen years before. I had never used a pistol or any other fire-arm. I searched and found it in one of my suitcases. I put it in my handbag where I had determined to have it remain from then on. If unable to use it, I might at least frighten an intruder. I used it to good advantage almost immediately. I soon noticed an eerie silence when I entered the lobby and elevator. I wasn't being looked at. Entering my room, I noticed there were no towels nor soap. I picked up the 'phone, but found it disconnected. I had decided to go down stairs to ask for towels and soap, as by then the drug stores were closed. Just then I heard a knock on my door. There must have been several men as I heard them talking. I asked, "Who is it?" "Open the door," a voice said, rapping harder. I shouted that I do not wish to see anyone. They started to lunge at the door and I could see the lock giving way. I took my pistol and knocked at the door, shouting "There will have to be seven, because the first six will get a bullet, so come on, I'll let you have it." They left.

* *

I found a room in another hotel, to which the cabbie drove me. In getting into a hotel I examined the windows and doors and the facility for getting in and out. I had lots of confidence in this room as it had a fire escape. The window facing the escape had wire-glass panes, and the catch was in good condition. I settled down for a long stay. The hotel was on a business street, well lighted. I made the rounds of neighborhood spots and wherever I entered many faces turned toward me. I made a genuine effort to be inconspicuous. I spent the evenings with my "editor," or at least in his office, discussing, explaining, writing, until almost always past midnight. The first week was uneventful. About the 9th day, or evening, past midnite, I inserted my key to my room but found it open. The lock did not close automatically, it must be locked by hand on leaving. I thought I had forgetten to lock it. Slowly opening the door I found the lights up. I got the idea that I had been burglarized. As the door swung open fully, there stood before me a heavy-set Negro, glaring at me like a night-owl. Quickly I drew my pistol, and while my knees buckled I said firmly, in the manner of the movies, "Don't move, or I'll fill you full of holes." He lifted his hands and shook as if he had the St. Vitus dance. I said, "Get the hell out of here." He welcomed the opportunity, and out went a frightened intruder.

Meanwhile, my folks in Berwyn were receiving threats over the telephone constantly, always predicting my death. The incidents I am here describing were of frequent occurrence with variations. I had many narrow escapes, but I was becoming less and less terrorized. In fact, I became skillful in making quick getaways. Nonetheless I felt safer with my gun within ready reach, even if only to brandish it. I knew it was against the law to carry it around, but I felt that I would rather be arrested than dead.

* * *

LET not the reader get the notion that I fear death. In the earlier pages I described one of my attempts at suicide. You have heard Fourth of July orators repeat Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death!" To me the idea has more meaning than oratory. I truly do not wish to live without liberty. And justice and liberty are interlocked. You can't have one without the other. And you have neither in Chicago, in Cicero, Illinois, U.S.A. But I do fear mutilation and pain.

I went to Attorney Payne to tell him about the persistent threats. Payne said, "Forget the threats. Stay in your room. Don't go out. Have your food brought in." "I can't stay imprisoned. I must go out some time. I must go to the courts," I reminded him. "Always have a pencil and paper with you. Write down a description of anyone who makes an attempt upon your life, so that we may trace the men if anything happens to you," Payne advised. I dismissed the threats from further thought, as I felt I couldn't do anything about it.

Then came Payne's triumphant announcement. *"I got you* *everything* — *everything*. I got you back your property. I got your mortgage in good shape. I got you payment for your furniture—everything." Again I was happy. Payne handed me the "decree" which gave me *everything*. Like a school-girl with a large Christmas box, I was gay with expectation. I had *everything*. My life can now resume its happier routine. I can now write my book. Having gotten me *everything* I still have lost a sizable fortune in attorney's fees, also by the sale of my building for much less than it was worth and by the loss of my furniture. Yet I felt I was free to make up my losses. I delivered a copy of the decree to the Chicago Bar Association. *Everything* I now recovered was what Adams had stolen. I felt that the Bar Association should protect the public from further thefts. I then took a copy of the decree to Browning, for publication in the Defender.

Taking the document, Browning was all animation. "I will edit your book personally. I will give it my full time and attention." He said that we will start again where we left off, that I should come to his office every night. Knowing that I had moved, he said, "Give me your number so I can call you this evening to tell you what time." He then asked me to meet him in an office in a secluded location, with a third-rate tavern across the street. "Uh! uh!" I said, "Let's use this (Defender) office. I must be where I can make a quick getaway."

⁂

JUNE 12, 1952. I was in my room all day working on my manuscript. At 3:00 p.m. I went out for a roll and coffee, and returned promptly. At 8:45 p.m. I went to Mr. Browning's office where I remained until midnite, waiting for the *Chicago Defender* to reach the newsstands.

In the balmy summer night I walked for several blocks. I bought a copy of each newspaper on the stand. On the front page of the *Defender* I read that *upon the sale of my building after foreclosure 7½ per-cent goes to George C. Adams.* I felt as if the building toppled over me. *Destina,* in its more frightful form, struck again! Again, I had been betrayed. I heard the devil's laughter, louder and louder, shrieking "I got you everything — I got you everything — I GOT YOU EVERYTHING! Payne did get me *everything* — everything villainous, everything malignant, everything poisonous. Everything I had hoped for was now gone—everything—everything lost, everything destroyed!

It was 12:30 a.m. when I returned to the hotel, Friday the 13th, the day of Adams' trial on the embezzlement case before Judge Crowley. Adams had boasted before the Chicago Bar Association that there would be no conviction. I had reason to have misgivings about the trial. I had misgivings about any trial. Those misgivings never left me, to this moment. This 7½ per-cent was arranged before Judge Haas while I was sent to the State's Attorney's office, for no good reason, to keep me out of Judge Haas' court.

My faults are many. Like you, I seek justification for my thoughts and acts. But, truly, revenge is not too controlling a passion. I can overlook many wrongs, as we all must, if we are to maintain our peace of mind. People do selfish and dishonorable things, perhaps under force of circumstances, under pressure of impulses. However, when one hatches a long-term design to cheat, defraud and to destroy another, and works at it, without mercy and without conscience, one who takes fiendish delight in despoiling another, such a man should be isolated, he should be put where he will not be free to perform his ravages. That I was determined should be done.

Entering the hotel, the clerk handed me a blue slip, message reading, "Do not go to court tomorrow morning. Adams' attorney collapsed — case is continued." No name appeared on the slip. The time on the message was 9:15 P.M.

Attorney Payne had again and again told me that he would not appear for me nor with me at the embezzlement trial of Adams. He said again and again that under the law he was not permitted to intercede in a prosecution. That his mere walking into the courtroom is prohibited, and that any attempt by him to interpose would cause a "mistrial." This Mr. Payne illustrated by refusing to leave the elevator on the floor where the court room is located. But he also warned me that I must not have any other attorney to accompany me, as it would have the same blighting effect on the case.

I worried and tossed through the night. The message to stay away from the court was in the nature of a threat. The fact that no name was given seemed ominous. I had received anonymous, 'phone calls again and again warning me to stay away from the court room, with the hint that it might not be "healthy." Had I answered the 'phone, I feared, the "message" would not have been that mild. The clerk's male voice toned down the message, I was convinced.

I got out of bed and looked for the pistol. Business was open all night in the neighborhood. I put on some clothes and went out for coffee. I decided that I wouldn't run again, — from anything — or anyone. Anyone chasing me, I was determined, will get a bullet.

I felt the need of a stalwart friend. Surely, I had my parents and my brothers, but my soul cried out for a chance to bring them solace, not troubles. They were now getting threats. I guarded from them with my very life, the unspeakable life which I chose, just as the bullet chooses its destination. Through the night, as I tossed, I felt keenly the mistake I might have made in shooting my mouth off at Keys. I began to reason that probably I should not have expected him to sacrifice what he has built up for what I had broken down. I should not have expected him to forsake his race for the race that had forsaken me, to make his lot with me, and both end up as outcasts. What was I storming at him for? I am fighting a world of corruption, a world which liquidates its enemies year in and year out and mocks a limping law enforcement, a world which has its ambassadors in every public and political authority. Can he run from place to place as I have run? Can he change his name from week to week? Can he change his color? Maybe "I done him an injustice." At any rate, he is not with me, in court as he was at the hearing on the indictment, and out of court when he gave me courage, hope and—love.

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FRIDAY the 13th had never before been an unlucky day for me. I was not bothered by superstition. I dressed hurriedly. I was to go alone to the court. I was tempted to telephone to Keys, to ask him to go to the court with me, before the same Judge Crowley, where he had stood with other lawyers on their motion to squash the Cicero indictments. But I feared he might not be hospitable, and, even in desperation, I still have pride.

I went to the court full of misgivings. Adams told me off when I told him off. He said that no lawyer is smart enough to outwit him; no court will convict him; that I would be run ragged from court to court and get exhausted getting nowhere; that he got 149 continuances in one case; that long before my cases against him would come to trial I would also have exhausted the little money he had allowed me to keep. "Get lost," he said. "Leave the country while you still have skin on your ———, before you are thrown into an insane asylum. No one fights George C. Adams and gets very far."

Those words were ringing in my ears. Thus far he called the punches. He also said that he isn't worrying about what would take effect as I would be dead long before any action I might take. I walked back to the hotel and took my gun from my room in a brief case.

Arriving at the court room I found myself facing a dozen leering and grinning colored men.

The senator who had posed with me was among those present, with Adams.

I had a chance to show to the young Negro Assistant State's Attorney the blue slip with the message that there would be a postponement. He dumbly shrugged his shoulders. I told him I had been receiving constant threats over the telephone that I would die if I go to court against Adams. He again raised his eyebrows and twisted a shoulder dumbly. Before going up to the court room floor I had telephoned Mr. Browning. During my conversation I told him that no matter how often I move that threats come over the telephone, and that I had taken a gun. Browning said, "Stay right there, stay right there, I'll grab a cab —I'm coming right over." He did not come.

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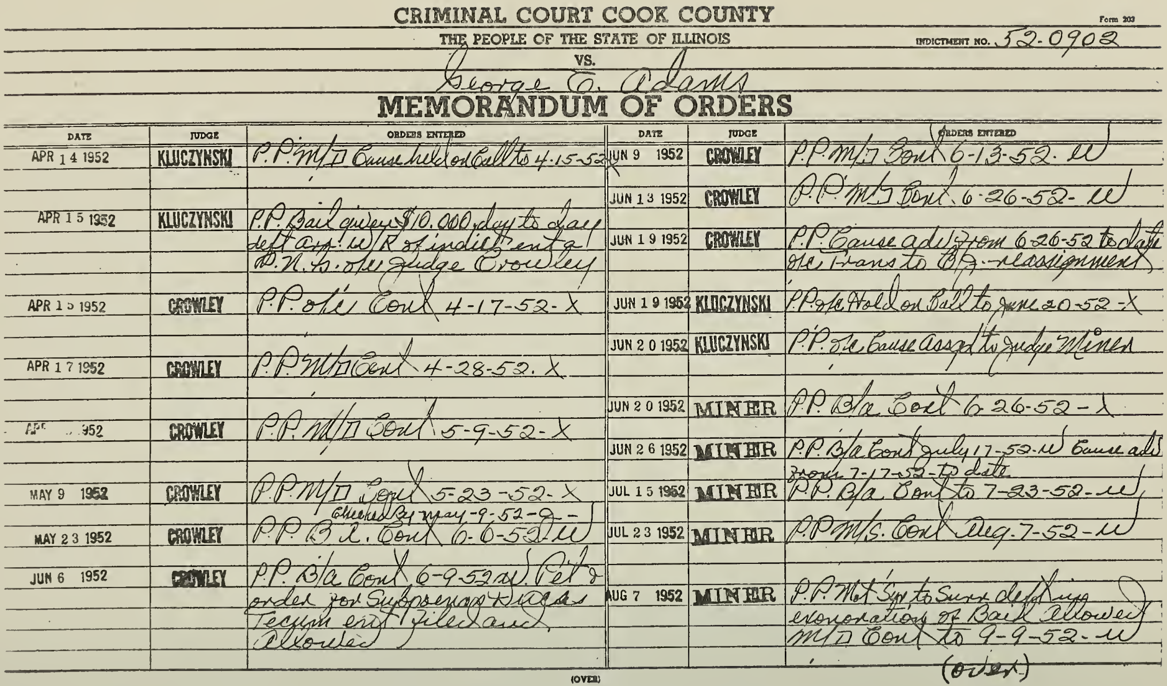
IN the corridor before the court room a festive scene of brotherly love was staged, partly for my benefit, the strolling players watching me and even bowing. The young Negro prosecutor and the defendant's lawyer slapped each other on the back and shook hands. There was a general rejoicing, hello'ing, chuckling, handshaking and back-slapping. One of them whom I had seen around Keys and Leighton came forward and said to me, "Why don't you go home? You'll get nothing here but headaches. Why don't you get wise to yourself?"

I went into the court room and stood near the entrance. The court opened promptly. No sooner the judge got on the bench when he extended his cupped hands in a "come hither" gesture, saying "Camille DeRose, step up!" Several others, the clerk, the bailiff, did likewise as if rehearsed, their voices ringing out in unison, "Camille De Rose—Camille De Rose." I walked forward to the dais, facing the judge, close to the colored prosecutor.

"Your Honor," came the voice of Adams' attorney, "I collapsed last night." "What can we do about that?" the judge asked. "I would like to have a continuance—I collapsed last night." The judge asked how long a continuance he had in mind, and the attorney repiled, "Oh, make it October, or later, I collapsed last night."

Turning to the prosecutor, the judge asked what the State had to say. "It's all right with the State." the prosecutor replied.

I moved forward and faced the judge, I waived the blue piece of paper I had received from the hotel clerk and said, "Your honor, I got a threat, last night." The judge took the piece of paper. I said the message warned me not to appear in court and that Adams' attorney had collapsed. I kept talking. The judge warned me to keep still. I said that I had to tell my story somewhere. "I can't live this way. I am fighting to get back some of my losses. I can't keep coming again and again in this case. There are too many continuances." I continued: "I want to be heard, in a court or by the public. I'm tired of this farce. I am caught between the Cicero Hoodlum Empire on one side and the South Side political bloc on the other. My building is destroyed, and I am hush-hushed, so I can't tell it to the court nor to the world." "One year for contempt of court," the judge said. Pounding my fist on the bar, with my voice filled with anger, I went on, "Why don't you make it five years—ten years? That was the



Form 203

CRIMINAL COURT COOK COUNTY

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS

INDICTMENT NO. 52-0902

VS.

George E. Adams

MEMORANDUM OF ORDERS

DATE	JUDGE	ORDERS ENTERED
APR 14 1952	KLUCZYNSKI	P.P. M/D Cause held on Call to 4.15-52 X
APR 15 1952	KLUCZYNSKI	P.P. Bail given $10.000, day to day deft arr. w/R of indict. ent g P.N.G. o/c Judge Crowley
APR 15 1952	CROWLEY	P.P. o/c Cont 4-17-52-X
APR 17 1952	CROWLEY	P.P. M/D Cont 4-28-52. X
AP [illegible] 952	CROWLEY	P.P. M/D Cont 5-9-52-X
MAY 9 1952	CROWLEY	P.P. M/D Cont 5-23-52-X Checked By may-9-52-g
MAY 23 1952	CROWLEY	P.P. B/a. Cont 6-6-52 W
JUN 6 1952	CROWLEY	P.P. B/a Cont 6-9-52 W. Pet & order for Subpoenas Duces Tecum ent. filed and allowed
JUN 9 1952	CROWLEY	P.P. M/D Cont 6-13-52. W
JUN 13 1952	CROWLEY	P.P. M/D Cont. 6-26-52- W
JUN 19 1952	CROWLEY	P.P. Cause adv from 6-26-52 to date o/c Trans to C.J. reassignment
JUN 19 1952	KLUCZYNSKI	P.P. o/c Hold on Bail to June 20-52-X
JUN 20 1952	KLUCZYNSKI	P.P. o/c Cause Assgd to Judge Miner
JUN 20 1952	MINER	P.P. B/a Cont 6-26-52-X
JUN 26 1952	MINER	P.P. B/a Cont July 17-52-W Cause adv from 7-17-52 to date
JUL 15 1952	MINER	P.P. B/a Cont to 7-23-52-W
JUL 23 1952	MINER	P.P. M/S. Cont Aug. 7-52-W
AUG 7 1952	MINER	P.P. Mot Sup to Surr deft [illegible] exoneration of Bail Allowed M/D Cont to 9-9-52-W

(OVER)

(over)

Photostat of the "Half Sheet" from the court files showing the postponements obtained by Adams.

intention, that was the pattern into which I was to be trapped. Only the public may not like to see the Cicero landlady whose building and home was wrecked go to prison on a fake issue. Adams robbed me even after my home was burned, and I am shut out of the courts, so that I can't as much as cry out against this outrage. Well, I challenge your Honor. I have lost all. There is nothing more for you to take, so why don't you finish the job? Make it a record. Throw the key away. Give me 99 years. If you can give it I can take it. It doesn't matter to me what you do. I am going to jail. I didn't do anything. He is not in contempt, he is free, although he robbed me. I want justice. You might as well make it 99 years.

"Two years," the judge said.

Make it five—make it ten—make it 99. One year will lose me all my cases, so you might just as well do a good job. No one is more innocent than I am.

I was hustled through a tunnel into an elevator and into the jail house. At long last, I was in chains. It was the final triumph of the rent office. I had read of "alimony row." This was landlady's row. Ringing in my ears were my tenant's voices heard at their meeting in my building, "Throw out the landlady. It's time we tenants got together." My heart was too full and too weak to think of the lesson in economics. The tenants were also evicted, even more suddenly than I. They couldn't see beforehand that by destroying the "kulak" they also destroyed the product which the "kulak" provided. Yet the tenants were free, I in chains. Another chapter in the *destina* of Camille DeRose, once *Patrone DeCasa.*

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DID I not say here before that one never thinks of his heart until it is impaired? We take our eyes for granted—until in danger of losing our sight. The greatest hope of the blind is sight. The greatest hope of the victim is redemption. Nothing is more terrifying than to see iron doors shut you off from the great outside. I shall refer to this again. The vale of humiliation was not a new abode to me. I exchanged my freedom to speak for justice. I was satisfied with the bargain. One of my life's greatest passions is to keep my bargain. I told the judge if he can give it I can take it. It is the rule running throughout nature that whether man or beast, to use his weapon against the defenseless. I have no organization behind me, no hoodlums associated with me ,no precinct or ward organization to trade its votes, and my lawyer betrayed me. From then on it is simple arithmetic. It adds up to jail. I though that what I lost in freedom, in the terror of this incarceration, I will salvage in experience.

Hundreds of books were written of prison life. Life? The training of a judge should be a term in prison. How else can he know what it is like? We were shocked to read that in Yemen and other Arabian countries a minor offender is punished by having his hand cut off! How cruel! How uncivilized! Look at us—we are civilized. So we boast. Yet I dare say, if an offer were made to the thousands in the jails and penitentiaries to exchange their hands, feet, or gizzard for freedom, there would be few remaining behind the bars. Prisoners are partitioned off from the windows of top floors, lest they find freedom in death.

What the spider does to the fly, what the cat does to the mouse, what the wasp does to the caterpillar, what the killer whale does to its victim, the law does to the prisoner. The "criminal" law is the law of nature in its blind ruthlessness. The law is a co-efficient to nature's frightfulness. You may have read of the prisoner in the death cell who cut his wrists with a razor blade and was found by the warden bloodless and unconscious. The prison doctor was ordered to administer blood transfusions. The prisoner was restored and led to the electric chair! This is sadism carried to a high voltage. Nothing more horrible can be conceived of. It makes the law of the jungle mild by comparison.

What do we think today of the judges who condemned helpless, terrified elderly women to be roasted alive for witchcraft? If civilization ever arrives, I am sure that our present judges will fare no better in the opinion of rational human beings, if they arrive to that stage before extermination.

I am in prison for nothing, like thousands of others. Judges and juries are a fumbling lot, and many people are fumbled into prison. Yes, I was in prison when I was not guilty. Would I have been more comfortable if I were guilty? Yet jail has many curious sides, enough to fill another book, much untold. Let us run through, in a page or two, my imprisonment of seventeen years. Did I say seventeen years? It was but seventeen days on the calendar.

Your Cicero landlady is now in Cell Number 26. Everywhere I was surrounded by bars. A bell rang, a clear, resonant voice cried out, "Dummies up on the 'B' side. Yoooaah! . . . ." As I sat at one of the long tables a tin plate was pushed before me with macaroni without sauce or seasoning, a tin spoon, a tin cup with "coffee" (ugh!), a sliced loaf of bread thrown on the table. That was dinner for the inmates. A sip of the dark, smelly liquid was sufficient. I cannot think of a better place for losing weight—and losing health. Some of the women seemed to be talking with their hands. I thought they were deaf-mutes, but I learned otherwise. After the sumptuous repast, the women sang and harmonized, giving a better performance than I had heard over the radio. Then they sang the Lord's Prayer, with a fervor which a church choir would envy. It was the song of the lost, of the forsaken, I thought. What is happening outside of the jails and penitentiaries? I was a criminal because, through an error into which Cicero and my lawyer led me into, I raised my rent above nine cents per person per day, whereas Cicero hotels must report $5.00 per 15 minutes. I am in jail. No rackets to help me, such as I might have had if I had turned my property over to the $5.00 per 15-minute class. The Home Rule didn't furnish an umbrella for my home, from a hail of stones. What's happening outside of my jail? What about the widely advertised brewery caught using carloads of infected and putrid material for the flood of beer sold to the public? Business is usually legal fraud.

Fire insurance companies are a barometer of business conditions. Fires occur more frequently as business declines and vice-versa; and it follows, that fires in a particular product increase when sales fall off. Fraud is the chief pursuit of humanity. Perjury is the chief commodity of lawsuits. The salesmen pad their expense accounts; the lawyer pads his time sheet; the client exaggerates his loss or injury. There are thousands of fake religions. The population of the jails and penitentaries are controlled by the number and diligence, or lack of diligence, of the prosecutors.

* *

I HAVE heard it said that time is our most precious possession, that it is the substance of our life, something we cannot buy back after it slips by. Yet it can be painful. The death sentence is the kindest, excepting for a psychological fear. The prisoner suffers death daily, and would suffer a mental break-down, as often happens, but for a traitorous hope which preserves him for more suffering. It was told of Caesar that when he threw Christians into the lions' pit, he called attention to their struggle to gain a few seconds of their miserable lives. The "will to live," is irrational in the face of hardship and disability Were human beings rational there would be a few alive in penitentiaries, with the bleakness, the sadistic guards, attendants, matrons and wardens, ugly food, soul-destroying confinment and restraints. Even outside the incredible horror of prison "life," living often becomes irrational. Those who out of kindness brought me back to life, in the year of 1947, of which this same Chief Konovsky boasts, have preserved me to face the horrors which I record in this book.

It is my view that depth of mind, heart and soul cannot be expected of our judges. The chief ingredient for attainment of office is political opportunism. This ingredient does not disappear after such attainment, but rather it increases upon what it feeds. The weak must ever be the scapegoat for the strong. The prisons are therefore populated by the unsponsored, unprotected and often guiltless victims.

If the judge would have capacity to think, and that does happen, he should recall an occasion when his train was an hour or two late. He has all the lush comforts of the club car, the observation platform, he can play bridge or pinochle, he can push the button and have delectable sandwiches and drinks brought to him, and yet he sometimes suffers a nervous breakdown because of the delay of a few hours.

Compare this train delay with imprisonment in the County jail. Hard wood benches with no back rest; smelly, slimy, wormy food, and even that scant; bleak grey walls; idle tortuous hours without definite limitation to look forward to; uncomfortable cots to sleep on; humiliating exposure without privacy in the biological needs of women; one roll of toilet paper for forty women which is quickly used, then none; one tin drinking cup for all; sick, infected women mingling with the rest; one shower open twice a day for thirty minutes, all forty women scrambling to get in, exposed, obscene, infectious, irritable. Nothing to read, scraps of soap, no tooth brush, no sanitation. The filth, grime and contamination is indescribable. Add to all this the corroding blight of ignominy.

* *

CONSIDERING the deprivations thrown upon them, the prisoners show a stoical tolerance of their confinement in the Cook County chamber of horrors. Toni, a young, attractive colored woman, had been there for ten months. We became friends. She was bright, sensitive, and talkative. She was accused of being a "hoister," which is a prison term for shop-lifter.

One of the matrons was a sadist at heart. She would tie Kotex under her feet and prowl around the "cat-walk" surrounding the cells to catch an unsuspecting prisoner in some inoffensive violation of a minor rule, to send her to the "hole," which was the name of a solitary confinement cell. Each of the prisoners would be caught in time.

Ugly things happen. One of the girls lost her mind and speech completely, another became desperately ill and wallowed on the cement floor. Neither received attention from the steel-hearted matrons. Not all matrons were bad. The head matron was kindly and understanding, but the cells were understaffed, and the inattention and neglect were the result. Hatreds develop, fights between prisoners are not infrequent, special punishments are severe. Some of the prisoners are spiteful, some turn "stool pigeon," and "snitch" on others.

The monotony is broken at times. The Mexican Rosa was a natural comedian. She was small, slight, neat. In Mexican-English she told her story, which I heard in part. This was her story:

> The judge asked me if I pick up mans. I say—no—your honor—he talk to me—he say helloe, bay-bee. I say hello you. He say you want make money—I say, sure, mo-ney I like.—I pay rent—you give me rent, ha? He say I give you three dollars! I bring home. He say, You French? I say, No,—Mexicano. Then the cops they push

the door—they bring me to jail—I do nothing. I tell judge I do nothing—The judge says sixty days. I say thanks you you honor—but I say I do nothing. The mans he in jail too—behaviora clinic the judge say—So this United States —huh. I like. You pay no rent, they put in jail. You get money for rent, they put in jail-a too. Nice, huh! I like the mans—may be me bad, no?

Among the prisoners was a cultured, dignified young Italian woman who was a professor of languages at one of the Eastern fashionable schools for girls. Her 8-year old child had been awarded to her husband in their divorce procceding. Doubtless she was not well represented, if at all, and was thereby deprived of cusotdy of her child. Visiting, she took possession of the child and transported her out of the state. This delicate young woman was also forced to mingle with the infected women, some with open sores, some with athlete's foot disease, drinking from one cup and handling the common food.

*

PRIOR to the court scene where I was held in contempt I had commenced to suspect Attorney Payne. I asked a friend if he knew of a capable and honest lawyer. He said he did and made an appointment for me, for that very morning, but my imprisonment prevented me from keeping the appointment. From the jail I sent a note to my friend to have the attorney come to see me and I placed his name on the register as my attorney. This new attorney called Payne by telephone to get his consent to join as co-counsel. Payne had not called for several days. Payne had not appeared with me on the pretense that he was not allowed in court during a prosecution (?) *but appeared immediately after I was held in contempt.*

The 'phone call by my new attorney alerted Mr. Payne who promptly called at the jail. He said that my imprisonment had so upset him that "I collapsed last night," a statement which was becoming monotonous.

Payne reproved me, stating that *he had 'phoned me the night before* that there would be no trial. It dawned upon me that it was Payne who had called in anonymously asking me to stay away from the court on that morning. I called it to his attention and in his nimble manner said that he did give his name.

My mother later told me that she had been talking with him over the telephone in his office during his collapsing days, and there was no evidence of the collapsing. At the County jail Payne spoke fervently. He said that staring me in the face was a 2-year sentence for contempt and a 3-year sentence for carrying the gun. He cautioned me that the presence of my new attorney placed me in jeopardy, as alone he had the entire matter under control, and that no harm could come to me. At every turn Payne impressed me that doors are open to him in the courts and in the State's Attorney's office, and that nothing can prevail other than a "pay-off" or proper influence, and that he had what it takes.

My new attorney had filed a petition purging me of the contempt charge, although I did not then understand its effect. The next day in court was to be Monday, June 26th, 1952. I was called before the court on that day. Mr. Payne asked me to sign a typewritten document to restore his right to represent me which he said had been cancelled by the employment of the other attorney. I signed the document without reading, as usual. I later learned that what he said about cancelling his right to represent me was untrue, and I also learned that the document was a petition to admit me to the Kankakee hospital. Yet he fervently assured me that with that document he would secure my release and that I would be permitted to go home in a few days. He warned me again and again that I must dismiss my other attorney, and that I must not permit the other attorney to appear. However, the anonymous call alarmed me and I asked my other attorney to be present, just in case, but to remain in the background.

Payne again and again assured me that my imprisonment affected his health. He also said that he had paid $2,500.00 to set me free. He also told me that Browning was on the way to New York with my manuscript, and that "Your story will be told to the world."

Attorney Payne, Miss DeRose and Mrs. DeRose, mother, in conference in Judge Crowley's chambers.

Before the hearing, in the prisoners' room adjoining the court room, I asked Attorney Payne as well as the bailiff to have my new attoney come in to talk to me. Both Payne and the bailiff insisted I could have but one attorney and refused to give my message to my new attorney. In the jail I had to speak to my attorney through a thick glass. We had to shout to each other through the various noises from the jail inmates.

Prisoners are denied their "inalienable" rights of which this country boasts, unless they reach the favorable lawyers. Newspaper reporters, psychiatrists and those opposed to the prisoner have a ready access to the prisoner, but without a "drag," a prisoner has no rights. The jail is the citadel of disillusionment. Once you have that experience, you see the "official" or political life of this country at its ugliest. You need look for no "iron curtain" in Russia. You have it here, with extra nuts and bolts, with all its horrors, tortures, sadism and savagery. Whoever passes through the hell-hole will never again trust the courts, with their vicious, lying, treacherous flunkeys. I am told that there are some wardens who are not sadists, such as Mr. Sain. But he wasn't the warden when I was there.

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COMING before the court, the new attorney did not come forward but remained about twenty feet away. Judge Crowley asked me if the new attorney represented me. I hesitated. He askd me again, I bowed my head and said "no." Attorney Payne had asked me to "co-operate" with him, that I should act as if I were distracted, agitated, nervous and subnormal. At other times he told me to cry to attract sympathy. I did not follow, I did not "co-operate." I reasoned that it might be necessary to act false in a false atmosphere, but speaking or acting falsely clashes with my nature. Again, I hope my readers will understand that I do not aim to pose as an example of what a woman should be. Hell, no! I am a creature of impulse, and whatever I do, right or wrong, good or ill, I do by impulse. It happens that one of my strongest impulses is to tell the facts, even if it hurts—if it hurts me as well as others. In pursuit of that impulse I stood before the judge in the face of a two years' sentence, and told what I had on my mind. Did Payne think that I would, even if I could, put on a false act?

With my new attorney withdrawn, I was left to the mercy of Mr. Payne, a psychiatrist and the judge.

My new attorney left the court room when I needed him most. What I did not even know was that at the earlier hearing, when someone unknown had tipped off the court attendants that I had the gun in my brief case, over which there was much ado, and brought an indictment against me, that the pattern followed by my Attorney Payne began to unfold. I will quote from the court stenographer's report of the proceeding:

(Camille DeRose was removed from the court room)

The court

Mr. Payne: If your honor please, may I address the court?

The Court: Now you may, Mr. Counsel. I am sorry that I had to do it. If you desire, I can order a behavior clinic examination for her. I think probably the doctor should examine her. You are her counsel in the civil proceedings, and if that is your request I will do it.

Mr. Payne: Not only that, your Honor, it is further than that. If this woman had killed a person before she could be sentenced.

Your Honor has never, perhaps, in all the Court's experience, had before the court an individual so upset, so mentally disturbed, as this woman has been.

Therefore I am asking that the court have a jury to determine Miss DeRose's sanity.

The Court: Well, do you have any doctor that had examined her and said she was mentally unsound and commitable? —If you want to you may have a doctor examine her in the County Jail and determine whether or not she is mentally sound.

That gave Attorney Payne an open road to put me away, so that I would miss my various court matters, and give him a chance to sabotage my claims, to enter decrees against me and dismiss other cases in court.

With the road open to confine me in a mental institution, my new attorney was an alarming interference to Mr. Payne. It brought Mr. Payne to his feet and to me at the County Jail. Unbeknown to me, he had employed a doctor who wrote to Judge Crowley a letter which I quote in part:

"Dear Judge Crowley:

"May I report to you on my findings in the case of Camille DeRose, whom I examined today at the County Jail with your permission at the request of Attorney A. H. Payne.

"As she unfolded her life story, it became increasingly apparent that emotional instability had been operative in her personality long before her involvement in litigation began.

"The continuous series of litigations she was involved in for the past few years had brought about still another unhealthy feature in her makeup; namely, she had become distinctly paranoid in ideation and behavior.

"This paranoid feature spells danger for people she considers as her persecutors. Furthermore, it spells untold discomfort for herself, as she had been living in fear and panic for a number of months, which made her move from place to place in order to escape those menacing situations.

"Such a person can be rendered more comfortable in the long run when placed in a protective environment, such as a mental institution.

"My recommendation therefore is that she be placed in a mental institution for further study and treatment."

The interview with this charlatan was imposed upon me upon Payne's assurance that it is part of the arrangement to set me free. Payne charged me $150.00 which he said he paid for the interview.

The ceremony started after my new attorney departed, and I was entirely at the mercy of Payne.

Payne ran back and forth from the judge's chambers to the ante-room where I sat with my parents. Payne Kept repeating that everything is "fixed," and that he had paid $2,500.00, and that I would be free in a matter of a few days. Soon I was brought into the court room. A jury was sitting in the jury box. Dr. Haines testified he had examined me by interviewing three of my former lawyers. Mr. Payne read the letter from which I quoted.

Later my new attorney searched the file and found an affidavit by Payne wherein he swears that I was a "lunatic", and "insane."

There was more mumbo-jumbo, the jury walked out and walked back, like actors before a curtain call, the foreman was asked to read the verdict, and he read from a paper—

"We, the jury, find that the defendant,
Camille DeRose, is insane."

Again I found myself trapped. The judge made a long spiel about how I would be improved with rest and treatment, and that in time I would regain my mental health. I asked if I would be permitted to address the court, and Mr. Payne said,

"Keep quiet, keep quiet, you're lucky—don't be spoiling..."

I brushed him aside, and demanded that I be heard. The judge consented to hear me, and I addressed him substantially as follows:

"Your Honor, I would like to tell my story:

"I asked a lawyer a simple question about rent regulation, a question which every landlord would ask. The question involved my 20-apartment building which I then owned, clear of any indebtedness—clear of mortgage. I also had an apartment of expensive furniture. Today I stand before your honor with all my property lost. I stand a woman alone, with my life's savings gone, all stolen from me by the lawyer of whom I asked that simple question. This swindler was indicted and was to be tried. There have been about a dozen continuances, but no trial. He and his confederates have boasted that he would not be convicted, that he had too much power, and that I am making a fool of myself trying to get justice. This lawyer deliberately organized the race riots which destroyed my home. I did not know that he was not a white man, I did not know that he was "mixed," Yet even if I knew I would not have known that he would bring the riots to my home. But he also swindled me—not alone of my title to my home and to my building, but of a large amount of cash. This indictment is for one of the items amounting to $8,500.00. What he boasted has come to pass. He is on the outside—free to roam the streets, I was put in jail, and now that I am out of jail, I must go to an insane asylum. Now, your Honor, do you think I am insane?"

The judge answered: "I didn't say that. In a few weeks you will be cured. Camille, I know your experience has been trying. You are forgiven for everything that happened in my court. You will be alright in a few weeks."

"But, your Honor," I replied, "I am fighting to restore part of what I lost, just as I am trying to bring this lawyer to trial. If I am put within the walls of a mental hospital, what will happen to my court matters? Then, again, I would by far rather go to jail again than into a mental institution. I will be marked for life as a mental case.

"Your Honor, I challenge you to go through what I went through and bear up as well. I challenge you, strong as you are, physically and politically; I challenge any man to go through my ordeals and come out fighting as I am doing. I am not insane." I spoke for fully fifteen minutes, telling something of the fight I had made and what I intend to make.

The judge repeated that I would benefit by the mental hospital. On June 30th, I was taken to the Kankakee State Hospital.

Thus I was not permitted to *die* and yet not permitted to live. The lawyers who defrauded me supplied the testimony to put me away in a mental institution.

I was driven to Kankakee, Illinois, by a bailiff and a woman deputy sheriff, in a private automobile. It was a delightful trip, in spite of its sordid destination. How different people can be, and what a difference people can make! Both were kindly, hospitable and encouraging. There were no restraints. I wasn't watched, They stopped off from time to time for coffee and sandwiches. Soon we entered the magnificent grounds of the Kankakee State hospital, into its winding roads, circling around wide lawns fronting the well-kept buildings.

Everything which is neglected in the County jail is supplied at Kankakee. The internes and physicians are considerate, friendly and helpful. In fact, they take abuse from some of the patients without reprisals. I presume the pace is set by its Superintendent, Dr. Ernest S. Klein, a scholarly, efficient and considerate executive. Nonetheless discipline is maintained, but not by the lash and the knout, which the hospital finds unnecessary. The food is surprisingly good, the beds clean and comfortable, all like an ideal country club. I regret to report that what is known as "hydro," a frightful ordeal, might be toned down if not eliminated.

New patients come into the diagnostic ward daily. Tests are made for disease and infection, and prompt and expert medical care is given. The patients are not handled like cattle in the stockyards or like I was handled in the Cook County hospital, or like the human derelicts in the jail are treated.

To a person of ambition, confinement is painful, even in a fashionable country club. From day to day my anxiety grew, especially as I realized that my confinement was part of the plan to accomplish my ruin, and by this confinement to also prevent me from asserting my rights. *The purpose was to keep me in Kankakee until my lawsuits were dismissed, the foreclosure against my Cicero building completed, the prosecution of Adams dropped, and my story silenced.*

My new attorney whose name I did not mention was Laurence M. Fine. He was shooed away when Payne assured me that he paid $2,500.00 and that I would be a free woman. It was to have been $5,000.00. Surely, I thought, I cannot jeopardize my freedom and $2,500.00. What else could I have done but to ask Mr. Fine to stay in the background? Mr. Fine left the court room, which proved another link in the chain which misfortune and Attorney Payne forged.

Payne had kept pounding at me that I faced ten years in prison, because of "direct" contempt and the major crime of carrying a gun, and that the insanity proceeding, plus his power in the courts, plus his payment of $2,500.00 was my only salvation. That I faced many years in jail was also repeated again and again by the court attaches. I was warned that bringing in another attorney exposed me to great danger, as all the benefits of Payne's maneuvers would be upset. Payne also told me that I can have but one lawyer, and that I must dismiss my new attorney to permit Payne to carry out all those things for my benefit.

How false all Payne's pretensions were I did not know then, although I suspected much. Yet I was in the postion of the drowning man grasping at a straw. The straw was what was left of my faith in humanity, my trust in ultimate justice and my fear that perhaps I might be wrong. I therefore clung to Attorney Payne, and his promise that he had "taken care" of everything, and that I would be released in a matter of a few days.

In Kankakee, I was shocked to receive a letter from Mr. Payne, which read, in part, as follows:

"My dear Mrs. DeRose:*

"This is to acknowledge receipt of your letter which was undoubtedly written before you left the County Jail. I want you to know that we fully understand your problems and will do everything to insure your best interest. The only way out of the difficulty before Judge Crowley was the manner in which we proceeded.

> "You understand that your release from Kankakee depends entirely upon the manner in which you cooperate with the doctors and nurses there. I am sure that you will do everything to assist me in effecting your release at the earliest possible moment, and I am sure that your behavior will be such that no one in the institution will question your sanity."

Contrast with the above, the statements in Mr. Payne's letter of July 8, which I also quote, in part:

"Dear Mrs. DeRose:

> "Yesterday morning when I arrived at the office, both of your letters awaited me. Believe me when I say that I fully understand your position and the distress that your confinement in the hospital must occasion you. This, however, must be endured until you have been there about *two months* at which time a psychiatrist will be engaged to examine you . . . . .
>
> "The employment of a psychiatrist for your defense in the Criminal Court necessitated the expending of funds out of my own pocket; this in itself should convince you that my sole interest is in accomplishing your best good.
>
> "There is but one thing for you to do while you are in the hospital, and that is, to seek to regain completely your poise and your balance so that you will be able to assist me in bringing to a successful conclusion the long and arduous litigation in which you became involved."

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*In spite of my frequent protest and corrections, Payne kept addressing me as Mrs. DeRose.

It will be noted that Mr. Payne had expended sums out of his own pocket, forgetting about my $3,750.00; and that my "best good," was to send me to Kankakee to get me out of the way. Not one word about the $120,000.00 he was to have had for me, under the decree, nor about any of my other matters, for which he charged the $3,750.00. It was clear that I had the wrong lawyer, and that I must have an attorney who might look after my "best good" and get me out of Kankakee, not put me in.

I wrote to Mr. Fine from Kankakee and he came out to see me. Before leaving Chicago he examined the court files. He found that my own attorney, Payne, had brought about my insanity hearing and confinement at Kankakee. He also found that "everything that happened in my court is forgiven," as stated by judge Crowley, was not carried out, for the order confining me at Kankakee provided that upon my release I should be delivered to the Sheriff to be held for trial in the gun case. I told Mr. Fine to proceed to secure my release. He filed a petition for writ of habeas corpus. This had the effect of alerting the Kankakee medical staff for a prompt examination. Mr. Fine wired me that the writ was granted.

At 8:00 the next morning I was called into a large conference room. I was confident, yet had fears. The judge, the jury, the court psychiatrist and my own lawyer had contrived to have me declared insane when they knew I was not. My appeal to the court for justice, which the judge held to be contemptuous, was otherwise regarded by lawyers and laymen then in the court room. One newspaper man was heard to say that it was the best defense oration since Clarence Darrow. Expressions such as "brilliant," and "powerful," were also heard. I was congratulated. Tears flowed. Yet I was declared insane. What would prevent this assembly of medical men and psychiatrists to follow that pretense? True, I felt, even if they would do so, the *habeas corpus* proceeding would accomplish my release.

Dr. Harvey, smiling, called me in. I was seated at the end of a huge table. Seated around it were some twenty people including several women. I was introduced to the various men and women as if I were the guest of honor at a banquet. They asked me what had happened to aggravate me, and I related briefly the events which brought about my reduced circumstances. I told the assembly that I merely touched the highlights, in a general way, as I did not wish to burden them with legalisms and detail. I also cautioned them that if I were tempted to give them more than the outline, that they could reasonably come to the conclusion that I was subject to fancies, romance, illusions and day-dreams. I said that a story of all the things that happened to me since rent control moved into my building would be fantastic and would shock belief.

I continued: "The question to be decided then, ladies and gentlemen, is if this devil's dance of events had not deteriorated my nervous system and mentality. I believe I held up very well, and I challenge any man of brawn and brain to come through such circumstances as well as I did."

"How do you feel about Adams? will you kill him if and when we release you?"

"No, doctor. On the contrary, I have cause to fear his death, as I cannot sue a corpse."

"How do you like the Kankakee institution?"

"Well, there can be no complaint against it as an institution. I have been well cared for, and the food is good. But my problems are out there," pointing to the space outside the windows. I continued to discuss the many things awaiting my attention. Questions were showered at me, but the questions and my answers turned into parlor conversations. I spoke casually, touching various problems and analysing viewpoints. Their attitude gave me courage. I could see in their faces and hear in their voices that their opinions were favorable.

On Sunday morning I went to church, Catholic in the morning, Protestant in the afternoon. I prayed fervently suppressing my tears. The priest intoned, "To the sincere at heart, the believer's prayers of help are answered of the Blessed Sacraments during July." Yes, prayers are answered, as they were at the Mayo clinic where light came through the great darkness. Now a ray of light shines through darkness at Kankakee.

The blessing of the church is real. From it we come light of heart, and a sweet friendship for everything around us. My fellow inmates rejoiced that I would soon go home, all wished me luck and asked me to write and to visit them. Our attendant asked if we wished to stop at the commissary. Do we wish to? Do we ever refuse? We bought ice-cream, sandwiches, whipped cream pie and coffee. Ain't we got fun!

Fourth of July was festive. We had a huge lawn party, with the old folks invited, blankets spread on the lawns, trees decorated, flags waving in the breeze, all reminding me of long ago, long before *destina* tossed me into the raging waters of a sometimes unwelcome life, long before . . . .

There were singing, dancing, comedy entertainers, acrobats, a parade of Indians, baton twirlers, adorable children. Pink lemonade, candy and nuts and a variety of goodies and games, all free. Doctors and patients mingled freely and cordially, a white nurse walking along with her arm around a Negro girl patient.

Walking along, greeting and being greeted, a woman beckoned, saying, "There's the woman who is turning." "Turning what?" I asked. "Turning white," she replied. Sure enough. A Negro woman sat on a bench toward which I was walking. She was definitely turning white. Her calves and upper arms were decidedly dark, the rest was as definitely white. Her face was dark brown to the chin, her neck and chest had become thoroughly white. It was an amazing sight.

I discussed the phenomenon with the woman who called it to my attention. She was colored. "To what race will she belong when the lady turns completely white?" And will it make so much difference when she does turn white, or if a white person turns dark? Isn't the difference pure fiction, excepting as to the superficiality of color? I wonder!

* * *

THE writ of *habeas corpus* was served upon the Superintendent of the Kankakee hospital. There had already been a unanimous decision by the entire staff that I was sane. Attorney Fine came out to take me back, but the local sheriff could not leave, so it was decided that one of the doctors would drive me. I was met by my parents with their family attorney. That Attorney and my parents decided to hold the writ in abeyance and to go back to Kankakee. Here I am again. One lawyer gets me out and the other sends me back. Whom should I believe? But having been declared sane, Kankakee couldn't keep me even if I had wished. At any rate, upon returning to Chicago for the second time, I faced the gun charge. It came up for trial, and who should be the prosecutor, but State's Attorney Boyle—*in person!* Apparently, an assistant could not be trusted with such a desperate case. However, the State's Attorney lost his case, and I was discharged. Now I am free at last. I was now free to fight for whatever the law may allow me out of my losses, if my dwindling bank account would last for the fight.

* *

THE Adams' case was called again. I appeared with my family's Attorney who, contrary to Payne, said that he could be present at the trial, but, like Payne, said that he could not address the court.* Somehow, thus far, excepting in the *habeas corpus* proceeding, when I was not present, my attorneys were short of argument. I had to supply the arguments, which got me into jail and, with the help of Attorney Payne, into Kankakee. Let not the reader get the notion that I was niggardly in payment for legal counsel. My attorneys, since the destruction of my building, have taken some $20,000.00 from me. They did not tell me that they were charging me for their silence. Yet in court they were speechless in my behalf. Here I again stood before the court facing another continuance. Again and again Adams had warned me that his case would never come to trial; and again and again I was warned anonymously over the telephone that I am wasting my time. I was determined to act as my own attorney and to address the court. I stepped before the court and asked if I would be permitted to speak. The judge (not the one who sent me to jail) said I should "go ahead," and I spoke:

> "Your Honor, I am the complaining witness in this case.
>
> "Approximately fifteen continuances have thus far been granted to the defendant. I attended all and was ready in each instance to testify. The grounds for the many continuances were the same — *the illness of the attorney.* Now, Mr. Adams tells us that his attorney again *collapsed,* this time in Arizona. I suspect that if this case is again continued, Mr. Adam' attorney will again come before your Honor and repeat his favorite phrase, 'I collapsed last night.' If the attorney expects to collapse again, would it

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*I later learned that an attorney may appear in any case in protection or for guidance, of a prosecuting witness, and may have leave of court to participate in the case as *amicus curae* (friend of the court.)

not be fair to the court and to me that we be so advised here and now?"

"I agree with you," said the judge. The judge set the case for trial, *with subpoenas,*" meaning there would be no further postponements. It was later sent to another court.

* * *

OCTOBER, 1952. Hear ye, hear ye. This branch of the Criminal Court is now in session. Honorable Daniel A. Covelli, presiding.

People of the State of Illinois versus George C. Adams. Trial. Camille DeRose, prosecuting witness.

* * *

I wish to digress here to quote from the official manifesto of the NAACP "*Guidepost to Freedom,*" which is reproduced later in this book. Every American, white and Negro, should take a keen and solemn interest in that manifesto, for it may be the key to the threatening world war between the white and colored people. Our danger No. 1 is not communism but the seething cauldron of race conflict. But more of this later. At this point it will suffice to consider the following from the manifesto:

"The NAACP has geared its legal, legislative, and educational programs toward a vast expansion of the Negro vote," and further:

NAACP COVERS THE COUNTRY

"The Association's strength is in its membership—a quarter of a million strong in forty-five states and Territory of Alaska . . . more than a thousand branches . . . headquarters in New York . . . maintains a Washington Bureau (in which most of the legislative activity is centered) . . ."

And from an accompanying pamphlet, we read:

"Through its 1,000 branches and 263 youth councils and college chapters, the NAACP carries out its program . . ."

And more significant:

> "EQUAL TREATMENT IN THE COURTS.
>
> "Much progress has been made in securing the right of every citizen of a fair trial and equal treatment by the courts . . ."

It will be noted that the NAACP has made "much progress," which is to say that there will be more progress. The pretense is that what the Constitution of the United States could not do what the citizens could not accomplish unaided as citizens, through our laws and enforcement apparatus, the NAACP is accomplishing outside of that apparatus. Such a manifesto must not be confused with the avowed objects of various ethical and religious organizations, such as the Knights of Columbus, the Masons, the B'nai B'rith, and others. None of these pretends to "twist the arm" of the law. These organizations disseminate *information* favorable to them, respectively. The NAACP does not rest with information, nor even with legislation, but presumes to step in at the point of administration and enforcement.

It is folly to argue that the NAACP movement is presently too feeble to carry out its "militant" program to impose its decrees and to influence the courts. We must anticipate its possible gathering of strength. We must not wait until the "movement" attains momentum to be a menace, which would most surely engulf all citizens.

From small acorns big worms grow.

*

* *

HERE is a convenient place to insert a few pages of testimony in the prosecution of Attorney Adams before Judge Covelli:

It will be recalled that I had employed Attorney George C. Adams for the simple purpose of advising me on rent control questions, so that I may strictly comply with all rules and laws. He led me into a violation, then advised me to place a $65,000.00

mortgage on my building, then to place the title to the building in a trust, then to assign the trust to him, then to invest my mortgage money in fake oil stock and other swindles; then to destroy my building in race riots planned by him and confederates. Adams was indicted for one of the swindles, involving an $8,500.00 mortgage which he sold me. He was defended by an Attorney identified with the NAACP whose wife attained an appointment to the United Nations through the influence of the NAACP. The stenographic report covers hundreds of pages. I will reproduce here some pertinent testimony, so that the reader can make up his or her mind as to the guilt or innocence, under that testimony.

Question (to Mr. Adams): What was the occasion for the conversation that you had with Mrs. DeRose, concerning a mortgage on the property at 2057-59 W. Washington Boulevard?

Answer: While I was sitting at my desk, Mr. Jack called me over the telephone about two or more different occasions.

Q. Who is Mr. Jack?

A. He was the attorney representing the trustee in the mortgage on the property.

The court: Tell what you said and what she said.

Adams: She asked me how much was the mortgage that I was discussing with Mr. Jack and I told her $8,500 and she said to me: "Why don't you and I buy the mortgage and *save your client from all that trouble,* and tell this foreign *so-and-so* to go jump in the lake. You put up $4,250.00 and I will put up $4,250.00 and we will buy the mortgage together, and we will *save the woman the trouble* until such time as she can *get it refinanced and not have a foreclosure on the property.* I said to her, "I can't afford to put that kind of money into this property at this particular time." And she replied: "Well, then I will loan you $4,250.00 with which to buy the mortgage, and you give me your note." I answered: "I don't think I want to do that even. I don't want to be involved in somebody else's property. I represent her and want to do everything I can *to save her from foreclosure,* but I don't want to be involved in giving notes in that way." So then she proceeded to have a lot to say to me, by saying, 'You are not as interested in your client as you make out like you are. You pretended to this lawyer that you wanted to do the woman a whole lot of good and don't want to see her lose her property and now when I am willing to *help you save it,* you don't want to do anything yourself. One thing I don't understand how you lawyers can be *so false to yourselves.*'*

Q. And what was said with reference to the mortgage or the loan of the money to you, which you have just related, if anything, other than what you have already told us?

A. She said, "You can give me a note for $4,250.00 and we will buy it together and you can *save this woman all this trouble.*"

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*Having been evicted from my building, harrassed by the hounds of the law, standing in jeopardy of the loss of what remained of my life's work, in flight to save myself, I overhear a conversation about some mortgage, and cry out "save that woman," a woman I had never seen, and offer to toss in $8,500.00 of my dwindling fortune. My lawyer Adams, boasting about his vast holdings, doesn't offer to "save that woman," in fact, he resists my offer of $8,500.00. Also, I say "Tell the foreign so-and-so . . ." Without having seen him before, the crystal ball told me that he is foreign, that he is a so-and-so, that he is a lawyer, and the full nature of the conversation.

Q. Now at the time you had this conversation with her, and you told her you would give her a note, what did you do, if anything?

A. I made out the note, signed it and gave it to her and she took it and examined it and said it was satisfactory** . . . she returned later on that afternoon with the check for $8,500.00 . . . immediately in her presence I picked up the telephone and called Mr. Jack's office.

Q. Well, at the time that he came, did you at that time obtain from him a trust deed and note?

A. I did.

Q. And the trust deed and note which you obtained was on what piece of property?

A. At 2057-59 Washington Boulevard.

Q. Was that the same property that you had discussed with Mrs. Camille DeRose prior to that time?

A. Yes, same property.

Q. And after you had given Mr. Jack the check and you had received the trust deed and the notes secured thereby... what did you do with *this trust deed and note?*

A. I took it to my office where Miss DeRose was sitting... and I said, "Miss DeRose, here is the mortgage and the trust deed, rather, and the note, the fire insurance, the mortgage and assignment of insurance," and I handed them to her.

**Now Adams is to give me a note for $4,250.00 for my $8,500.00, *if I would agree;* he gave me his note *first* and I brought the check *later.* That was June 14th, 1951, and, there was to be a sale of that property. Nothing could be more false.

Q. Did she say anything to you?

A. After she had examined them completely, she then said, *"Well, you keep them. You are as much into it as I am.* I made you a partner on this so as I don't have to pay you for attorney's fees." "Well," I said, "I'm not interested in the mortgage only you put up money and I am not interested in that side of it at all" and she said, "Well, I am loaning you the money, I am going to hold you responsible for $4,250."

Q. Had you prior to that time given her a note for $4,250?

A. Yes.

Q. After the trust deed and the note was given back to you by Mrs. Camille DeRose, what did you do with it?

A. *I took it,* when she handed it back to me, *I then put it in my desk drawer.*

. . . . . .

O. Did you at any time subsequent to the date this transaction took place on June 18th, 1951, say to Mrs. DeRose that "I do not have them with me, I left them in another suit, or coat pocket at my home when I changed clothing this morning?

A. No.

. . . . . .

Q. After June 15th, 1951, did Mrs. DeRose come to your office, bringing the installment note which you had given her on June 14th, 1951, and say that this piece of paper or this note is only half of the money which I gave you, or words to that effect?

A. No.

. . . . . .

Q. Now, this note which you executed, dated June 14th, 1951, did you after giving to Mrs. DeRose this note, make any payment on it?

A. *I did . . . on July* 16, 1951 . . . I paid her $100.00* . . . she figured out the interest herself and I paid $14.00 and some cents.*

. . . . . .

Q. Now, at the time that you spoke to Mrs. DeRose concerning the purchase of a mortgage . . . were you representing the owner of the parcel of property at 2057-59 Washington Boulevard?

A. I was.

Q. *Did you have any conversation with Mrs. DeRose, prior to the date that the trust deed and note was purchased, concerning the details of the property?*

A. I did . . . *I hold her . . . that the property was worth more than the amount, that she had a prospective purchaser who was willing to pay* $30,000 *for it.***

The following are some questions and answers given by Adams upon cross-examinaiton by the Assistant State's Attorney:

Q. Mr. Adams, you stated that you represented a woman by the name of Mrs. Walker who was the owner of the property referred to. How long had you represented Mrs. Walker?

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*On July 16th, 1951, Adams gave me $100.00 and interest. (That was the "come-on" in the confidence game.)

**So, he did talk with me before the telephone conversation when I cried "save that woman." Also, he told me he had a purchaser willing to pay $30,000.00, with only $8,500.00 against it. So why "save that woman?" That woman might have saved me!

A. Oh, quite some time . . . maybe two years. At one time *I collected rent for her.**

Q. Did you know at the time that you were negotiating the purchase of this trust deed and note covering the property at 2057-59 Washington Boulevard, that *the owner of that note was preparing to foreclose on it?*

A. Yes, that was the purpose of doing it, *to prevent the foreclosure.*

Q. You, as representing Mrs. Walker, were interested then in purchasing that *note before the foreclosure took place.* Is that right?

A. Yes.

Q. You also knew at that time, that the note was in arrears of payment, is that right?

A. Certainly I knew it and I so told Miss DeRose.

Q. When did you first talk to Miss DeRose about purchasing this trust deed and note?

A. We had *several talks about it* . . . some time prior to 14th of June, 1951.

O. Mr. Adams, up until that time you were more or less acting in advisory capacity for Miss DeRose, is that right, insofar as financial matters were concerned?

A. I couldn't say I was. She was advising me as to that.

. . . . . .

Q. So was she coming to your office for advice on financial matters in the investing of the money she had available?

A. No, she was there for other purposes.

---

*Adams was collecting the rents for the woman I was to save. Also, the purchase of the $8,500.00 mortgage was to prevent the foreclosure. "We had several talks about it," Adams testified.

Q. You testified that in January, 1951, she had retained you, and that you had *an attorney and client relationship with her,* is that right?

A. For some other matters, yes.

. . . . . .

Q. Did you give her advice on financial matters and as to how she should invest her money?

A. Not particularly.

The Court: The witness, I think, it is undisputed, was representing the prosecuting witness as a lawyer and he has repeatedly stated he gave her no financial advice.

Q. Isn't it a fact, Mr. Adams, that you advised Miss DeRose in relation to the purchase of oil stock in June, 1951?

A. *I talked to her about it.*

. . . . . .

Q. Had you at any time turned over any monies to Miss DeRose, in reference to that mortgage . . . on the property at 2057-59 Washington Boulevard?

A. I had not collected *any, therefore I did not pay over any* . . . I paid her on the 6th of July *out of my own funds the* $100.00 plus interest.

Q. Mr. Adams: Isn't it true that when Mr. Carter of Mr. Payne's office came to you *and made a demand for the papers involved in this indictment,* that you at that time did not in fact tell him that you were a partner with Miss DeRose in regards to those papers?

A. No, I didn't.

Q. When is the first time you told anybody that you had a half interest in the trust deed and note?

A. Well, I don't recall that. It has never been material as far as I know of. I don't remember right now.

. . . . . .

But the following discloses the swindle of the ages. Before the court the following "exhibits" were presented. One is the receipt for my $8,500.00 which he testified he had given me at the time (but which he gave me much later, under pressure) which specifically provides that the mortgage was bought for the *purpose of foreclosure,* viz:

> "Received of Camille DeRose trust deed and note on the following described property:
>
> (Legal description of Mrs. Walker's property)
>
> *To be foreclosed or collected,* upon which she has advanced the sum of $4,250.00, which said sum is due and owing to the said CAMILLE DeROSE.
>
> "It is further agreed that the said note bears interest at the rate of 5 per cent per month, and that the said CAMILLE DeROSE is to receive 2 per cent commission* for making said loan if and when the same is collected as above stated.
>
> (signed) Geo. C. Adams**

The following, also, is a document which Adams obtained from his client, the woman to be "saved," and for whom he was collecting rent, granting him authority to receive $720.00 of her money.

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*I was to receive 2 per-cent commission for making the loan, to "save that woman," and which Adams had overlooked in his testimony.

**Earlier I described the incident where I had run out of Adams' office, in tears, because of this $8,500.00 swindle, when Keys called Leighton down and together went into Adams' office demanding that mortgage. It was then that I received the receipt for $4,250.00, and Keys asked if I can prove that I had given Adams the money. That was an incident not readily forgotten. Yet, when the Assistant State's Attorney asked Leighton and Keys to testify to those facts, both said that they didn't remember. They were not subpoenaed and didn't come to court.

August 9, 1951

"Mr. Jack, ...
Chicago, Illinois.
Dear Sir:

You are hereby authorized and directed to pay to George C. Adams the $1,000.00 heretofore deposited with you less the amount of charges that you have coming to you of $279.80.

This letter will act as a receipt to you for said sum.

(signed) Fannie Walker."

The $720.20 represented by the above, plus the rents collected by Adams was to be applied by him against the very small mortgage against her $60,000.00 worth of property. There was no need to "save that woman," as another loan for several times the balance due could have readily been obtained. However, armed with the mortgage, and in possession of the rent collections and the $720.20, and under the pretense of "liquidating" the indebtedness, he had Mrs. Walker sign various documents whereby he swindled her out of her property. She is now penniless.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but sometimes it seems that the devil does the grinding.

* * *

BEFORE the Chicago Bar Association Adams said that "there won't be any conviction." The first Assistant State's Attorney assigned to prosecute the case against Adams was a Negro, prominently identified with the NAACP. I caused him to be withdrawn. Before the grand jury Mrs. Walker testified against Adams. After the indictment, at one or more of the many continuances, Mrs. Walker appeared to testify. She told the Negro Assistant State's Attorney how Adams had also swindled her. She was told that she would get her property back. One of the new Assistants who was to prosecute was likewise a Negro identified with the NAACP. On the night before the trial, Adams called at the home of Mrs. Walker and told her there would be nothing to the trial and that she need not appear. When she didn't show up, I hired a taxi and had her brought to the court, but she was not called to testify.

Although Mr. Adams, besides being a lawyer and what not, is also a detective and clairvoyant and his wife a fortune teller, it wasn't the crystal ball that told him, "there won't be any conviction."

* * *

RELEASED from Kankakee, I went to Browning to see what progress had been made in my absence on my manuscript, and was met by an alert Mr. Browning who said that he is ready to go to work seriously and had arranged to take off two weeks and devote himself exclusively to completing a rewrite of my manuscript ready for the printer. For some six weeks thereafter I called at Mr. Browning's office at times dsignated by him, but he was seldom there. I waited around until late at night, wrote some more in longhand, answered some questions, then accompanied him from place to place, without rhyme or reason, once to a barber-shop while he had a hair-cut. He had me believing that my handwritten manuscript was being rewritten with proper punctuation and my narrative added in proper sequence. On a given date he asked me to be at his office at 7:00 P.M. to meet the publishers to discuss terms and turn over to them the completed manuscript for publication. At great inconvenience I complied with his request and arrived at his office at the appointed time. Neither Mr. Browning nor publishers were there. Mr. Browning came in at 9:00 P.M. and apologized for being late. He had talked to the publishers and everything was set.

I called to his attention my anxiety to complete the manuscript and my disappointment that so little was done during my absence. He ceremoniously explained that he had employed a skillful writer from the Chicago University, but that before he completed the work the writer collapsed and died. Also that he, Browning, had been in the hospital with a heart attack. I then recalled that Attorney Payne also had collapsed and was taken to a hospital. I felt that I am bad luck to those people, as both, those who were with me as well as those opposed were collapsing.

Little by little I withdrew parts of the manuscript by pretending to be correcting it. From the first installment returned to me I understood that nothing was done with my handwritten pages excepting that some parts were typed, and here and there punctuations and typographical errors were corrected in pencil. I asked Mr. Browning why he hadn't worked on the manuscript and he replied, "Why, I found no corrections were necessary. It is a masterpiece, just as you wrote it." He had suggested on several occasions that I should go with him to New York to negotiate with publishers.

I asked him for the final section and that I would like to review it. When he turned it over to me, I told him that I was leaving, not to return. He excitedly commenced to make more promises. I raised my voice and said, "Now I know how your gang operates — enough is enough." Walking out, I felt I was hanging on to a useless struggle, like the Christians among the lions.

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Epilogue

As a modern Magdalen, I wish to address myself to the great white race who are now armed with stones. I have already been stoned in Cicero and the stones had blinded my building, as I was myself blinded by accident. I ask that you hear me before you cast your stones. I don't mean physical stones—these have already been thrown. I mean moral and temperamental stones—they can also kill. I wish to ask you what you would do with the Negro if you had omnipotent power. Would you destroy him? Would you erect gas chambers and conveyor belts to throw Negroes in furnances as Hitler did Jews? Or would you throw them to the lions as Caesar and Nero did Christians?

If you are Irish, do you know that here, in this land of the free, some 75 years ago, signs appeared warning Irish not to cross a certain path at the risk of being shot? If Italian, do you know that but half a century ago, and less, certain neighborhoods were closed to them? If a Catholic, do you know that discrimination, (of a less poisonous nature to be sure) has dogged them to this day? And if you are Protestant, you have not always been exempt from prejudice and persecution. Don't we all realize that we have been wicked, vicious and stupid?

No one says that you must "associate" with Negroes, nor even with white people, excepting those white people you find acceptable. What about the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself?"' Does that mean "Love thy neighbor as thyself, unless he is a Negro?" Or, don't you believe in the bible, nor in God? If you don't that also is your privilege. Then, of course, you are a God unto yourself, and as such, you are bound to use reason.

Is the Negro inferior? For the sake of this argument, let us assume that he is inferior. Then I say to you that as an individual, you also have superiors. Do you expect your superiors to practice discrimination against you? Again, if the Negro is inferior, then he is under a disability. What is your disposition toward anyone disabled? Is it hate? Repression? Prejudice? Intolerance? Isn't it just and human to have compassion for those living under disability? Isn't the Negro under disability because of discrimnation? Why would you inflict a disability on a human being and then hate him because he is so afflicted? Or am I crazy?

May I speak to the lady of culture and dignity? Isn't there something unusual about a woman who showers tenderness, care and kindness upon a pup, giving it medical care, the best of food and expensive vitamins, and yet looks at a Negro child with disaffection? Now, dear lady, I don't ask you to trade your precious dog for an unprecious colored child. By all means keep your dog, coddle it, and leave a legacy for a mausoleum to preserve his canine carcass. That's your privilege. But, please, dear lady, don't throw shafts of scorn against a Negro child, whom many white people, myself included, throw shafts of genuine love.

But, dear reader, the science of life rejects the theory of superior races. There are variations, but no basic difference. The people "back of the yards," are different from those on the Gold Coast, but in a generation or two there will surely be an interchange to prove there is no basic difference.

Isn't it true that there is no biological discrimination? Do you know that by far the greater majority of Negroes are of mixed ancestry? The white men and women from whom our Negroes descend didn't find them unwelcome biologically. Now, I am not preaching assimilation. And the truth is that what you believe or preach, or what I believe or preach, will have no final effect upon race relations. Nature takes its course. And the resistance against widespread assimilation is about equal on both sides, believe it or not. But that is beside the point.

What is in point is the imminent danger which both Negro and White are germinating. Unless reason takes hold we are heading for a worldwide race conflict. Our danger is not only communism, but race stupidity. Truthfully, there is really no segregation neither on the great South Side of Chicago, nor in the vast Harlem, New York, nor in many of the great centers of population. It may be conceded that lack of opportunity, repression and discrimination have contributed to an admittedly noticeable regression of the Negroes. It is true that such conveniences as loans and insurance are restricted in Negro neighborhoods, not based upon prejudice but upon risk experience. It is also said that sex laxity is more prevalent among Negroes. But before making our decision on that point, let us consider the some 100,000 children in Germany fathered and deserted by American GI's. I know of no greater perfidy than the desertion of a child and its mother by the father.

All of us of the white race are immigrants who fled oppression from the lands of our origin. We have taken this land from the Indians whom we have routed and mistreated. We cannot pretend to have our pages of history lily white. Moreover, we are inviting disaster by blind, senseless division and conflict, when history, justice and reason cry out for mutual understanding and sportsmanship between our citizens of all sects, languages and color. Are the Negroes different? Surely, they or their ancestors exposed themselves over much to the sun! So what? Nature rejoices in variety in everything. Would you have lilies as the only flower? Cabbages as the only vegetable?

I confess that I have a great interest, even an affection, for the colored people, *not because they are colored but because they are people.* I am sorry for the "under-dog." May be that is so because I was myself an under-dog from which class I struggled to escape, became a landlady, only to find myself several flights below the under-dog. Is your life free from burdens and sorrows? If it is, close this book, because we are of a different breed and speak a different language. If your burdens and sorrows are real, then you know how thoughtless and unkind are those who would add to them. Would you wish to add to the burdens and sorrows of men, women and children for no other reason than the color of their skin?

But I am not pleading for the colored people. As I said before, I am interested in the colored people, not because they are colored, but because they are people. To *all people, I cry out* Do you wish peace or strife? Do you wish happiness or horror? Do you wish love or hate? Do you wish the smiles of happiness or pain and bloodshed? Do you wish safety for your husband, child, wife, parents, or do you wish to expose them to injury or death? In short, do you wish pleasant, happy, peaceful race relations or do you wish your home and your loved ones destroyed? Which, I say, will you choose? Remember you can't win, and you shouldn't win, if you hold hate in your heart and poison on your tongue for human beings because of the color of their skin.

It is stupid and sinful to count your ammunition and your power in an unholy war against an opponent. You should walk in the path of justice. If your neighbor is weak, you should strengthen him. You should not employ the advantage of your strength against an unoffending neighbor. Yet if you are bound to count your ammunition and your power, if you are of the "white" race, perhaps your judgment may restrain you, if your honesty and humanity will not. If Cicero's 70,000 citizens should unjustly evict Negroes, the Ciceronians must not complain if 700,000 Negroes should decide to evict the Ciceronians. In a world where the white man is greatly outnumbered, prudence, if not honor, should bring him to his senses in a resolve to live in harmony and peace with his dark-skinned neighbors.

We of the United States proclaim to the world that ours is the land of the free, that here all the races and religions find peace, harmony and security. We bid the world to follow our example. In one stroke, Cicero has destroyed our influence in and respect of the whole world. What happened in Cicero exploded in Africa, in Asia and throughout the non-white world. Cicero has lit the fuse which is racing to the explosion of the onrushing race war. What Cicero has touched off, the U.N. if not the U.S., must rush its forces to avert, to stop, *now,* before it is too late.

There is no race strife in Russia, so I am told. Shall we invite a Russian remedy? Surely, you must realize that if we fail to get along together peacefully as citizens, we are inviting a whirlwind of strife and destruction. We are inviting a race war. May be dictatorship.

May I also point out that prejudice is a mental disorder. Those who are prejudiced against Negroes turn their prejudices against their white neighbors when there are no Negroes around.

Now that I have had my say, go ahead, throw your stones. The original Magdalen escaped being stoned, because Jesus gave her shelter. But it seems that Jesus was not on the Cicero scene, nor in the hearts of those gathered with stones. I was therefore stoned. And the blindness from which I was saved by noble men was inflicted upon my building by those who, perhaps, were without sin.

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HOW futile are my words! And who am I that my words should be heeded, after all? Yet my problems are not exclusive—I merely had more of them. At any rate, my final problem was how and where to cry out against the weight of injustice under which I found myself pinned. My lawyers were either inarticulate or collapsing. My lawyers having muffled me with their warnings, I decided to throw off the muzzles and cry out. I found myself first in jail, then in Kankakee. Muzzled again. I had commenced writing my story. Again my "editors" collapsed. Muzzled again. But returning to my message to the "paleskin" members of our great nation, now that I am breaking into the unfamiliar role of author, and consulting literary talent, I am told by one pundit that the greatest line of all literature is:

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

What I would like to say is that I don't believe Jesus meant to protect Magdalen alone in that command. He meant to protect those with stones, also. For casting stones boomerangs and often strikes the caster with even greater force. That it did to Cicero, who not only lost materially, but brought on itself the scorn of the entire world. The officials of Cicero now seek an escape by changing its name to Normandy, or some other name. But, "all the perfumes of Arabia," will not wash those hands which threw those stones nor the hearts which condoned them.

* *
*

I NOW wish to address myself to my Negro fellow-citizens. You must admit that "tolerance" has made great progress in this country and is continuing to make progress. I spoke of *color* as a Negro disability, even if the disability is merely "artificial." I ask the white man who considers color a disability to have compassion for it as he would for any other disadvantage. I now ask you to have compassion for the white man who suffers under a disability. Predjudice is definitely a disability. It needs a cure. It cannot be cured by blind, rough treatment. It takes patience and understanding to cure anything. I wish to make a further observation. Take my disability as an instance. My temporary blindness, although calling for compassion, hindered me in many ways, just as the flight of years hinders one for competition with those younger physically and leaves the younger behind in competition mentally. What I am trying to say is that we all must find adjustment to the world outside of us, which is in most respects momentarily inflexible, rather than to try to immediately change the world about us.

The old gag about irresistible force meeting an immovable object is to be thought of here. In the conflict of races, one is not irresistible and the other not immovable. We are all brothers under the skin. There are no black angels, neither are there white angels. People of all races have lots to learn, so lets not expect too much of human beings. The pressures of life cause many mental, physical and moral distortions. Whether misdeeds are punished or condoned, they are still misdeeds, and human beings are what they are. We can be saved by a sense of humor as well as a sense of justice, of mercy, of forgiveness and of understanding.

I have great respect for Negro scholars and the many Negro people of good character and principle. But there should be some method to effectively warn the Negro citizens against their politicians and so-called "leaders." These opportunists pretend to devote themselves in the cause of Negro "rights." By exaggerating discrimination and denial of "civil rights," they are able to whip up Negro fears, hate and prejudice against their white neighbors. Every casual quarrel is blown up to suit the pattern. There are fights and brawls among Negroes themselves aplenty, as there are among white people, but when the "color line" is crossed, then it becomes a signal for exaggeration of the "incident" by those traitorous opportunists.

We can point to the so-called "Cicero Race Riots." Those riots were deliberately planned by Attorney Adams and followed through by the NAACP. Negroes and orientals are not new to Cicero. Had Harvey Clark truly intended to live in my building, he might have moved into it quietly, as I said before. Perhaps the other tenants would soon become accustomed to the

Clark family and would have become friends, just as my family during my childhood was first resented, then accepted. But such was not the intention at all. The NAACP membership had been dwindling and their leaders were hard put for an occasion to support a drive for funds and memberships. At the same time Attorney Adams found a situation which he could maneuver to support claims and lawsuits. He therefore staged a Roman holiday for the entry of the Clark's and Adams's to take over in Cicero.

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AND as I said before, the rent control "incident" created an economic riot, when the race question had not yet come to the front. The race difference was implemented by Attorney Adams to bring on a race riot just as the class difference had been implemented by the New Deal to bring on a class conflict, with the tenants on one side and the landlords on the other. I wasn't thrown out of Cicero because of any question of color, but because I was one landlady against 19 tenant families. What Adams did with the otherwise inert race difference to create riots, the Cicero authorities did with the rent question to create confusion and turmoil. What was the motive for such upheavals? There are several motives. One of them would come to light upon an investigation of the method whereby those who created the confusion in the rent-control rules and laws profited by buying the properties which rent control forced on the market.

What started with the cry "Throw the landlady out," ended with the cry, "Throw the Negroes out." It was rent control which brought on the "throw out" public complex. Prejudice and discrimination are flames which set fire in their track. It set fire to me as a landlady first, and when I was disposed of, it put the fire under the race issue.

And just as discrimination may be found between classes among the white, it likewise exists between classes among the colored. That is to say, all the faults of the white are shared by the colored. Neither can detach themselves from the faults which plague the human race.

We dislike the unlike. And in those things which your own child is unlike, you will disassociate yourself from him. I know I don't make myself clear so I will try again. You, mother or father, will be unwelcome at a gathering of your children with their friends, just as your child, whom you love, will be unwelcome at a social gathering of your church or club among the elders. At those particular moments we dislike the unlike. Visiting another city, you will look for the colored church, club, and neighborhood. Those will be your preference. You *like* them because they are *like* you. This country is great because the many peoples from all over the world migrated here, and, after the lapse of time, have become *alike*, or more nearly *alike*. Time will take care of our unlikeness, as time is showing signs of developement of an American type, where the white are becoming browner and the dark are becoming lighter. Eventually Americans will become closer in color to the American Indian. But it is not likeness in color alone that I have in mind. Our so called "culture" makes its impression upon our citizens. Overlooking the truly unimportant matter of pigment, the young generation is ever more alike in taste, outlook, speech, dress and thought. This, therefore is my advice to all citizens. Take pride in your great country, refuse to join any hate or revenge group. You are only hating and seeking revenge against your own country. Don't let smart-aleck lawyers and politicians mislead you to your destruction. Let me tell you what is happening in your area.

We have eminent public servants from among the colored citizens. Judge Wendell E. Green, of the Circuit Court, is everywhere regarded as among the highest type of jurists. I am told by an attorney for whom I have great respect that Judge Green is qualified for the Supreme Court of the United States. There are other highly qualified colored public officials. In the selection of citizens for public office the colored citizens at times show good judgment. On the other hand, politicians make political trades to deliver the Negro vote *en bloc*. This boast gives them power and prestige. It also means that the politicians would lose their power if the colored population would spread, instead of remaining within a confined district. You can understand, then, that there would be no advantage to the politicians to have colored families move away from the South Side into Cicero. So we have this paradox: that the pretense of moving Harvey Clark into Cicero will keep the colored citizens on the South Side! Have I made myself clear? Colored citizens in Cicero can do no good, or little good, to colored politicians on the South Side.

Therefore, the scheme of "moving" the Clark's to Cicero was to keep the Clark's and others on the South Side. It did more! It whipped up excitement about "civil rights," discrimination, and race hatred. All this in turn set the stage for "rallies" held in churches, in the Coliseum and in public school auditoriums to raise money. The plan worked so good for the NAACP that other rival Negro organizations rushed in to get some of the flood of gold. It also gave support for a lawsuit against the Town of Cicero for $200,000.00. In other words, the riots paid off. Don't get the idea that this is merely a charge which I can prove only like they say in court, "by the preponderance of evidence." The proof is better than that. It is documented. It is incontestible. The intention then was (and may be still is) to have a series of such incidents. Only by such incidents can the NAACP carry on.

But there are implications smouldering in this plan of Negro segregation, of greater danger than appears on the surface. The fault of this segregation can be laid on the doorsteps of both colored and white. I am conscious that my repetition of "colored" and "white" is of itself highly undesirable. The Constitution of the United States and of the several states, proclaim in no uncertain language that we are all free and equal and that we are endowed with an inalienable right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. Let no one try to twist our rule of life in these United States. Those who disagree are at liberty to go anywhere else in the world which will admit them. The implications are that the false leaders among the colored people, by their constant harassment of their people, are moving toward a fratricidal conflict. There is in the offing a civil war between the colored people and their paler brothers. I do not charge that such is the intention of the politicians. Neither was it Mussolini's intention to bring upon his country a destructive war from which it may never recover. But it is the inevitable end result of this constant harrangue in the colored press, and of the political "leaders" whom it sponsors.

The ugly name of "nigger" is used more often by the colored people themselves, in their petty quarrels, than ever used by white people. Yet when some irresponsible white person uses the term it becomes not a private insult, but a major blasphemy against the entire race. Let's not be that sensitive. But above all, look with suspicion upon any politician who runs on a platform based upon race hatred. It is natural for you to vote for and elect a Negro candidate. But make sure that the candidate represents the best material available. Vote like an American, not as a Negro, because you are an American first. Give no encouragement to any politician who runs on a race-hate platform, or to the press which sponsors them.

* * *

IN the Psalms (who wrote the Psalms? Was it David or Solomon?) we read, "Diffidence is the diadem of the wise." "Diffidence" means modesty, or self-doubt. "Diadem" means a crown or wreath. (I looked it up, and wish to save you the trouble.) In other words, modesty is the crown of the wise. Let us avoid offensive boldness and bluster. Remember, the fellow who thinks or tries to make you think he is better than you are, usually isn't. If he insists upon bluffing, he is only bluffing himself. Let him live in his fool's paradise. You weren't paid to teach him. Schooling is too expensive. Don't give it to him free. Let him learn the hard way. Your sense of humor should come into play.

The voices of true colored leaders seem to have been drowned by the clang and clatter of those who seek to turn the colored voters into a mob. The Cicero riots were an ill wind that did me no good, but it brought into high relief some contrasting attitudes. I say that what is good for one race is good for both. The happiness and well being of all Americans are indivisible. We have all heard the time-worn phrase about a house divided, and that we must either hang together or we will hang separately. We might draw an example from the recent presidential election. Bloc votes were solidified, the "labor" vote and, yes, the Negro vote. Both favored Stevenson. Inevitably, if one group organizes on racial, economic or other divisive basis, the voters outside of those groups will meet the challenge by marking the rival column in the voting booth. Therefore, the uniform opinion of white church leaders denouncing the instigators of the Cicero riots, should warm the hearts

of all who love their fellow man and equally love liberty. Again, from the bulletin of Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discriminaton, we quote:

THE CHURCHES

> Cicero is a community containing an estimated 28,000 members of the Roman Catholic Church and 10,000 members of the Protestant churches. The Warren Avenue Presbyterian Church is only one block from the building. Dr. Bartlett Hesse, the minister, talked briefly with the Clarks when they attempted to move into the building in June. On Saturday, July 14th, Dr. Hesse and his office called other Protestant ministers in Cicero and urged them to make statements from their pulpits asking that their people stay away from the violence. Some ministers made such statement on July 15th. The newspapers reported that the Rev. Joseph L. Hughes of the Millard Avenue Baptist Church, which has a parsonage in Cicero and which is moving its church to Cicero, told his congregation that "the people of Cicero did not respect the rights of their fellow Americans. Most of the property owners seem more concerned about the dollars and cents value of their land than they do about the rights of a fellow American." Rev. James T. Patton of the Crawford Congregational Church at 2614 South Keeler—out of Cicero but with Cicero residents in the congregation—said that news of the riots "will make fine reading at the Moscow breakfast tables."
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> On July 17th, the Church Federation of Greater Chicago released the following statement: "As leaders of the churches in Cook County, we hang our heads in shame. We are not unmindful of the fact that the virus of racial hatred is in the minds and hearts of many people in other communities than Cicero, and that wherever this terrible evil is to be found there is the potential threat of mob violence. We accept our share of this breakdown of basic

> morality in our community. Let's remain sane, both white and colored, and avoid undemocratic and un-Christian practice in this situation." Dr. Gerald W. Grauer, president of the Federation, praised the "restraint" of the Negroes in the face of mob violence. Leaders of several other denominations spoke up, including John A. Dawson, president of the Chicago Baptist Association.
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> On July 19th, ten Protestant ministers in Cicero and Berwyn met at the Warren Park Presbyterian Church and issued the following statement: "We believe that the world at large should know that the actions of last week were not the actions of our entire community, but the individuals from several communities. We deplore the action of destruction perpetrated in our community. Disregard of law and order has increased the problem and subsequent violence can only add to the magnitude of the damage now sustained by the community. It is our hope and prayer that our people may invoke the forgiveness of God on behalf of our community and, further, that our leaders may ask God's way of love, revealed by Jesus Christ, in the affairs of men."

The white churches showed no preferences in the area of race and color. They do not exist on the scale of justice and citizenship. We either have "civil rights" for all or for none. Civil rights do not exist if I must weigh so many pounds, or must use a certain brand of cosmetics to get it. Also, civil rights takes with it civil liabilities. The rights of citizenship take with them obligations of citizenship. You cannot have one without the other. The white churches promptly met their obligations, in their declarations and commands. And here I wish to throw in a few words about the Negro churches.

I have attended Negro churches and will continue to visit them from time to time. Like the white churches, they are the spiritual foundation of our American Way of Life and American thinking. There is a lot of talent in the colored churches, both on the pulpit and in the music section. It would therefore be fitting that the churches do not profane their mission and their sanctuary by permitting political and commercial activities to take over. The church is and should remain "The House of God," whereas politics are godless. I have reference to the activities of the NAACP phoney rallies for the Harvey Clark's. These were phoney in more than one particular, one in the ballyhoo about the losses sustained, which were greatly exaggerated, another in the gathering of large funds ostensibly for the Clark's, whereas the Clark's were being used as spearheads by the sponsors of those rallies for their own purposes.

The churches also permitted the sale of subscriptions to "The Enterprise," then a newspaper promoted by Adams.

The church in the United States is enjoying not only freedom but subsidy. Church property is exempt from taxation. All the very costly public service is donated to the Church. In return the Church performs a most valuable service to the people and their government. Racism and race nationalism is more dangerous than communism. Communism can make no headway in these United States, and the Church is alert to communism's attempts at infitration. But racism and race nationalism is a creeping paralysis which are not so readily recognized. The white people who are afflicted with the dry rust of race prejudice receive plenty of rhetorical spanking from the Church and press. The Church and press serving the colored segment of our citizenry should likewise be alert against the same dry rot. The "Youth Movement," and the spreading tentacles of the NAACP, of which it boasts, should be suppressed They will bring upon the colored people the scourge which Mussolini's "Youth Movement" brought upon the Italian

Nation. It is blindly following a path leading to race conflict. Please study the "manifesto" of the NAACP here reproduced. You will get wise to the mischief it is bound to lead you into.

THE NATIONAL OFFICE, WASHINGTON BUREAU AND 3 REGIONAL OFFICES COVER OUR VAST COUNTRY

The Washington Bureau serves as a watchdog on the legislative front.

Regional offices coordinate local programs and exercise general executive and administrative authority in their areas.

AN INTERNATIONAL LEADER

The NAACP is an international leader for human rights, opposing racial injustice wherever it appears. It supports the United Nations, opposes colonialism and imperialism in every form, and musters support for oppressed peoples, whether they be in India, South Africa, Tunisia, Indonesia, or anywhere else. Its activities are closely followed all over the world, particularly in countries where the populations are largely non-white. News of the Association's conferences, legal cases, and other activities is widely disseminated by the Voice of America.

NAACP COVERS THE COUNTRY

The Association's strength is in its membership—a quarter of a million strong in forty-five states and the Territory of Alaska. Members are organized into more than a thousand branches, which in turn form thrity state conferences and several regional conferences.

Even the national office staff covers the country. With its main headquarters in New York, the Association maintains a Washington Bureau (in which most of the legislative activity is centered) and three regional offices—Birmingham, Dallas and San Francisco. Field workers are sent wherever they are needed. The entire organization is geared to combat racial segregation and discrimination wherever they occur.

EQUAL TREATMENT IN THE COURTS

Much progress has been made in securing the right of every citizen to a fair trial and equal treatment by the courts, but regrettably recent events have shown that a sheriff can still shoot Negro prisoners and escape with impunity by claiming "self-defense," a Negro can be tried for "assault" for merely looking at a white girl 75 feet away, and a Negro can be put to death for a crime for which no white man ever pays a similar penalty.

* * *

Our laws and public opinion are sufficient to protect us against discrimination. Time will take care of the rest. The NAACP merely keeps alive race differences in the public mind. We have a colony of orientals here which goes unmolested and without serious discrimination. We also have Polish, German, Swedish and other ethnic groups. And there exists traces of "discrimination" among them, too. Racial strifes were not unknown as between the various groups, but time has all but healed them. We are perhaps, gradually but inevitably, growing toward a "one happy family" concept in human relations in this country. The way to progress is by avoiding agitation, such as the NAACP and political leaders are keeping alive. Look, friends, the "White Circle League" and similar "movements" just do not make headway among the white people. They represent the last dying breath of prejudice. The NAACP is rocking the boat, which may sink and explode. As I said, it is kept alive by lawyers and politicians for their personal benefit and against your interests. It is a live bomb ticking toward an explosion. The colored people are being sold "down the river" by their own emotions whipped up by a group of lawyer-politicians, who exaggerate the prejudice of their white neighbors. They are still playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," where uncle Tom is being brutally whipped by the white Simon Legree. On the other hand, white women are in mortal fear of walking in colored neighborhoods. Again and again I have to explain to them that I have lived in colored neighborhoods, have freely mingled with them, and, in fact, have been protected by them against white hoodlums. This, too, requires the healing balm of time. This, too, counsels avoidance of agitation emphasizing color differences.

* *

TO CICERO, ILLINOIS

Cicero has HOME RULE. Home rule is not too unusual for a small town to have. But to Cicero it is like giving a child a dangerous firearm. Home rule confines the town government to its exclusive, tightly-knit, official coterie. By co-operation, which might be termed a conspiracy, it has become an independent dukedom, with the dukes ordering the lives of its subjects. In the crisis which the officials helped to create, it failed to protect life and property, as was its sworn duty.

The Congress of the United States had passed an Act ending rent control for various sections of the country, and modified controls in other sections by giving towns and cities the privilege of petitioning the Housing Authority to end controls upon a declaration that housing shortage no longer exists. The Cicero officials let out an Indian "war-whoop" and promptly came forth with a "resolution." A properly worded resolution required but a simple statement of the inducing fact of the end of housing shortage, to bring the community within the meaning of the Congressional intent, and to declare the Town's intention to end rent control, then to submit the resolution to the Housing Authority for approval.

Cicero officials did something else. They drafted a resolution which read like "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." It contained a confused medley of breast-beating, tear-jerking phrases, with something like a parody of Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death," shedding crocodile tears over the sad plight of owners of rental property. This was read, with great fan-fare, to a meeting of apartment property owners. While lathering the owners with the soft-soap resolution, tenants were advised, without fan-fare, that controls would stay. With all the sob-stuff in the featherbed of words, the essential facts, that no housing shortage exists, were omitted; and the resolution, as I was later informed, was never presented.

Surely, the Cicero Town Attorney must have known that the bleeding-heart "resolution" was a fraud. In fact, after the "resolution" was published, the Town Attorney left for a six-month vacation in Florida, out of reach of the property owners. This resolution circus was repeated a year later, and a final resolution, being the third, was drawn, all adding up to continued procrastination over a span of some two and one-half years. During this span maintenance costs climbed steadily, while at the same time seventeen additional non-paying tenants came into the building. That made fertile soil for subtlety and pressure by Attorney Adams to swindle me out of my building.

The State Militia was called to suppress its misgovernment. Members of the militia took lots of abuse without a single overt act. Their restraint was exemplary. It showed a tolerance which Cicero should not soon forget—and emulate. The indictment of the officials and the light sentences also showed great tolerance. It should be a warning, but is it?

Admittedly, the riots were planned and provoked. But the citizens of Cicero should not allow themselves the luxury of being provoked. No provocation justifies spitting in the faces of men, women and young children, whoever they are. The government of these United States is derelict in its duty and opportunity to forever settle this question—now! A star chamber proceeding should take place. A congressional investigation should be made. It is not a case where a few hoodlums committed a crime to be taken care of by local authority. It is far more provocative — explosive! The Cicero churches should not relent until the town makes amends and apologies and until it shows a change of heart by opening its arms to Negro families.

Under every rule of law and decency the town of Cicero is obligated to restore the damage, to turn back to me the title to my property, and to permit me to invite one Negro family into the building to belie the slander of prejudice. And I don't like the constant reference to Negro. These dark-skinned people are Americans, in every sense on a par with the best citizens of Cicero. And in asking for neighborly tolerance I am not suggesting it as a sort of penitence, but as a privilege to uphold our American Way of Life. How can we boast ours as the land of the free when it is denied to a class of citizens, any class. If it can be denied to one class today, it surely will be denied to another class tomorrow. Get wise to yourself. You are surely building your own concentration camp if your prejudice now builds it for another.

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WHATEVER you compress must explode, be it chemicals or human beings. If all sections would emulate Cicero, they would organize, concentrate a rebellion. A group of people must either scatter or concentrate. Which do you wish? You must remember that if you force a concentration of a particular sect, segment or race, you must be ready to stand guard to enforce that concentration. Such a concentration hasn't arrived, by any means, but you are inadvertently co-operating with the NAACP and Negro politicians to accomplish the concentration.

If you wish to learn what a Negro thinks, you can only examine your own thoughts. The difference you see between him and you is no greater than between you and your white neighbor. Therefore, you must expect of him if you spit in his face your reaction to a similar outrage. Isn't it better, I plead with you, my dear Ciceronians, to live in peace and harmony, while you do yet live? How senseless to bear grudges and prejudice in the life that is so fragile, so insecure and so short! How pleasant this life would be if we could have imagination to understand the many problems which beset all people and to avoid adding to them.

Think of the tiny nation which caused the 1st world war! Little Cicero may spark a similar explosion. The stone thrown in my apartment sucked my red draperies into the open and fluttered over the infuriated mob, and supplied the flag of rebellion and disorder. They replaced the stars and stripes of justice, freedom and liberty. Take heed, oh Ciceronians, that my draperies do not become your permanent flag of destruction.

* * *

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

Discrimination, segregation, denial of civil rights—all are really *not* a race question. All are part and parcel of man's inhumanity to man. Race is not a cause but a result. Can't you see that if you have justice in your soul and kindness in your heart, there can be no race question? And can't you see that those who are lacking those human qualities will be unjust and unkind to their own race as much as to another? What about the incredible inhumanity to those in jails and penitentiaries? Firstly, who are those in jails and penitentiaries? Do they not represent a cross section of humanity outside? There are many in jails and penitentiaries who had nothing whatever to do with the crime for which they were convicted. There are many crooked prosecutions, states and federal — do you wish me to prove that? Please, I ask, give me the chance. In such cases the guilty prosecute the innocent, the crooks stay out of jail and the honest are committed.

But I speak of those who did commit an offense. Do they not represent a sprinkling of the great army of offenders outside? Think! Sex crimes alone would fill all the jails of the nation daily. We of the vast army of the uncaught are throwing our stones. And we are crucifying those victims with starvation and wormy food, and there aren't even enough worms to go around. Do you wonder that prisoners in steel cages rebel though facing muzzles of guns held by sadists? Life in prison is horribly uncomfortable and even more unbearable with gnawing hunger. Don't tell me they're "criminals!" They're no different than you and I. The boy of 22 has died a thousand deaths since he committed a "crime" five years ago, a crime of which he hardly has a memory. How about the young girl betrayed by her seducer, unable to face her parents and a monstrous world, in desperation destroys the child. She draws a sentence of fifteen years, from a righteous judge, who attained his wisdom as a precinct captain! Well, let's stop—it's useless.

* *

Law Enforcement

"*Law enforcement broken down in Cicero.*" the newspapers editorialize. Why only Cicero? Travel everywhere—even in Mexico—and you will be told that law and justice is a mockery, not in Cicero alone, but in Chicago, and when told that Cicero adjoins Chicago, the expression is, "no wonder." I have neither the space nor daring to report what I hear daily about lawyers and judges in Chicago. And I am not just being diplomatic when I say that I hear, too, that there are learned and eminent judges in Chicago. My present attorney tells me that just at the present moment there is a more competent judiciary than at any time within the past fifty years. If that is so, these eminent judges are chargeable with the slander from both lawyers and laymen in Chicago as well as from every quarter of the United States. Judges should organize to eliminate the incompetents on their bench.

One of the worst influences in Chicago is the Chicago Bar Association, not in what it does but in what it fails to do. If that group could get lost in their social wigwam, the Illinois Bar or another Bar could take over and do an efficient job. I am told that the New York City Bar Association removed four judges for what would be overlooked here. Recently I read that an Eastern bar association disbarred a judge for misconduct. Such threats are unnecessary to qualified and competent judges, but would be a warning to those who bring scandal and suspicion upon what might be a distinguished panel of judges. There is no good reason why in Chicago there should be so many unscrupulous lawyers on the prowl. Nor do I wish to infer that lawyers are to be looked upon with suspicion as a class. For years my parents before me, and I thereafter, put our property and our trust in the hands of lawyers without disappointment. But since my rent control entanglement I have been defrauded of my lifetime of toil, piecemeal, by one lawyer after another. My complaints to the Chicago Bar Association has thus far been fruitless. I had no trouble but what was created by lawyers of both races.

The first blow came from:

George C. Adams, lawyer, publisher and author, statesman, real estate and loans, rental agency, banker, radio commentator, orator, spiritualist and minister, real estate owner, insurance agent, oil stock broker, Detective Agency (see reproduction from classified telephone directory.)

Detective Agencies (cont'd)
ADAMS GEO. C.
Specializing in
Expert Colored
Operatives
Male & Female
Industrial & Domestic
Investigations
Licensed & Bonded
DEarborn 2-2515
64 W. Randolph..........DEarborn 2-515
If No Answer Call OAkland 4-0234

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

But I don't wish gratitude. I want nothing given me as a token of gratitude. In doing a beneficence, in extending a helping hand, in going to the rescue of anyone in need, I would ask, please, oh please, do not give me anything in return in the form of a repayment. If I wish to perform an act of kindness, I surely do not wish to place the recipient under obligation to me. The only obligation I wish is that he or she stand ready to likewise go to the rescue of someone in need. And while this episode happens to involve the Harvey Clark's and me, of different color, I wish to show that not the color but the attitude makes the real difference.

You will recall early in this book I told of Harvey Clark's lament in Adams' office that he doesn't know which way to turn, that he is penniless, homeless and his family is hungry. Despite my great losses and uncertainty of the future, I "loaned" Mr. Clark $200.00. Thereafter came the rallies and the gathering of funds, pianos and orchids. Mr. Clark knew, if others did not, that it was *my* furniture that went on the pyre, *my* belongings destroyed, *my* curtains flying in the breeze. By then Mr. Clark knew that *my* money was all gone. Clark was present when Adams and Stanley put over the oil swindle. He probably knew, as I didn't, that I was "taken." Yet the Clark's did not offer to come to my rescue. Indeed, I received not as little as a postcard when in jail and later when in Kankakee. Not a "thank you" card for the $200.00.

Further, the NAACP, in its recent pronunciamento in the Chicago Defender told the world that the NAACP stands for the advancement of *all* people. Yet its President Leighton commanded, "Go to a white lawyer—we're interested only in *our* civil rights case." It was Leighton who effected my separation from Attorney Keys; and it was Leighton who counseled Keys not to take care of my legal matters. Where were my civil rights? Wherever they were, they were of no concern to the NAACP.

The segregation which the NAACP was presumably warring against, it enforced against me! Here was a clear case of "Jim Crow" by the colored against a white woman. The "civil rights" which the NAACP demanded for colored citizens they denied me, a white citizen.

And where do I stand as I come to a completion of this book? I am now told that the penalty for carrying a gun is not more than $300.00 fine and not more than one year in jail. I am now told that in similar cases offenders have been given a fine of $25.00, or even discharged, when there was no criminal intent. But upon my discharge from Kankakee I was "counseled" by an attorney summoned by my family that a ten-year sentence was staring me in the face. I was frightened into paying a total of almost $9,000.00 to the lawyer and to a politician.

And, therefore, where do I stand? My building is gone, my funds scattered among the lawyers, and with my losses my spirit has died down to a mere flicker.

* * *

The Great Insurance Fraud!

Again, dear reader, are you under a delusion that you are insured, because you are paying for an insurance "policy"? Of course, you do hear, here and there, that someone received payment for a loss. But, again, are you under the false impression that you are insured? If you are, just listen! I had been paying for $100,000.00 insurance for "full coverage" on my building, holding policies from four companies. One of the companies cancelled their insurance just one day before the date of the riot. The other three companies were stuck for the loss, or part of the loss, which they paid to the holder of my mortgage. *But*, these companies, in turn, received what is known as a "subrogation" against my building. In other words, if you own a building with a mortgage, you are not insured, the mortgage holder is, and *you insure the company*. Do you understand the gimmick? In your policy you will find a clause to the effect that if a fire loss occurs on your building, the company pays for the loss (if you hire an adjuster and even a lawyer) and *you* must pay back to the company whatever they pay to the holder of the mortgage.

I didn't read my policy—neither did you. But if you will read your policy you will find that clause. Now that my building is foreclosed, I must pay the insurance company the amount they paid if I wish to redeem the building. Otherwise, under their clause, they can redeem and get my building for the comparatively small amount they paid under their policy.

An honest judge once remarked that whatever the insurance policy *gives* in large print, it *takes away* in small print. Insurance is a swell racket because none of us read the small print. And where is the Insurance Commission which is paid out of your tax money? Your insurance policy is as wormy as prison food. The insurance policies are crawling with worms in small print which eat away your protection. Instead of protecting you, you are protecting the insurance company, and you pay for their protection, not yours.

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THE AFTERGLOW OF THE LEGAL TREADMILL . . .

My telephone just woke me from a restless sleep. I reached for the receiver and placed it against my ear. "Hello — Camille?" inquires a voice. "We're just finishing printing the second run of the 'Camille DeRose Story' — we find we have a few blank pages at the end — can you add about a thousand words on what happened since the first run?"

"What for?" I ask. "Readers will get tired of me, if they're not so already."

"That's just it, Camille. They're calling up our office — they ask what's happened with your court matters, what's happening to you, and if you were successful against those wolves you mention in the book. They're shooting lots of questions at us. We're book publishers, not an information bureau. You see, Camille, it isn't as if you had written a novel, about imaginary people and fantastic places. You gave names of real people and places found in the telephone book. Your story strikes home. You wrote an American scene, a local scene, and yet local to all Americans. The story seems to strike a responsive chord, it sets tongues chattering, reviewers writing and newspapers and magazines asking. Get going — give!"

Truthfully, a thousand words would harly suffice. What's happening from day to day would require a running column in a newspaper. But enough is enough, the book must end. But I will oblige my publisher with a page or two, to take up the blanks.

The reader will recall the decree in Judge Haas' court which Attorney Payne put over by sending me to the State's Attorney's office. That decree failed to mention the $4,750.00 oil swindle, and provided for the sale of my building, against my will, and to pay 7½ per cent of the proceeds to a Jewell Young, said to be a grand-neice or something of George C. Adams. It was that provision which sent up my blood-pressure to bursting and I reached for a gun.

But here's something for the books! Upon further examining of that fraudulent decree, I find that the 7½ per cent goes to Jewell Young, and — Attorney Stephen Love!

In the cast of characters I had thus far omitted the leading player, Stephen Love. Who is this Stephen Love? Let me tell you.

Attorney Stephen Love is Attorney for Polish Alliance in the foreclosure of my building. He is said to be Professor of Law at the Northwestern University and high in the councils of the Chicago Bar Association.

The chief defendant in the foreclosure is this same Jewell Young, who fraudulently holds the title to my building, for which she paid nothing, and for which Adams paid nothing. Before I can even attempt to redeem the building I must get rid of Jewell Young. To do so I must have the fraudulent decree set aside by Judge Haas.

But in that proceeding before Judge Haas, Attorney Stephen Love represented Jewel Young, and of course, George

C. Adams. So, it works out like this: Mr. Love is the attorney in the foreclosure against Jewell Young; and before Judge Haas he is *for* Jewell Young, to prevent me from redeeming my building.

Thus the "friendly foreclosure" of which Adams boasted becomes understandable. Mr. Love also represents Adams in defending him before the Chicago Bar Association in a disbarment proceeding. With Mr. Love representing Polish Alliance in the foreclosure against Jewell Young, representing Jewell Young in my proceeding before Judge Haas, and representing Adams in various matters including the Chicago Bar Association, the foreclosure is not only friendly, it is hilarious. It doesn't seem real. It seems like one of those fantastic opera stories, "Laugh, clown, Laugh!"

My incarceration in Kankakee was part of the scheme to keep me from trying to redeem my building and to permit the thieves from being disturbed in their thefts. My first concern was to get the fraudulent decree set aside. Since filing my petition we had many stormy hearings before Judge Haas, in which my attorney is opposed by a roomful of lawyers, all crowding in with their hypocrisies, strutting, objecting and confusion. They mill around, make various motions, grin, grimace, bluster and bluff, all to dalay and kill time, so that the time to redeem might expire.

* * *

Again and again, Attorney Love shouted passionately to Judge Haas that the Judge was without power to enter any order in my favor. Again and again Mr. Love warned that the decree must stand, that it must not be set aside, not even modified, because the power over the decree is in Love's hands, not in the Judge's. Again and again Mr. Love told the judge that if the decree is set aside, or if the Judge enters an order contrary to Mr. Love's demands, that he will appeal to the Appellate Court, and that regardless what the Appellate Court might decide, the time to redeem the property will have expired during the pendency of the appeal, and that I, Camille DeRose, will not even get the crumbs which I might get by having Mr. Love sell my building and divide the proceeds!

What is the meaning of such a stand by an "ethical" lawyer, a professor of law, and among the bigwigs in the Bar Association? It means that having brought about the entry of a fraudulent decree, the Judge who was imposed upon must not correct the fraud. By sending me away when the decree was presented, by bringing about my incarceration at Kankakee, the damaging decree was put over on the court. The court was used to defraud me. Now, if the court should wish to correct the error, to grant me some measure of justice in my heavy losses, Mr. Love won't have it. He will appeal, and will make use of the Appellate Court to defeat me by the running out of time. Justice? Ethics? Those are words for the classroom! They have no place under practical circumstances. I must make my choice, either to submit to the tender mercies of Mr. Love, and the wolves he represents, or I will be defeated by the Appeal to the Appellate Court and lose my right to redeem by the lapse of time.

Not wishing to rest upon the above dilemma forced upon me, Mr. Love thought of another angle. He addressed the court:

> "Your Honor! Did you know that Miss DeRose wrote a book? In the book which she wrote, she herself confesses to an unconventional past. She even confesses to having consorted with a Negro lawyer!* Your Honor will also take in consideration that Miss DeRose was confined in the Kankakee State Hospital. Therefore, if your Honor should set aside the decree, she will still be unable to redeem, because she will be unable to secure another mortgage, because of her past."

You can imagine what storms he aroused within me, and how I had to restrain myself from blurting out what came to my mind. But, I said to myself, "Camille, calm yourself, remember Judge Crowley — contempt — gun — Kankakee — *ne exeat* — *habeas corpus* . . . ." I pulled at my attorney's coattails and insisted that he get me the right to speak — the right to answer Mr. Love's weasel words. My attorney made the request to Judge Haas, who granted it. I wanted to say:

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*Mr. Aaron H. Payne immediately rose to tell the court that he was not the colored attorney involved — Heavens no! His innocence and purity was not to be questioned.

"Now Stevey, I did confess my past, but I rose out of it. It is you, Stevey, who is doing your darnest to throw me back. Whatever my past, Stevey, I got my building honestly. But your client took it away from me, dishonestly. And now, Stevey, you represent, you fret, strut, and blow your top for your hidden client, Jewell Young, to take from me a cut of what I might yet redeem, and for your other client, whom you seem to have adopted, who wants to share in the loot."

But when my turn came and I did speak, I said:

"Your Honor! I stand ready to abide by your Honor's decision. I will not appeal. If Mr. Love wishes to appeal, and by his appeal to have my time for redemption to expire, as he threatens, and if his conscience and sense of justice doesn't stop him, he may go ahead with his appeal.

"My building is now decontrolled, the rent has been doubled. Based on present income value, the building is worth $160,000.00. Mr. Love proposes to sell it for $120,000.00, or about $25,000.00 above the mortgage, receiver's fees, attorney's fees, costs and expenses. And here before you stand the attorneys who have already robbed me to divide what's left. Jewell Young and Mr. Love demand 7½ per cent; Attorney Payne, 20 per cent; and Mr. Adams $17,000.00. Never before did I have partners, now I have many. No, your Honor, come what may, as I have stood alone until now, I stand alone before your Honor. All I ask is simple justice.

"Mr. Love speaks of my past, but I take pride in my past because I never harmed a soul! If I did anything wrong, it was to myself. In this court I was used to rob another lone woman as I was robbed. The $8,500.00 I gave to Adams for the mortgage on Mrs. Walker's property was uesd to swindle her out of that property, and she is penniless and helpless. I am more ashamed of that swindle than of anything in my past.

"Your Honor, even that proposal for the sale of the building is mere conversation. Each of my attorneys who

> now appears here against me had "buyers" for my building and each named one hoodlum or another. One of the hoodlums was reported killed by a rival mob. But no buyer ever really came forward. This talk about buyers, your Honor, is just another blindfold to keep this case pending and inactive, so that my time to redeem will run out. As I said, I stand ready to abide by the court's decision, whatever it may be."

For the record, I might mention that there was a barrage of offers to buy my building, directly and through "grapevine," by sub-rosa characters. These offers continue to date. Nonetheless, I suspect that legitimate buyers are in the background, to come forth with a fair price, after the forced sale is completed, so that a wide margin of profit awaits my "partners."

Judge Haas finally decided against Mr. Love's motion to strike my petition so that the fraudulent decree will probably be set aside.

Judge Haas was curious about that $65,000.00 which I was to have received for the mortgage Adams advised me to take out. My attorney wrote the following and handed it to Judge Haas:

RECEIVED, after commission and charges..............................$63,000.00

PAID

To George C. Adams, for (fraudulent) mortgage on his property	**$12,500.00**
To George C. Adams, Fannie Walker mortgage	**8,500.00**
To George C. Adams, on oil swindle	**4,750.00**
To George C. Adams, fees	**425.00**
To the government, rent violation settlement	**2,600.00**
To Attorney Keys, loan	**2,000.00**
To Attorney Keys, fee	**150.00**
To Attorney D'Angelo	**1,800.00**
To Attorney Joseph A. Rosin	**500.00**
To Attorney Payne, fee	**2,750.00**
To Attorney Payne, for influence	**1,000.00**
To Attorney Robert R. Porto	**3,750.00**

To a Mr. Rago, for influence (?)	**2,500.00**
To Charles P. Browning, and attorney	**1,100.00**

Add to the above court costs, court reporters, transcripts, photostatic copies, present attorney's fees and a variety of daily expenses, and the full amount of the $63,000.00 was exhausted.

* * *

I appealed to the State's Attorney's office — personally and by letter, to take action against the politico who stalks the Criminal Court building and who bilked me for $2,500.00, for which nothing was done; against Adams for the various swindles; and against those who swindled me out of my furniture. No action was taken by the State's Attorney. The Chicago Bar Association, likewise, has thus far taken no action. Yet, don't get the idea that my experiences are unusual. In fact, they follow a pattern, as many others who find themselves in similar situations will attest. We should be thankful, however, when we do get a break, such as I see before me in Judge Haas' court. Were it not for the honest men and women, fair and impartial judges, the kindness of neighbors and their genuine sympathy and understanding, life would be indeed unbearable. Happy are those (as I was) who go through life without the disturbances which rent control and a lawyer-swindler threw me into. That happiness I can understand even if denied me. I am reminded of a thought expressed by a friend, who said,

> "Life is like sitting at a poker table hoping to win tomorrow what you lost today, while time takes its daily rake-off, so you have less and less of the chips to cash in."

I had much more chips when I tried to cash in than I now have, and I am playing against those with marked cards.

* * *

Also, since the first printing, I filed an Intervening Petition in the suit in the Federal Court by Harvey Clark, Minerva Adams (wife of George C) and others, against the Town of Cicero and the Cicero officials. In that suit for violation of their "civil rights," they also mention the destruction of the furniture. As I have already shown, most of that furniture was mine, not Clark's. The suit was started by Attorney Keys, but

I was not mentioned as one of the plaintiffs. I was not mentioned at all! An order was entered by Judge Barnes to board and padlock my building. Still I wasn't mentioned nor consulted. Do I also have "civil rights?" Do I have any rights? Apparently Judge Barnes didn't think so. The Judge asked for a "brief" of the law, which my Attorney supplied. At the hearing Judge Barnes dismissed my intervening petition, saying that I was "messing around." According to Judge Barnes, I shouldn't be "messing around." What if my building was boarded and padlocked on the Judge's order! Why should I "mess around" about my building being boarded and padlocked? I filed an appeal to the United States Court of Appeals, which is now pending. Three robed judges will now pass upon the question of my rights to "mess around" when my building is taken over by a court, without notice to me, without considering my rights, and without permitting me to be represented in that court. What happened to the $65,000.00? It slipped away by "messing around."

Outside of Judge Barnes' court Mr. Keys was surprisingly cordial. I wished to be practical and asked him about the $2,000.00 he had borrowed from me. He asked me to see him and that he would arrange to make payments. I called at his office a number of times, but failed to find him in. A few days later, on the South Side, I approached the address of the apartment building in which Mr. Keyes lives and looked around for the bells for his name. Unsuccessful, I left and walked on. Before I was 300 feet away, I was arrested by a policeman. The charge was "disorderly conduct." The warrant was later signed by a Ruth Hannah Miller, who said she was his housekeeper, for which Mr. Keys appears to have great talent. Neither Ruth nor Keys showed up at the final hearing, and I was discharged. But I had to post bond, had to make several appearances in court (because Mr. Keys' buddy asked for continuances), and had to pay a lawyer to appear for me.

I almost fell into a similar trap with Mr. Love. In the hope that I might yet meet a decent person, I telephoned Mr. Love for an appointment. Mr. Love promptly called the police.

What happens to lone women caught in a web of fraud?

What happened to Mrs. Walker whom Mr. Love's client and protege defrauded out of her $50,000.00 property? Mrs. Walker was knocked out in the first round. She is now ill, penniless, defeated. I am still fighting on all fronts. I am determined to see it through, even against my ever-present nemesis, the Bar Association's Mr. Love.

* * *

At the moment I was visited by an editor of a Cicero newspaper. He asked me many questions, which I believe I was able to answer satisfactorily. One question was how all these characters got mixed up with my affairs, and my building, since the Cicero affair. I thought of a simple and truthful explanation. My aloneness, my lack of protection, having been exposed, I became the center of a gold rush. Here was a lone woman with money. I thought of Jimmy Durante's clever remark: "Everybody wants to get into the act." They struck pay dirt. They staked their claim. It was a free-for-all.

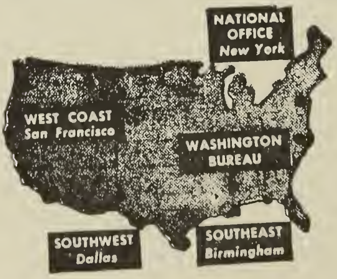
* * *

"MANIFESTO" OF THE NAACP

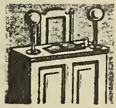
The National Office
Washington Bureau and
3 Regional Offices
Cover Our Vast Country

The Washington Bureau serves as a watchdog on the legislative front.

Regional offices coordinate local programs and exercise general executive and administrative authority in their areas.

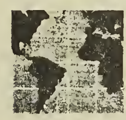


Even the national office staff covers the country. With its main headquarters in New York, the Association maintains a Washington Bureau (in which most of the legislative activity is centered) and three regional offices — Birmingham, Dallas and San Francisco. Field workers are sent wherever they are needed. The entire organization is geared to combat racial segregation and discrimination wherever they occur.



EQUAL TREATMENT in the COURTS

Much progress has been made in securing the right of every citizen to a fair trial and equal treatment by the courts, but regrettably recent events have shown that a sheriff can still shoot Negro prisoners and escape with impunity by claiming "self-defense," a Negro can be tried for "assault" for looking at a white girl 75 feet away, and a Negro can be put to death for a crime for which no white man ever pays a similar penalty.



AN INTERNATIONAL LEADER

The NAACP is an international leader for human rights, opposing racial injustice wherever it appears. It supports the United Nations, opposes colonialism and imperialism in every form, and musters support for oppressed peoples, whether they be in India, South Africa, Tunisia, Indonesia, or anywhere else. Its activities are closely followed all over the world, particularly in countries where the populations are largely non-white. News of the Association's conferences, legal cases, and other activities is widely disseminated by the Voice of America.

NAACP COVERS THE COUNTRY

The Association's strength is in its membership — a quarter of a million strong in forty-five states and the Territory of Alaska. Members are organized into more than a thousand branches, which in turn form thirty state conferences and several regional conferences.

CONCLUSION

I wish to say a few words in parting. Perhaps this parting is not final, as I have much to tell of the *soul* of what is called the "underworld." Yes, it has a soul. In the interim, I do not seek a better opinion of me than what I deserve. For forgiveness I shall only pray to God. I need to ask no forgiveness from those I have not harmed. Yet I would wish to water down the scorn for my behavior which I might have described perhaps too frankly. Even those burdened with incurable race prejudice, and there are such, should ponder my situation. You may recall the Robinson Crusoe classic. Robinson Crusoe was tossed on an island where his tortuous solitude was relieved by his "good man Friday." Friday was colored, remember?

In utter isolation even a dog is welcome as company. Should I be censured for craving company during frightening isolation? Robinson Crusoe had the freedom of an entire island, undisputed, without predatory animals. I was driven off my sanctuary. I was surrounded, pursued and threatened by one set of hounds while my flight was halted by a *ne exeat* by another set of canines. Robinson Crusoe was not stoned. I was denounced, thrown in jail, thrown from jail into an insane asylum.

* *
*

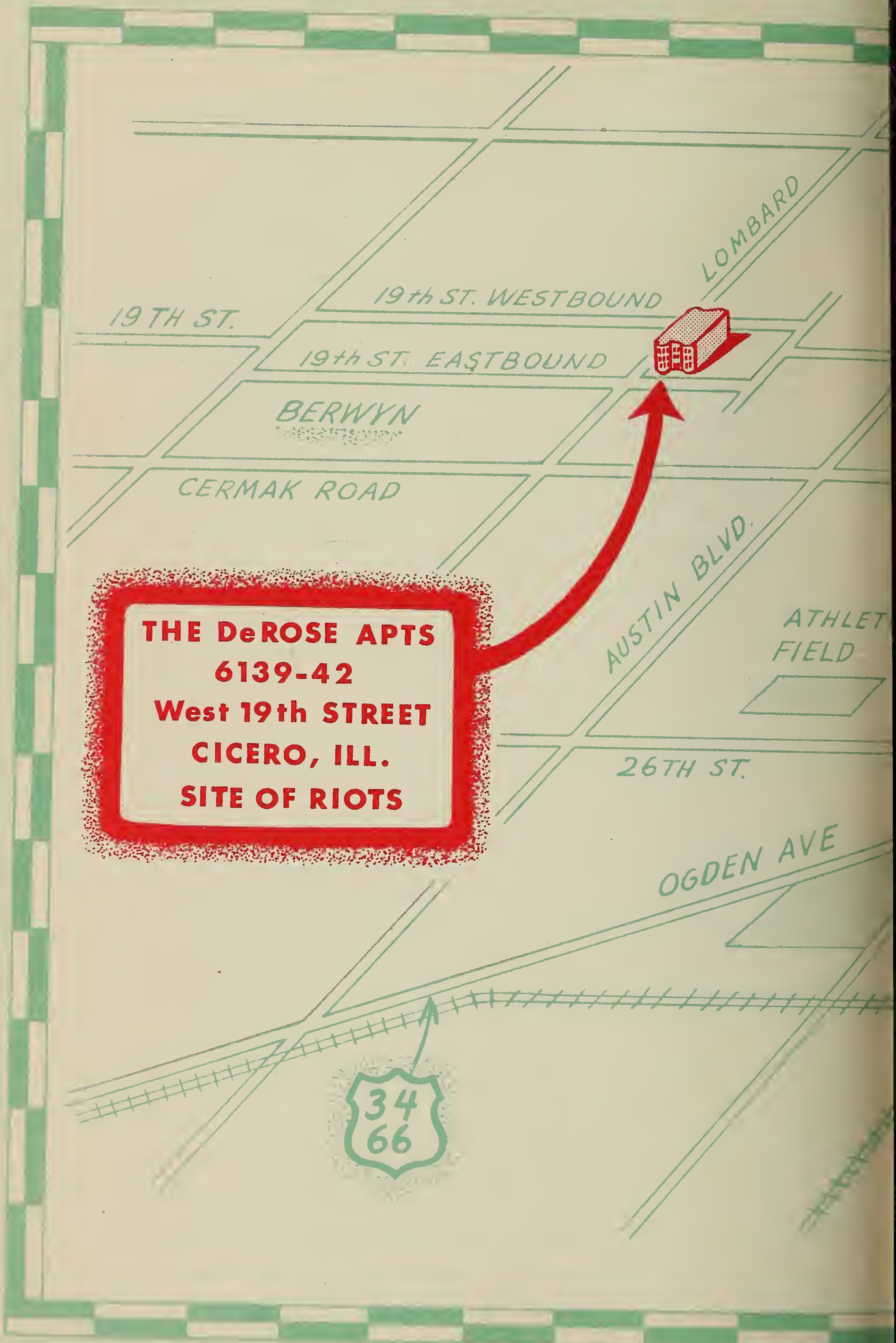
Should I have refused a helping hand extended to me in my flight for no other reason than that the hand was not white?

My story is told, not in full, no. But enough of my story to give the reader a picture of what deeds are done in Chicago, in Cicero, U.S.A. *The world has a right to know.*

With a book and pencil I write, write, write, ending my unfinished story. I walk and walk wrapt in thought, seeing my readers, frowning, smiling, scorning, pitying, as I bump into a stranger. My lips utter "sorry," without looking. I enter a "club," — more people. I sit down at the bar — almost unconscious of my own existence — among so many people, seeing shadows, hearing music, withdrawing into my inner consciousness, as I write, write, write. Drinks are placed before me. I must have ordered them or they wouldn't be there—what more can I write? I find myself again, walking, walking, my feet seem to move without my consent. I look at a sky of darkness which had become familiar to my cryless eyes—I must hold back my tears because the *cry* had been taken from me — as was the light. I do cry, within me, in my heart, to God, because I have so little courage to see. . . . .

So, good bye, dear friends. Let those who hold stones in their hands, or in their hearts, throw them! For the voice of Him who had forbidden it is not heard in Chicago, Cicero. Illinois, U.S.A. As I said to the judge — I say to you, if you can give it, I can take it; and I assure you, you won't be bothered by pity — *for I cannot cry.*

FINITE.



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CICERO, ILL.
SITE OF RIOTS

LOMBARD
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19TH ST.
19th ST. EASTBOUND
BERWYN
CERMAK ROAD
AUSTIN BLVD.
ATHLET
FIELD
26TH ST.
OGDEN AVE
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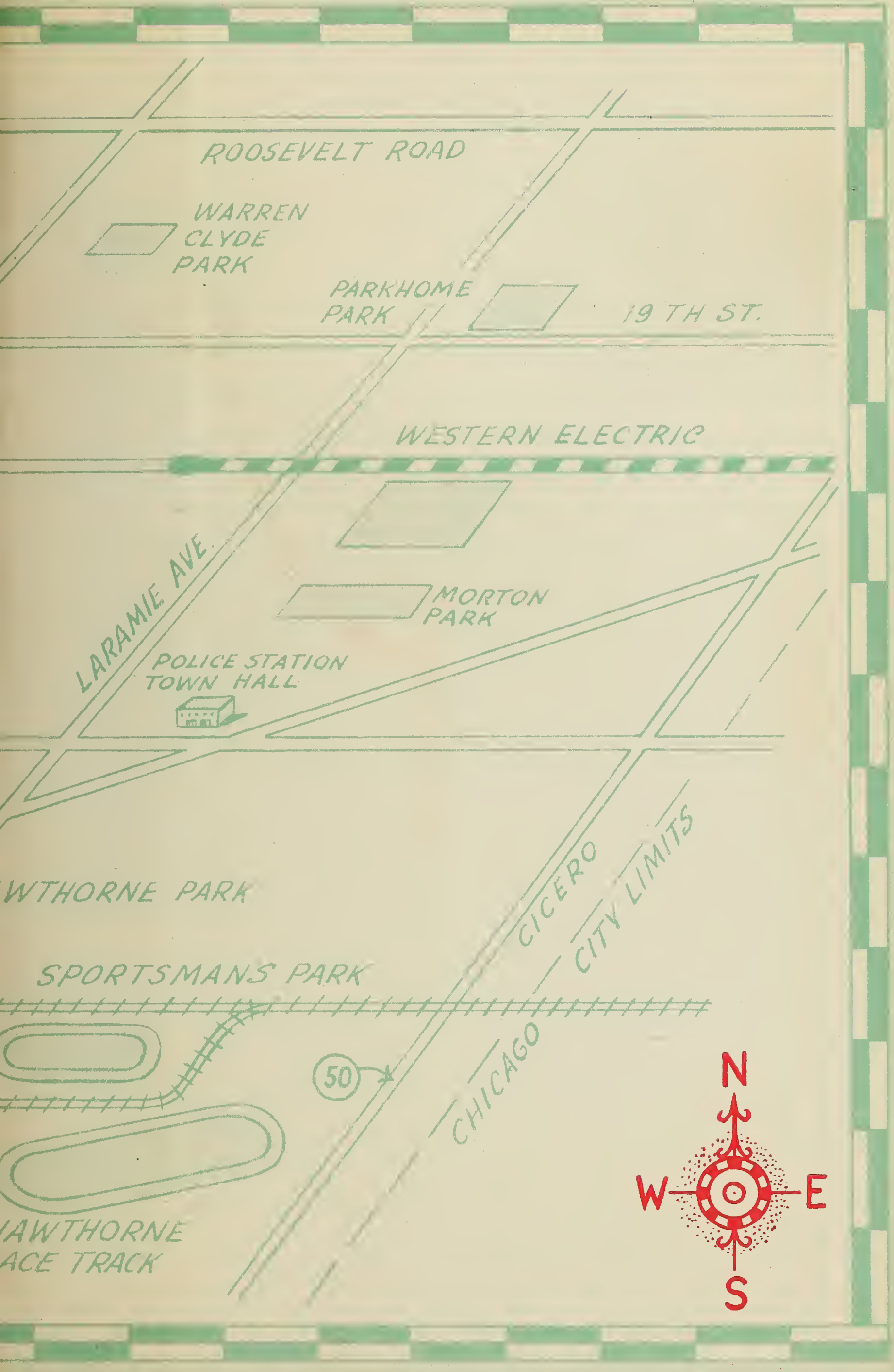
ROOSEVELT ROAD
WARREN CLYDE PARK
PARKHOME PARK
19 TH ST.
WESTERN ELECTRIC
LARAMIE AVE.
MORTON PARK
POLICE STATION TOWN HALL
WTHORNE PARK
SPORTSMANS PARK
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CHICAGO
CITY LIMITS
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